Sept. 14, 1963

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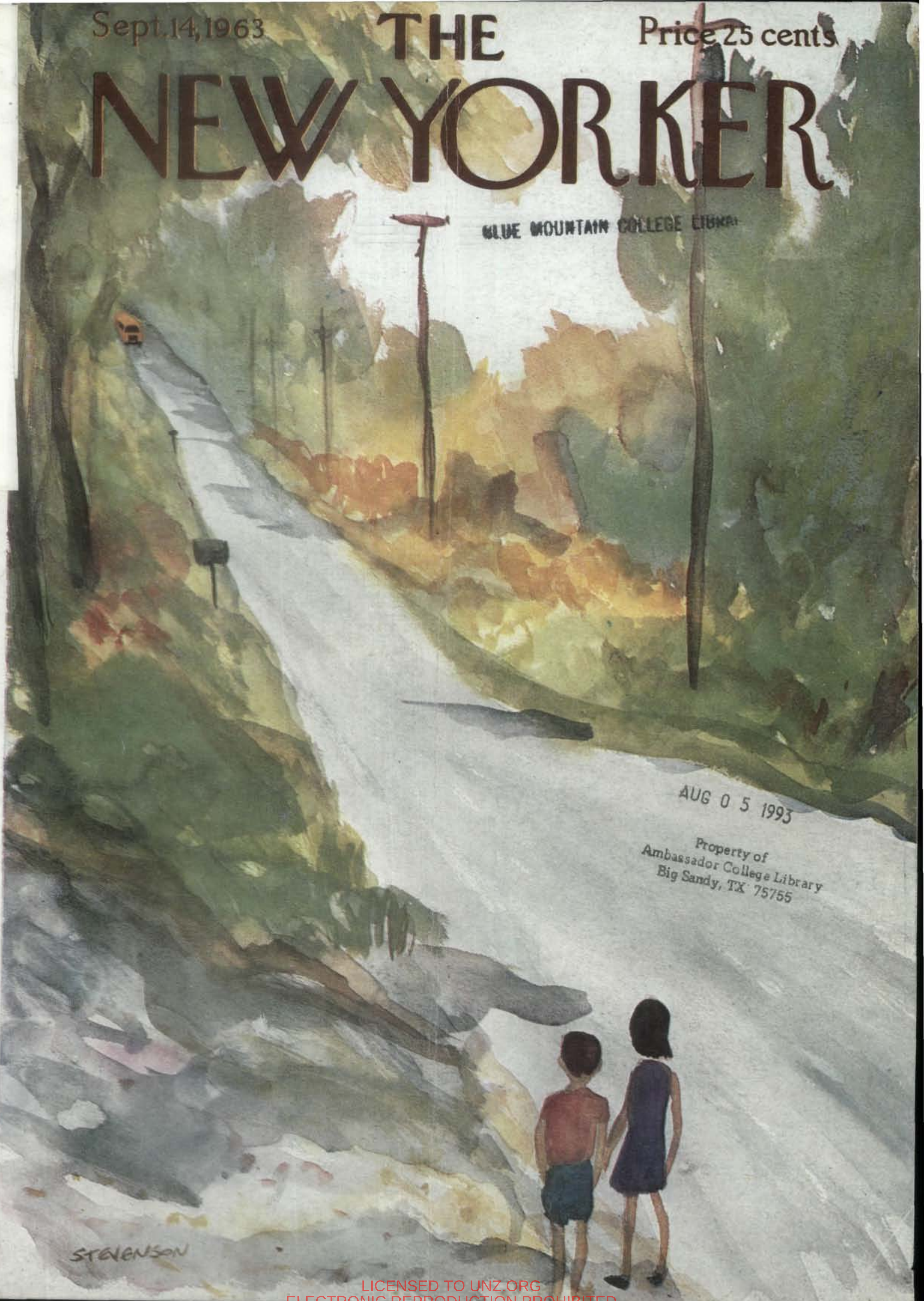
THE NEW YORKER



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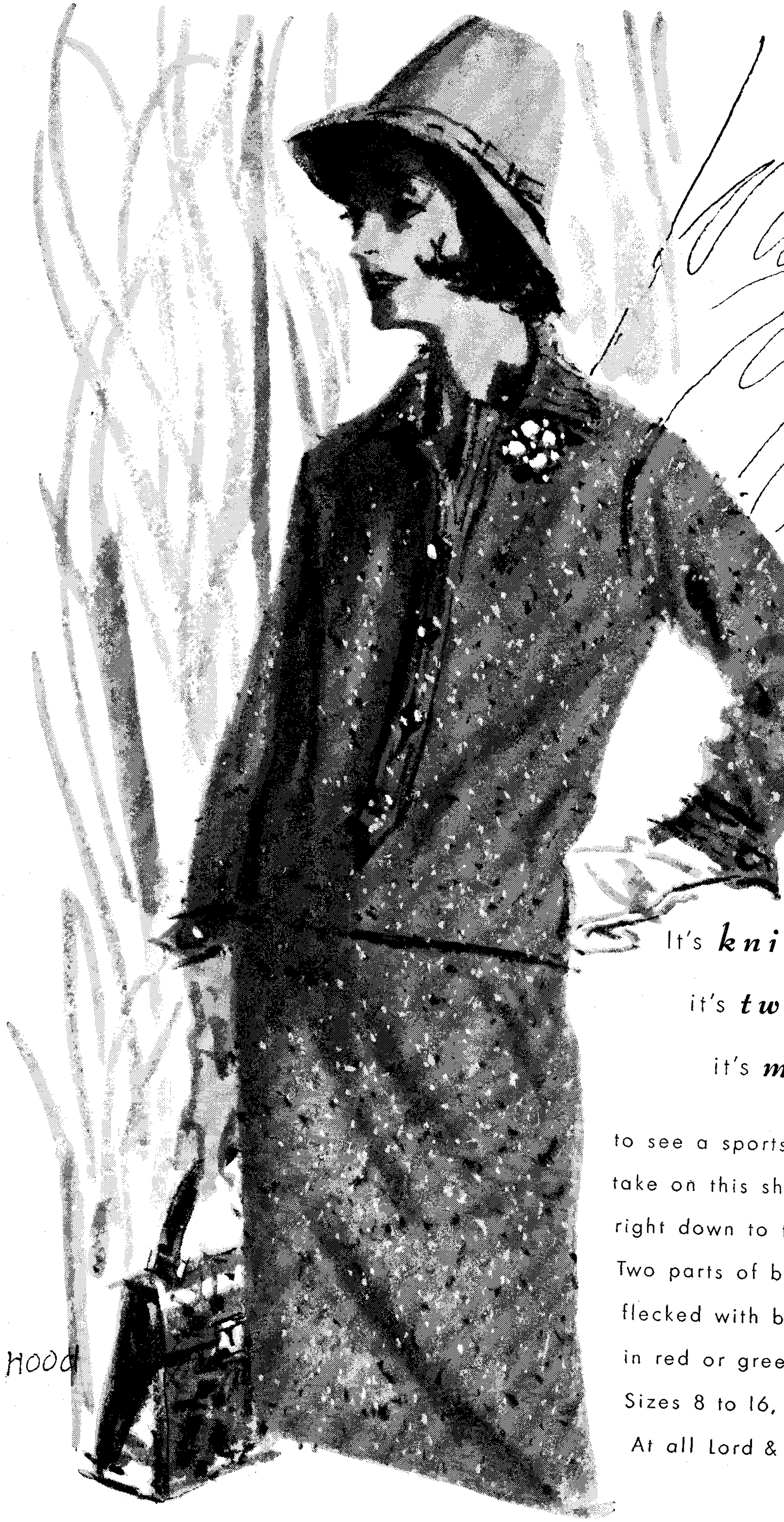

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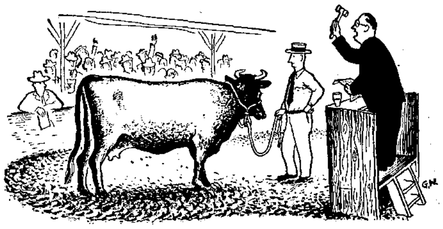
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Enter Laughing—Adapted by Joseph Stein from a novel by Carl Reiner, this comedy is made of pretty thin material, but it's funny nevertheless. It's about a Jewish boy, wonderfully portrayed by Alan Arkin, who wants to escape from the world of commerce into the theatre. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, and Meg Myles are effective in various other roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A six-week return engagement of the Arthur Kopit play, with Hermione Gingold at the head of a cast directed by Jerome Robbins. The producers are Roger L. Stevens and T. Edward Hambleton. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:55. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:45. Closes Saturday, Oct. 5.)

Long Runs—**beyond the fringe:** Four English wits (Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook) in a revue. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.) . . . **mary, mary:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Biff McGuire, Patricia Smith, and Michael Evans are now in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** A play about a sixty-year-old gentleman dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **who's afraid of virginia woolf?:** Edward Albee's account of some events at a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Elaine Stritch (who will be succeeded on Wednesday, Sept. 18, by Haila Stoddard), Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Oliver!—Dickens' "Oliver Twist" in a loose adaptation for the stage by Lionel Bart, who also did the music and lyrics. The result is by no means as moving as the Master's novel, but there are several good production numbers. Clive Revill, as Fagin; Georgia Brown, as Nancy, the beloved of Bill Sikes; Paul O'Keefe, as Oliver; and David Jones, as the Artful Dodger, are all fine people to have around. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—An adaptation of a romantic Hungarian comedy that first appeared here in 1940 as a movie called "The Shop Around the Corner." The songs (Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick), dances (Carol Haney), and book (Joe Masteroff) are pleasing, though not especially distinguished, but the performance, as directed by Harold Prince, is a model of style and taste. Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, and Jack Cassidy head the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tovarich—The Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy about Russians, Red and White, reworked into a musical that hasn't much to recommend it except the performance of Vivien Leigh as a grand duchess. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**a funny thing happened on the way to the forum:** Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The players include Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, John Carradine, and assorted cuties. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** Robert Morse plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **stop the world—i want to get off:** Anthony Newley and about a dozen young ladies doing the seven ages of man in song, mime, and patter. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Irregular Verb to Love—A London comedy, by Hugh and Margaret Williams, starring Claudette Colbert and Cyril Ritchard. Directed by Mr. Ritchard and presented by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 18. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

The American Dream and The Zoo Story—A pair of Edward Albee revivals. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Sept. 28.)

Best Foot Forward—A revival of the 1941 musical about a movie actress who comes to a prep-school dance. The songs still sound fine, and the attractive young cast makes up in breeziness what it lacks in professional finesse. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:40. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A thoroughly satisfying revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. The book, an adaptation of "The Comedy of Errors," gets a bit tiresome, but who cares? (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—A strong and merciless record, as convincing as a documentary, of a single day in a U.S. Marine Corps prison. The acting of almost everyone concerned, and the direction, by Judith Malina, couldn't be better. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cages—Two one-acters with Mercedes McCambridge and Michael Lombard. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—Carl Low plays the old New England farmer who takes a youngish wife, and Betty Miller plays the two-timing bride in this high-pitched but undeniably animated revival of the O'Neill melodrama. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—A pair of dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana; the dramatis personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment; and the performances by all hands are considerably more than adequate. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fri-

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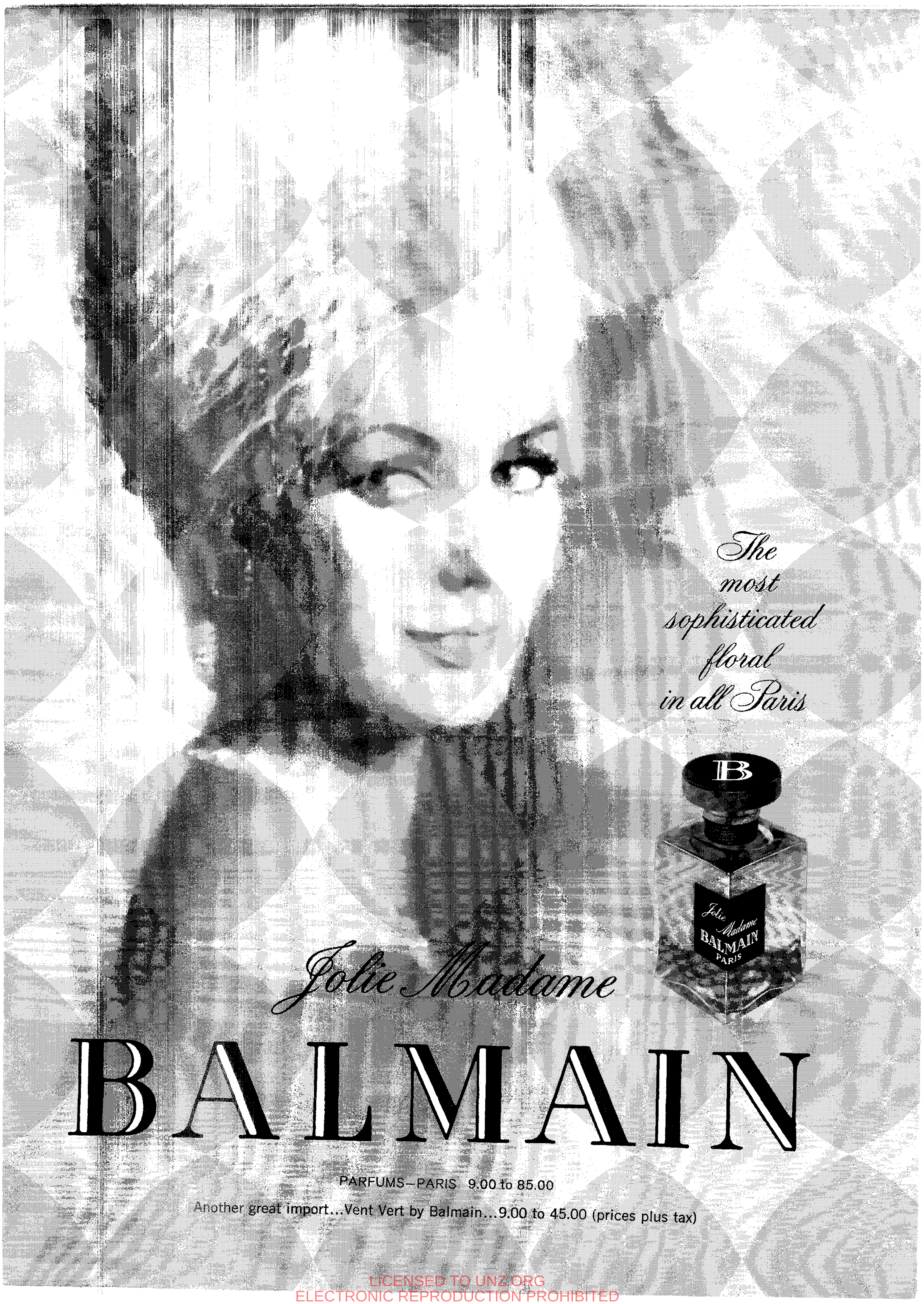
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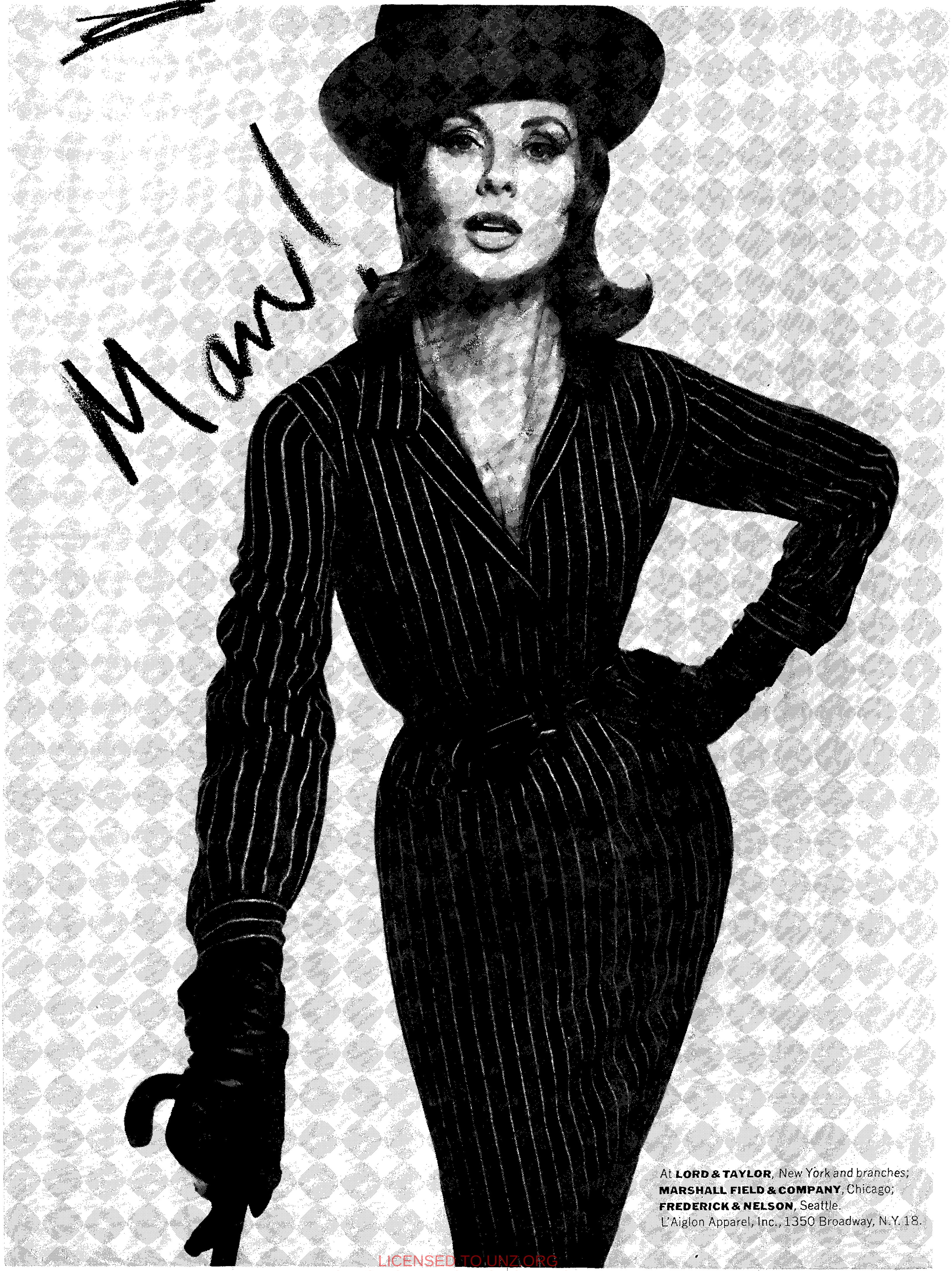

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A brisk and buoyant production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

A Time of the Key—A play by Milton Erskine. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Sept. 12: "Serenade," "Arcade," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Raymonda Variations." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 13: "Four Temperaments," "Arcade," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 14: "Swan Lake," "Raymonda Variations," "Interplay," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 14: "Scotch Symphony," "Con Amore," "Four Temperaments," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 15: "Con Amore," "Serenade," "Interplay," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 15: "Swan Lake," "Square Dance," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 17: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 18: "La Sonnambula," "The Chase" (première), "Allegro Brillante," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 19: "Swan Lake," "La Sonnambula," "Allegro Brillante," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 20: "Scotch Symphony," "Episodes," "Interplay," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 21: "Swan Lake," "Square Dance," "Interplay," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 21: "Donizetti Variations," "Apollo," "Interplay," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 29.)

Flower Hujer Dance Theatre—A program of modern ballet. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Sept. 14, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Cathy Machado. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday at 8; Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday at 2 and 6. Closes Sunday, Sept. 15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box, though it's much too young for indulgence in nostalgia, is nevertheless reviving the big Tommy Dorsey band, the big Tommy Dorsey orchestrations, and even a replica of the original Sinatra (played by Frank Sinatra, Jr., who is one of the band singers, along with Helen Forrest and a few more). All this, at both dinner and supper, is for listening; there's dance music, too, throughout the evening. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5070)—That old Hollywood formula—stars in your eyes, maybe even stars in your hair. Incidental music to talk or dance to by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the Champagne Room, the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. Sundays, the only sound is taped music in the alcove called Perona's.

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Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's small band makes small talk in the dignified Café Pierre. Another band fills in on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The era of the big band is also being resuscitated in the Persian Room, where Xavier Cugat and his camp followers are enthroned on the podium twice a night. The flavor is fairly Latin, except when Abbe Lane, the daughter of this regiment, does the singing, or whatever, at which point the flavor becomes Babylonian. Emil Coleman's and Mark Monte's groups do the dance tunes. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. No music Mondays.

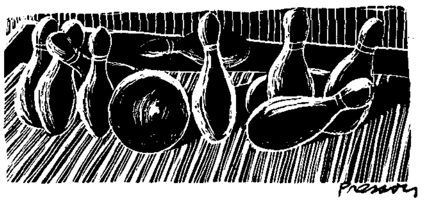
Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dorothy Shay, the folklorist in the Grill, is now a one-of-many instead of a one-of-a-kind singer, but she's unique in that the mountaineers she chants about are all inhabitants of Never-Never Land. She's audible at dinner and supper; Milt Shaw's dance band is more prevalent. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, suddenly redecorated into a state of unrecognizability, is back in its old, easygoing attitude—great calm, great peace, and chortling music from the small posse of Arturo Arturos, which sets to at half past seven during the week and at six on Sundays for people who feared that tea dancing on Fifth Avenue had been permanently abolished. Curfew Sundays at eleven, weekdays at twelve-thirty; closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The days of our childhood—giddy, chockablock, and ceaseless. The sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight, before taking leave for Downstairs at the Upstairs; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as harum-scarum double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Cloak-and-dagger drama once or twice a night by such well-known villains as Scarpia, with more than incidental music by Puccini, Leoncavallo, et al. The maestro is Aldo Bruschi, whose piano is the orchestra. Thursday through Sunday, he expands into a casual dance trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Wizard of Oz had something to do with the interior decoration of this castle keep. Around the castle courtyard strolls Norbert Faconi, his thine-is-my-heart-alone fiddle always tucked under his chin. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The set would do for a London Christmas pantomime of the lives of kings. Through it drifts George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): The leisure class is called to order at six every night but Sunday in an alcove of this pampered fish hatchery by Ralph Strain, whose piano makes life seem considerably more than bearable. Class dismissed at one. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A verdant little throne room, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte dissertations between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto in all its hustle and bustle. Part of the street scene is the squadron of peripatetic violinists squired by the perfectionist Herman Honigsberg, part of it is a smaller flotilla of accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Ship of state is the mood. Unobtrusive piano converses from five until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with the bit in its teeth; the music (guitar) and its maker (José Luis Franco) are unequivocally Spanish. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys from television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio every night but Sunday. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who always has had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Monday. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): This happy hunting ground for night owls has, after a long silence, reverted to conversational dinner-and-supper piano. The purveyor is Budd Gregg. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA BOITE,** at the bottom of the St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): A Henry James drawing room to house the three-hours-for-dinner and two-hours-for-supper sets, who are gently pelted with piano by Walter Kay and violin by Jani Sarkozi between the hours of eight and two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The placid waves that beat on this segment of the Gold Coast issue from the *Alt Wien* piano of Karl Inwald, whose tenure is eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Home, home on a range where the gypsy and the zimbalon play. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A noisy neighborhood in which your waiter, your busboy, or your barkeep may be seized by delusions of grand opera right in the middle of your second course. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Our best-known midtown Moorish palace again provides dining, six to nine-thirty, to tiptoe piano. The musician is Conrad Monjoy, whose vacations are Saturday and Sunday evenings.



BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A gigantic display of women's rites, in which young ladies (some Olympian, some Amazonian, some pony-ballet) do and dress as casually as they please. Among the amazed onlookers are Dominique, an all-in-fun pickpocket who's happy to prove to any volunteers that his hand is quicker than their eyes, and Earl Wrightson and Lois Hunt, who drink to each other only with their eyes as they wrap themselves in song. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Dime a Dozen," Julius Monk's revue, is a game of darts that wing their way to the designated targets lightly but accurately. Our winged friends are Gordon Connell, Jane Connell, Gerry Matthews, Carol Morley, Susan Browning,

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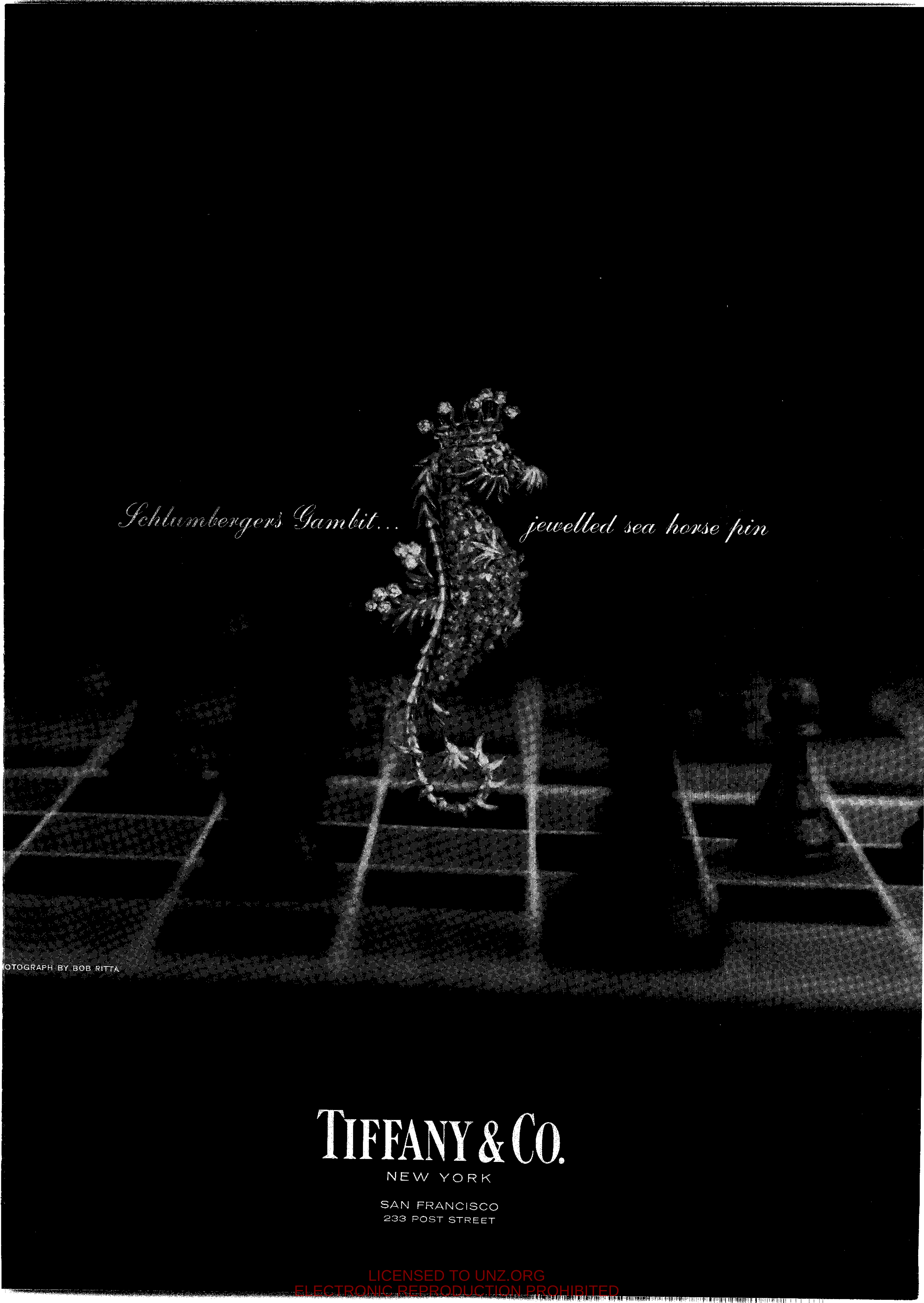
Hadley

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Rex Robbins, and the game begins at around nine and after the theatre every night but Sunday. The pit band is Steinways in the hands of Carl Norman and Robert Colston. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Woody Allen, a mere lad, is already deep in self-analysis, and his couch-side chart makes interesting reading. He is supplemented by Max Morath, whose province is the grotesque days of ragtime and illustrated songs. Dinner and supper are part of the routine. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The Second City clan, now at full strength (Barbara Harris, Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Paul Dooley, Bob Dishy, and MacIntyre Dixon), is breaking in one more of its no-cow-is-sacred revues. Tom O'Horgan's music, mostly on the harp, is the accompaniment. Thursday, Sept. 12, at seven-thirty; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight; and Sundays at eight-thirty. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): A couple of pressing public problems are ironed out, sometimes with an exceedingly hot iron, by a cluster of players who are glib but earnest. All this comes across a set of footlights, and nothing harder than coffee is served the occupants of the half-dozen rows of theatre seats. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays at eight and ten-thirty, Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The entertainment is a minute musical comedy that's the complete antithesis of musical comedy as we know it—all about how a fool and his honey are soon parted. Honey is the delectable Barbara Quaney, the fool is tripartitely played by David Rounds, Jon Stone, and George Coe. The quaint quadrille was written by David Axlerod and Tom Whedon, the music was composed by Sam Pottle, and the wry direction is the work of Ronny Graham. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Mabel Mercer, a fountainhead of well-worded lyrics, is singing in her special bittersweet fashion. Her base of operations is the **DOWNSTAIRS.** Sam Hamilton, it should go without saying, is her accompanist. Half past ten is when they begin. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, who throw a couple of grandstand plays into every choral or instrumental essay, are now doing dance music as well, and fortissimo. Dinner and supper are their usual post times, but on Saturdays they add a 2 A.M. tempest, and on Sundays they rampage only at nine-thirty. Emilio Reyes' band, which also gives the customers a chance to unwind, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances are just as tumultuous. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, the guitar of Pedro Cortes and the flamenco songs of José Moreno carry you back instantly to old Madrid. . . . **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE,** W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): The considerable virtues of the protean Kurt Weill are the entire substance of the evening. Will Holt, a folk singer and folk composer of considerable virtues himself, and Martha Schlamme, whose ventures into Weill are already inscribed on wax, are his interpreters. Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): The third chapter of "The Establishment," a revue devoted to disestablishmentarianism, particularly in respect to all customs that the House of Lords holds dear, is pursuing its waspish way with the ample aid of John Bird, Jeremy Geidt, John Fortune, Eleanor Bron, and Carole Simpson, who are the makings of an extremely talented rump government. They appear at nine and eleven-thirty, along with Teddy Wilson's wholly American jazz trio. Dinner and supper are both part of the deal. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Full cry is the phrase for Felicia Sanders, whose ballads are a series of emotional crises; doom is the goal uppermost in the mind of Jorie Remus and her causeries on how to misspend a life. They're set to the music of Tiger Haynes and his Three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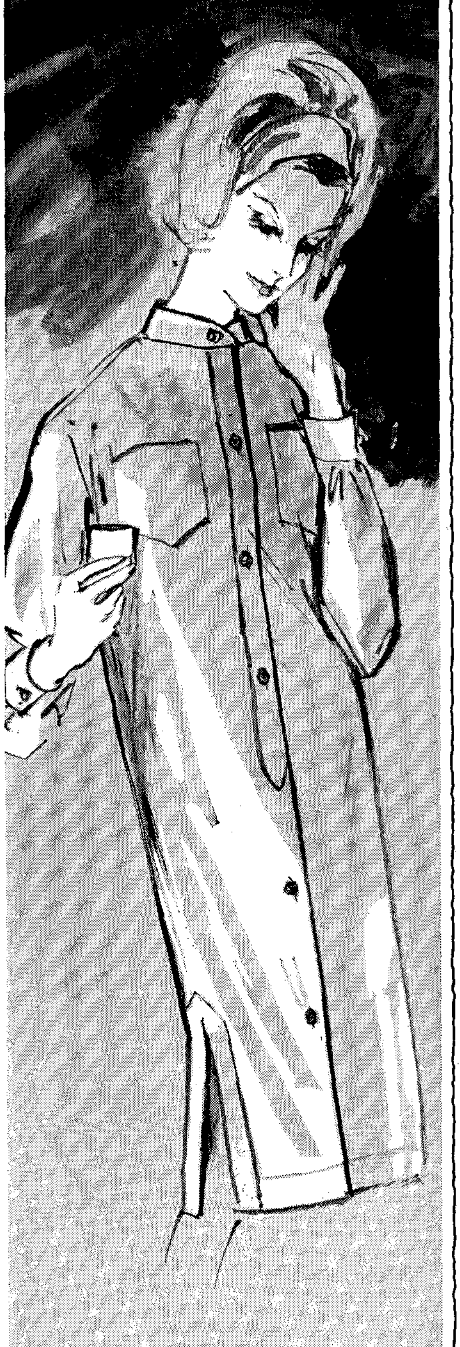

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Flames. Morty Storm, the wit of the occasion, is all work, no play. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Out of the huddles in which Bill Evans and his piano constantly indulge come some of the most intricate stratagems of the season. His trio and the quartet of Sonny Stitt, whose busy mouthpiece is the saxophone, take turns. Sunday matinées, too, from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Saturday, Sept. 14, is the last night for Dick Gregory, whose political reporting cuts with a double edge; the quartet presided over by Stan Getz, a sentimentalist in a cool, cool vein; and the Chad Mitchell trio, which is apt to invent its folk tunes as it goes along. The emporium reopens on Thursday, Sept. 19, to make room for Woody Herman's Herd; Oscar Peterson's trio; and the ballads of Teri Thornton, a fairly new soprano who deserves a hearing. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Nina Simone, now backed by a quartet, is singing her high-priestess, low-voltage chansons; Bill Cosby is being not altogether funny about situations of the times; Jorge Morel, who has a trio, is taking the easy way with his guitar. On Tuesday, Sept. 17, the Simones and Mr. Cosby will be replaced by Odetta, who allows no foreign matter to damage her folk songs, and by Herbie Mann's upbeat band. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The means to this end are folk ballads, at present being rendered by the exceedingly active Tarriers. They are off duty Tuesdays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Rant-and-roll music prevails from three until eight-thirty. After that, Gene Krupa's clattering band gets up on the boardwalk overlooking the audience. On Friday, Sept. 20, Lionel Hampton's circus troupe will succeed the Krupas. Sundays, visiting outfits have the use of the place. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Maynard Ferguson and his band are putting on their wild-goose chases. On Thursday, Sept. 19, there'll be a change of cast: Joe Williams and his stentorian blues, Junior Mance's galloping trio, and Cannonball Adderley's combative sextet. Catch-as-catch-can sessions Mondays, when the regular army is out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): This keeper of the faith in good music, now the home of a foursome in which Art Farmer and Jim Hall are concerned, will, on Tuesday, Sept. 17, become the home of a quartet headed by Ben Webster, a Hall of Fame forefather. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): An old Village meetinghouse given over to forward-looking musings. Thelonious Monk's quartet is presumably on hand every night but Monday. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Dorothy Donegan's pet instrument must be the battering ram (a weapon not recognized by Local 802), but since she's indoors at this Donnybrook Fair, she gets to use only a piano. Her trio, which includes J. C. Heard, is in attendance. Their day off is Sunday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Howard Reynolds, now graduated from solo piano to leader of a band, runs a trio in the very modern manner. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the old 52nd Street rifle range. Thursdays through Saturdays, he is joined by Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music Sundays. . . . **FOLK CITY,** 11 W. 4th St. (AL 4-8449): Here folk music is rather too much in the public domain, but Anita Sheer's flamenco colloquies with her faithful guitar belong in a little private duchy of her own. Mondays are her nights off. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The weekend get-togethers of ancestor worshippers resume on Saturday, Sept. 14. The objects of veneration that evening may very

The Colognes of
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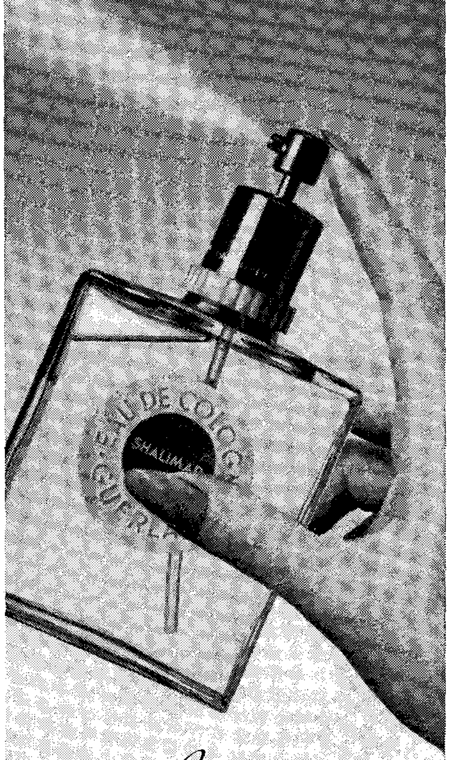

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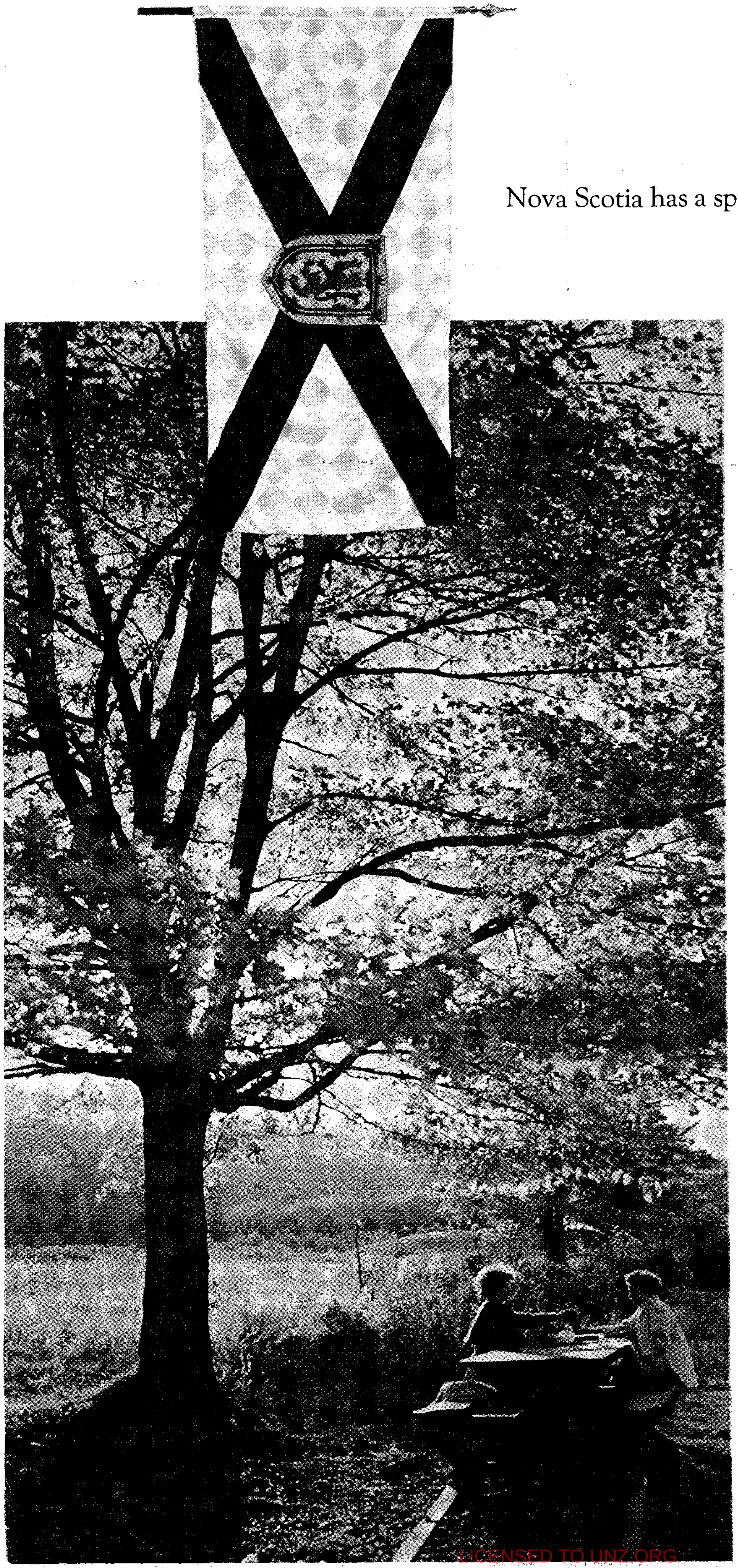

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Accommodation is easy to find. Many campsites are still open. In inns and restaurants you can enjoy the bounty of the sea and land. The province's scenic golf courses are in superb shape. Charter boats are available in most harbours. All of this exhilarating pleasure comes wrapped in Nova Scotia's autumn glory.

The province abounds with rivers, lakes and streams. In lush woodlands you may see the flash of a white-tailed deer, hear a partridge drumming or the distant honk of a Canada goose. Scattered along quiet byways are paths of beauty, luring the nature lover and the artist.

To the early French explorers, Nova Scotia was the "land of plenty" and so they named it "Acadia." For the autumn visitor, Canada's Ocean Playground promises a rich harvest. Write the Nova Scotia Travel Bureau, Halifax, for information, or visit the Nova Scotia Information Offices listed below.

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: "Visual Art by Performing Artists," comprising paintings and sculptures by Beatrice Lillie, Mary Martin, Henry Fonda, Steve Allen, and other leading figures in the theatre, the cinema, and television; through Saturday, Sept. 14. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and John Singer Sargent are three of the artists represented in a display of turn-of-the-century paintings; through Sept. 30. . . . **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: A mixed-mediums show, with pieces by, among others, Ida Kohlmeyer, Audrey Skaling, and Andre Racz; through Saturday, Sept. 21.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by such artists as Marcia Marcus, Oliver Andrews, and Antoine-Louis Barye; through Sept. 28. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and lithographs by Leon Golub, Jules Pascin, Lovis Corinth, and others; through Sept. 28. . . . **GALLERY 63**, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: Paintings by the gallery artists, among them Fausto Pirandello, Stefano Cusumano, and Philip Evergood; through Wednesday, Sept. 18. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **KOOTZ**, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: Painters and sculptors on exhibit include Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, and Ibram Lassaw; through Sept. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Rouault, Braque, and Calder; through Oct. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Will Barnet, Tadé, Joseph Konzal, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Sept. 21. . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Jannis Spyropoulos, Earl Kerkam, and Bernard Reder; through Saturday, Sept. 21.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: Paintings by the school of late-nineteenth-century Tuscan artists known as I Macchiaoli, including examples by Giuseppe Abbati, Giovanni Fattori, and Telemaco Signorini; through Sept. 28. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **BIANCHINI**, 16 E. 78th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by André François, Gérard Koch, and Ronald Searle (to name a few); through Friday, Sept. 13. . . . **FINDLAY**, 11 E. 57th St.: Oils by Brianchon, Mühl, Bernard, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists; through Saturday, Sept. 21. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Among the contributors to an exhibition of paintings are Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, and Kurt Sonderborg; through Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through Sept. 22.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and the like) designed by the last jeweller to the Imperial Russian Court. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings dating from 1940 by Hans Hofmann, the dean of the Abstract Expressionists; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Recently acquired drawings by forty-six American and European artists, including Henry Moore, Jules Pascin, and Henri Matisse; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by André Derain (1880-1954); through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings by eleven Spanish Old Masters—El

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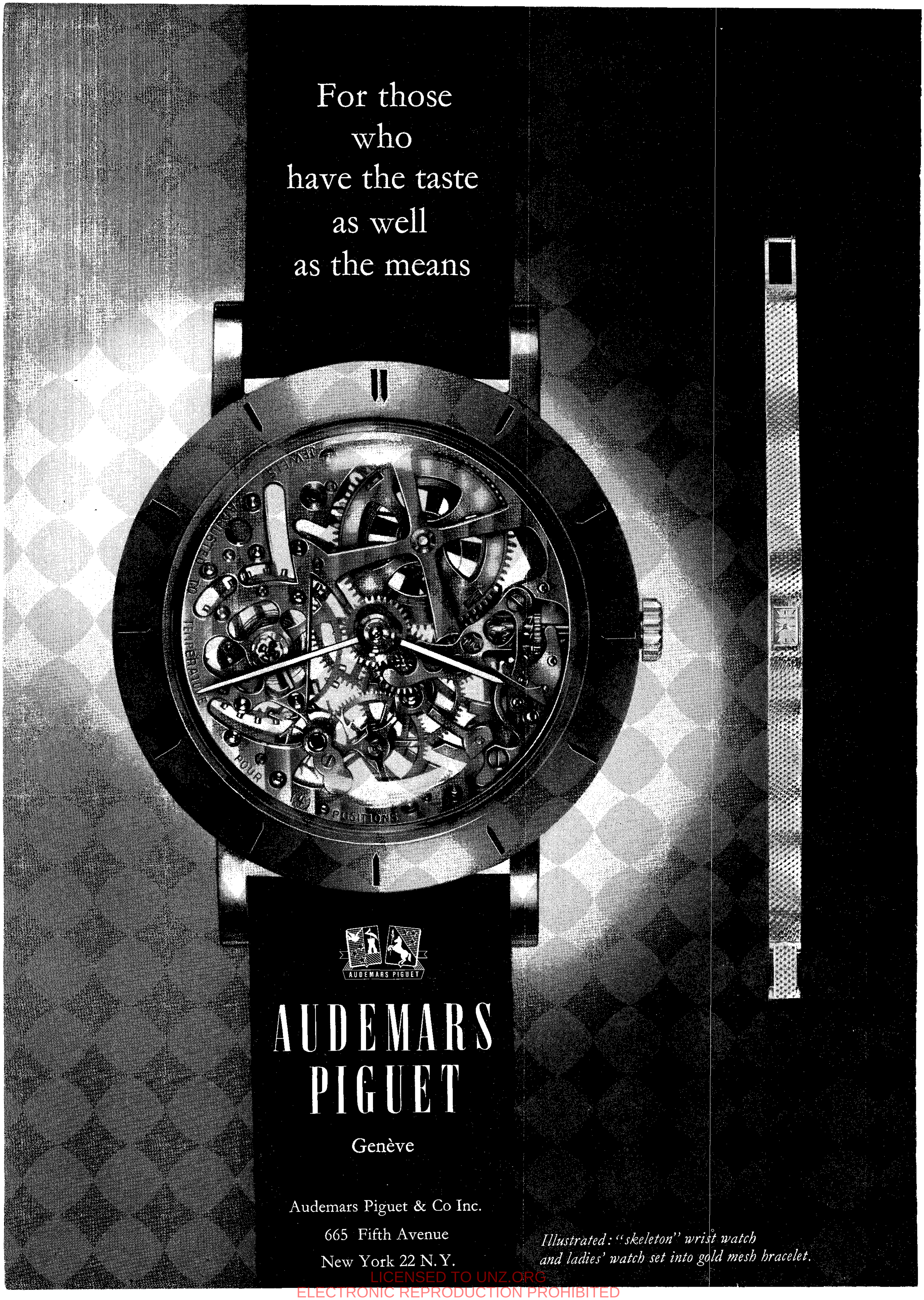

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Greco, Goya, and Murillo, for example—from the collection of the late Oscar B. Cintas; through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Prints by Willi Baumeister, Fritz Winter, Gerhard Marcks, and other artists working in Germany since 1950; through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ A benefit exhibition and sale of paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and photographs by, among others, Larry Rivers, Harry Jackson, and Richard Avedon; through Sept. 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Painting," comprising Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, supplemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Oct. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Notable Acquisitions of the Past Two Years" (manuscripts, drawings, printed books, and bookbindings); through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ "William Blake—Illustrations of the Book of Job;" through Nov. 23. . . . ¶ "French Mosaic Bindings, 1851-1900;" through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Sixty Years of American Art," a selection of paintings and sculptures (by John Sloan, Philip Guston, Franz Kline, and others) from the Museum's permanent collection; starting Tuesday, Sept. 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Black Watch—The Regimental Band, the Massed Pipers, and the Highland Dancers of the Black Watch, Royal Highland Regiment. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 20-21, at 8:30, and Sunday, Sept. 22, at 2.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: Mets vs. San Francisco, Thursday, Sept. 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday, Sept. 13, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 14, at 2; and Sunday, Sept. 15, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Sept. 17, at 8, and Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 2. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, Sept. 20, at 6, and Saturday, Sept. 21, at 2.

College Football—Army vs. Boston University. (West Point. Saturday, Sept. 21, at 2.)

Horse Show—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 12-15.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 14.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 14-15.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—at BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELDS, Farmingdale, L. I.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 28. The Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 14; the Beldame, Thursday, Sept. 19; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 21. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 1. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 14. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton, L. I.: Saturday, Sept. 14, at 1:30, and Sunday, Sept. 15, at 2.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:15; through Monday, Sept. 23. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 26.

FOR CHILDREN

Play—Hilltop Productions presenting "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)

Puppet Show—Pickwick Puppets presenting "Cinderella." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th

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Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The Planetarium will be closed Thursday and Friday, Sept. 12-13. Starting Saturday, Sept. 14, there will be a show called "The Realm of the Galaxies." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2:30, 4, and 8:30.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The eighteenth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to convene on Tuesday, Sept. 17. In the meantime, there may be meetings of the Security Council and of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

New York Film Festival—The final programs (many of which are sold out) in a series of international films—At **PHILHARMONIC HALL,** Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424). Thursday, Sept. 12, at 6:30: "Love in the Suburbs" (Hungary). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 12, at 9:15: "Harakiri" (Japan). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 13, at 6:30: "An Autumn Afternoon" (Japan). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 13, at 9:15: "The Terrace" (Argentina). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14, at 3: "Elektra at Epidaurus" (Greece). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14, at 6:30: "Hallelujah the Hills" (United States). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14, at 9:15: "All the Way Home" (United States). . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 15, at 3: "The Sky" (Greece). . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 15, at 6:30: "Trial of Joan of Arc" (France) and "Crisis" (United States). . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 15, at 9:15: "The Fiancés" (Italy) and "The Chair" (United States). . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 16, at 6:30: "Rogopag" (Italy-France). . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 16, at 9:15: "The Servant" (Great Britain). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 17, at 6:30: "The Sea" (Italy). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 17, at 9:15: "Magnet of Doom" (France-Italy). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 6:30: "Le Joli Mai" (France). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 9:15: "Muriel" (France-Italy). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 19, at 6:30: "Barravento" (Brazil). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 19, at 9:15: "Sweet and Sour" (France). . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (CI 5-8900). Showings at 3 and 5:30. Thursday, Sept. 12: "I Live in Fear" (Japan, 1955). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 13: "The Olive Trees of Justice" (France, 1961), no English titles; and "The Winner" (United States, 1962-63). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14: "Point of Order" (United States, 1954-63). . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 15: "Peace to Him Who Enters" (Russia, 1961). . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 16: "The End of the Fiesta" (Argentina, 1959). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 17: "The Bread of Our Former Years" (West Germany, 1962) and "They Have All Gone Away" (United States, 1960-61). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 18: "The New Angels" (Italy, 1962). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 19: "Lola Montès" (France-Germany, 1955).

Cat Show—National Tournament of Feline Champions. For the benefit of the Friends of Animals and the Humane Society of New York. (Henry Hudson Hotel, 353 W. 57th St. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 14-15, from 10 to 10.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Sept. 21, at 1:45: English and other furniture and decorations, silver, porcelains, glass, paintings, and rugs; from the estate of Leo H. Hirsch and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 14.

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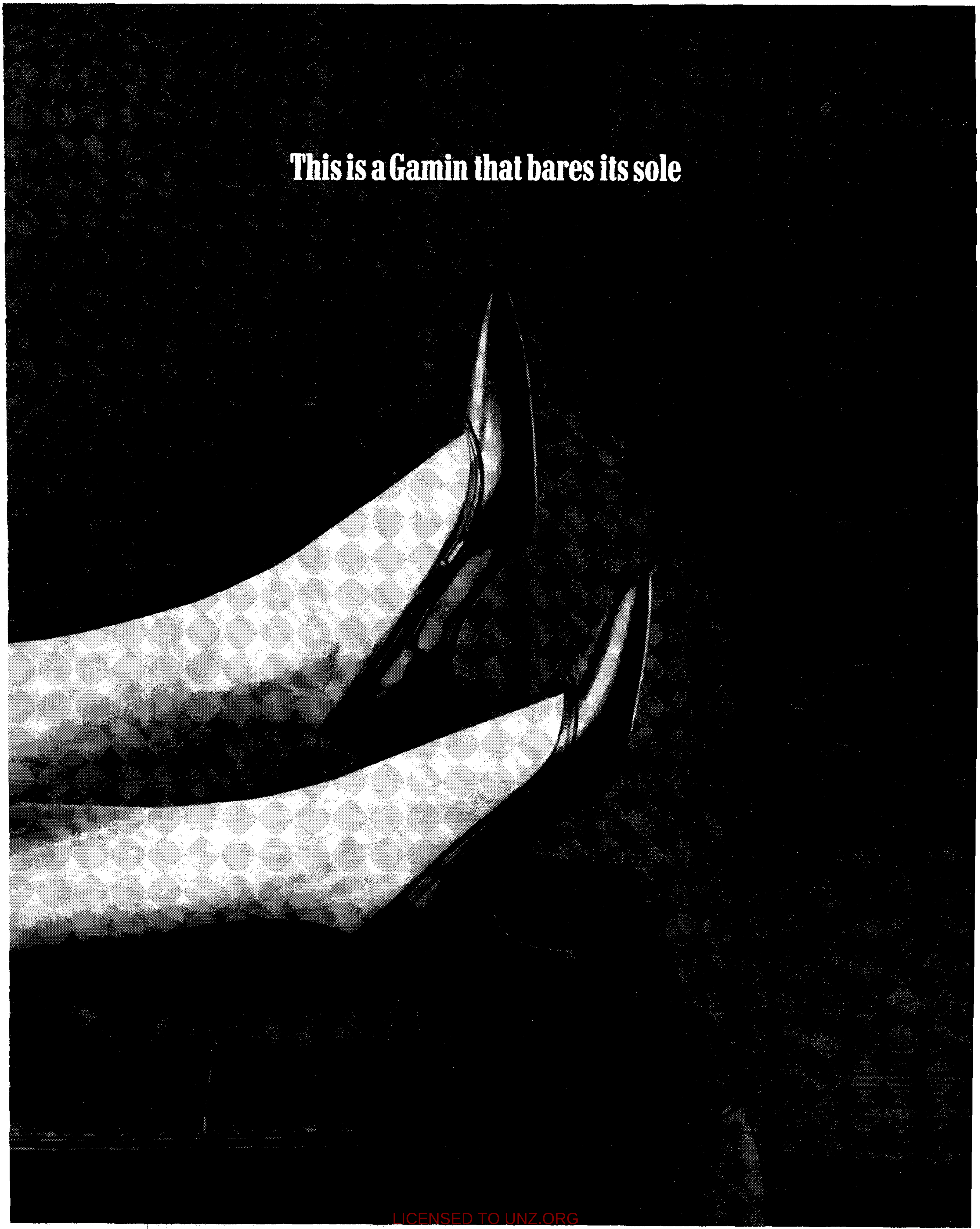


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Cleopatra—The already famous epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Divorce—Italian Style—An exceedingly funny farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

8½—A very successful, if curious, work of art—an *apologia pro vita sua* by the brilliant Italian director Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo, among many others. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Four Days of Naples—A young Italian director named Nanni Loy has thrillingly reconstructed a heroic incident of the Second World War. The cast is largely unprofessional and wholly anonymous. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 18.)

Heavens Above!—Peter Sellers, Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, and Ian Carmichael play disrespectful but not at all dangerous ducks and drakes with the Church of England. Produced and directed by the Boulting brothers, who are funny and bright. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Hud—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. A bleak, strong story, distinguished by the superb performances of Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Sept. 12.)

Lawrence of Arabia—David Lean has ably directed an enormous cast (Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, et al.) in this stirring account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero, who, like most of our heroes, is often unlikable, and still more often incomprehensible. The natural backgrounds—Jordan and Spain—are breathtaking. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The List of Adrian Messenger—The reason you have to be sure to see this is that there's this dreadful Canadian who has murdered ten perfectly innocent people and is just about to murder an eleventh when along comes . . . In the huge cast, some recognizable and some not, are Kirk Douglas, George C. Scott, Clive Brook, Dana Wynter, Gladys Cooper, Tony Curtis, Frank Sinatra, Robert Mitchum, and Burt Lancaster. John Huston directed. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Sept. 17, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 18.)

Lord of the Flies—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down-to-earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a fine, cracking pace. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The L-Shaped Room—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell as a couple of lonely young people in London who find that love is more trouble than they expected, though not more trouble than it's worth. Sad and funny and well worth seeing. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Sept. 15.)

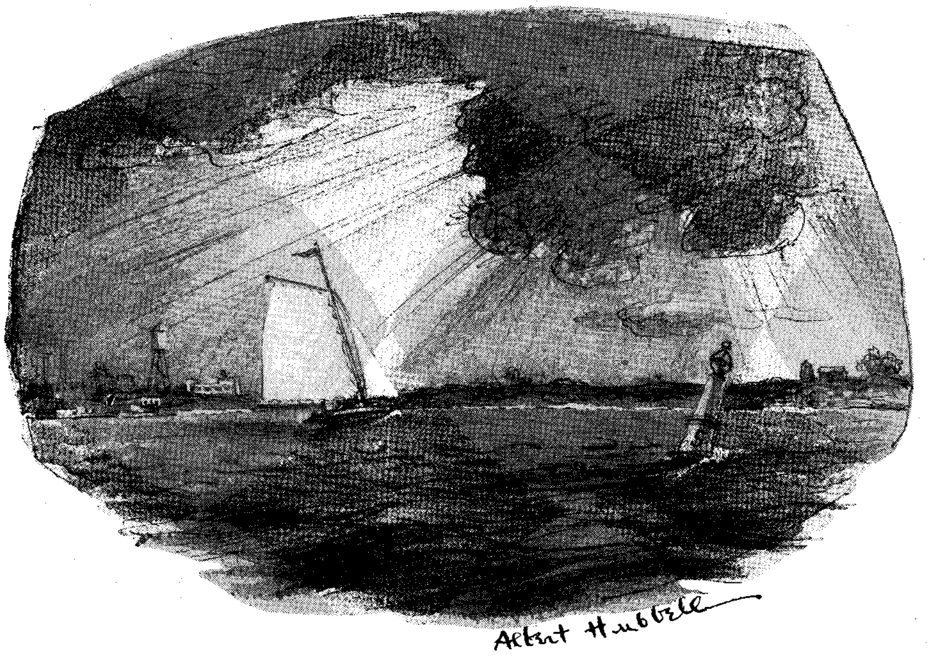
7 Capital Sins—As many separately written and directed episodes as there are sins. A witty French picture, in which even the least attractive sin—gluttony—is made practically irresistible. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Sept. 18.)

Sparrows Can't Sing—A rousing, pell-mell comedy of London lowlife, directed to perfection by the great Joan Littlewood. James Booth and Barbara Windsor are the two stars. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 17.)

This Sporting Life—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a professional Rugby player for whom everything goes wrong, and Rachel Roberts is just as good as the woman who cannot love him. This hard, tragic picture, which could have been first-rate, is slightly spoiled by Lindsay Anderson's obtrusive direction. The setting is a city in the North of England. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

The Trial—Orson Welles making a wild and woolly attempt to capture the Kafka novel, which is anything but wild and woolly. Abetting Mr. Welles are Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, and Romy Schneider. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 17, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 18.)

Winter Light—The latest Ingmar Bergman skirmish with God, pictorially handsome but theologically gloomy. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Sept. 18.)



REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 17.)

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 17, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 14.)

Billy Budd (1962)—A rousing sea story, starring Peter Ustinov, Robert Ryan, and Terence Stamp. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Sept. 17, tentative.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 17.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1954)—A French film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 17.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 17.)

Lolita (1962)—A comedy about a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 15-17.)

The Magnificent Seven (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 18, evening performances only.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 14.)

The Miracle Worker (1962)—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 14.)

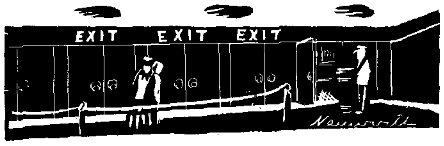
Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 13.)

A View from the Bridge (1962)—Family troubles in Red Hook, as taken from Arthur Miller's play and acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 13.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 14.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Sept. 12-19: New York Film Festival; see listing under "Other Events," page 14. . . . ¶ Sept. 12, at 8 P.M.: "Theatrical and Social Dancing in the Film," a program made up of excerpts from various movies, including "The Whirl of Life" (1914), with Vernon and Irene Castle; a Charleston sequence from "So This Is Paris" (1926); and "Blue Skies" (1946), with Fred Astaire. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Sept. 17: "Of Love and Desire," Merle Oberon.
From Sept. 18: "My Son, the Hero," Pedro Armendariz.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
From Sept. 16: "The Conjugal Bed" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Marina Vlady.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Sept. 18: "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8½ (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Shock Corridor," Constance Towers.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through Sept. 17: "A Ticklish Affair," Shirley Jones, Gig Young.
From Sept. 18: "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Walleyed Nippon" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Sept. 18: "Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 17: **SPARROWS CAN'T SING.**
From Sept. 18: **WINTER LIGHT** (in Swedish).

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through Sept. 17: **THE TRIAL**; and **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival.
From Sept. 18: **THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN** (in Japanese), revival; and "Private Property," revival, Kate Manx.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Sept. 17: "Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Sept. 18: "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Assignment: Outer Space," Archie Savage.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 17: "Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra.
From Sept. 18: To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 17 (tentative): **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER**; and **BILLY BUDD**, revival.
From Sept. 18 (tentative): "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Reach for Glory," Harry Andrews, Kay Walsh.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (LE 2-6533)
"Of Love and Desire," Merle Oberon.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Shock Corridor," Constance Towers.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 17: "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "On Any Street" (formerly called "La Notte Brava"), revival, Rosanna Schiaffino.
From Sept. 18: "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Assignment: Outer Space," Archie Savage.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Sept. 15: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**
From Sept. 16: "The Conjugal Bed" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Marina Vlady.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Sept. 18: "Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Sept. 17: "Three Fables of Love" (in Italian and French).
From Sept. 18: "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 16: "Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.
From Sept. 17: "The Suitor" (in French), Pierre Etaix.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LORD OF THE FLIES.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 18 (tentative): "Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 17: "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "On Any Street" (formerly called "La Notte Brava"), revival, Rosanna Schiaffino.
From Sept. 18: "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Assignment: Outer Space," Archie Savage.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 17: "Gidget Goes to Rome," James Darren; and "13 Frightened Girls," Murray Hamilton.
From Sept. 18: "Flipper," Chuck Connors; and "Tarzan's Three Challenges," Jock Mahoney.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 12: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Parts I and II (in Russian), revivals.
Sept. 13-16: "The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian), revival; and "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival.
From Sept. 17: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival; and "A Man Escaped" (in French), revival, François Leterrier.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 17: "Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra; and "A Girl Named Tamiko," Laurence Harvey, France Nuyen.
From Sept. 18: **7 CAPITAL SINS** (in French); and "The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian), revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 17: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.
From Sept. 18: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER**; and **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES** (in Italian).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
HEAVENS ABOVE!

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 17: "Gidget Goes to Rome," James Darren; and "13 Frightened Girls," Murray Hamilton.
From Sept. 18: "Flipper," Chuck Connors; and "Tarzan's Three Challenges," Jock Mahoney.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 14: **THE MIRACLE WORKER**, revival; and **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**, revival.
Sept. 15-17: **LOLITA**, revival; and "The Hook," Kirk Douglas.
From Sept. 18: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Sept. 17: "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "On Any Street" (formerly called "La Notte Brava"), revival, Rosanna Schiaffino.
From Sept. 18: "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Assignment: Outer Space," Archie Savage.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"La Poupée" (in French).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Sept. 12: **HUD.**
From Sept. 13: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
8½ (in Italian).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Good Soldier Schweik" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

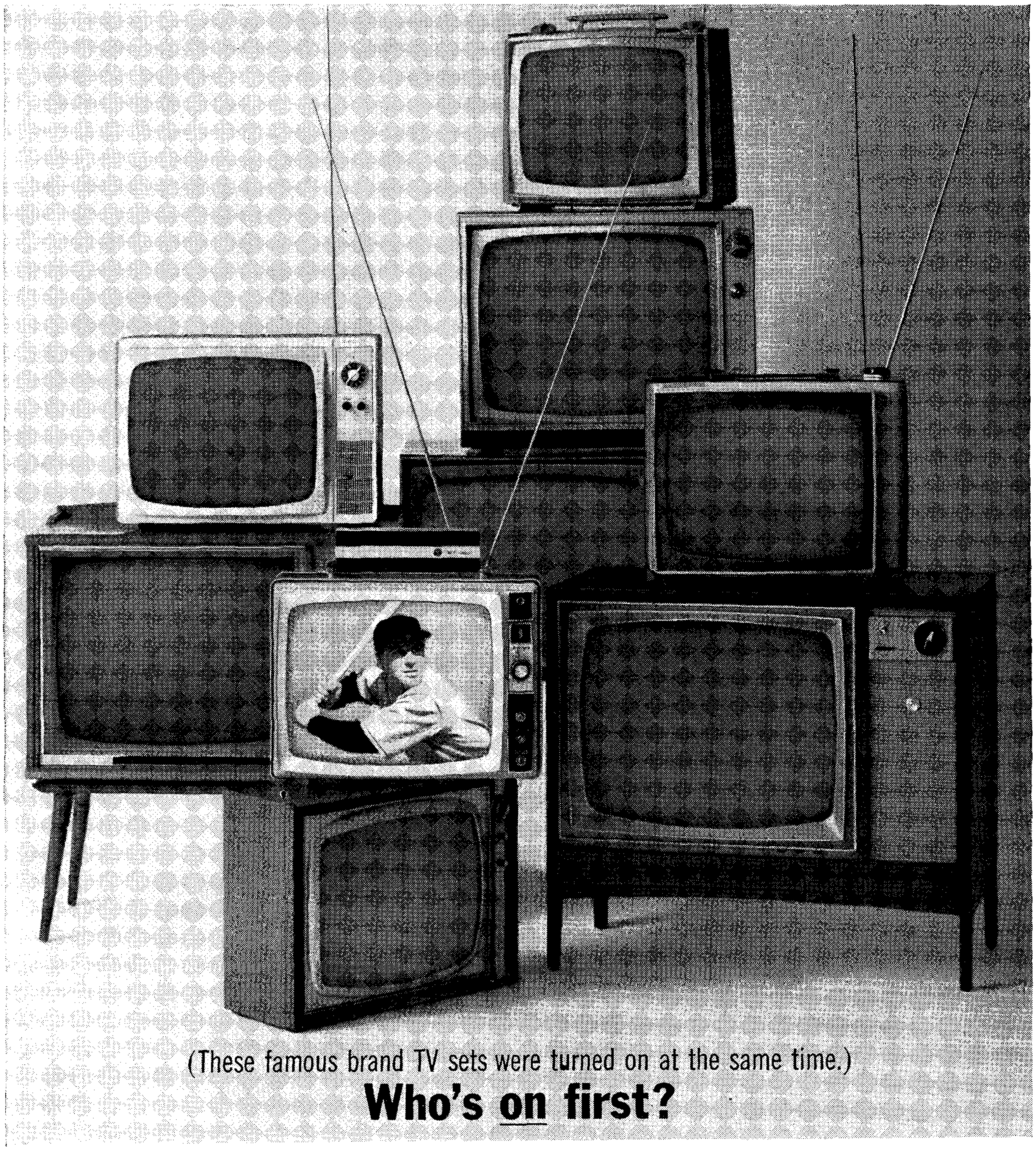
Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Sept. 17: "Gidget Goes to Rome," James Darren; and "13 Frightened Girls," Murray Hamilton.
From Sept. 18: "Flipper," Chuck Connors; and "Tarzan's Three Challenges," Jock Mahoney.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 12: "Tarantula," revival, John Agar, Mara Corday; and "The Deadly Mantis," revival, Craig Stevens.
Sept. 13: "The Day of the Triffids," Howard Keel, Nicole Maurey; and "Curse of the Demon," revival, Dana Andrews.
Sept. 14: "The Curse of the Werewolf," revival, Clifford Evans; and "Frankenstein—1970," revival, Boris Karloff.
Sept. 15: "White Zombie," revival, Bela Lugosi; and "The Beast with Five Fingers," revival, Peter Lorre, Robert Alda.
Sept. 16: "Village of the Damned," revival, George Sanders; and "The Tingler," revival, Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn.
Sept. 17: "Horror of Dracula," revival, Peter Cushing; and "Return of Dr. X," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Rosemary Lane.
Sept. 18: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon," revival, Richard Carlson; and "Macabre," revival, William Prince.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 17: "Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra; and "Paris Pickup," Robert Hossein.
From Sept. 18: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER**; and **THE TRIAL.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 12: "Arsenic and Old Lace," revival, Cary Grant; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.
Sept. 13: **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**, revival; and **SHADOWS**, revival.
Sept. 14: **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** and **L'ATALANTE** (both in French and both revivals).
Sept. 15: "A Tale of Two Cities," revival, Dirk Bogarde; and "A Kid for Two Farthings," revival, Celia Johnson.
Sept. 16: "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist; and "Desire Under the Elms," revival, Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.
Sept. 17: **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (in French), revival; and "Days of Our Years," revival, a French historical documentary, narrated in English.
Sept. 18: "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn; and "The Damned" (in French), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 17: "Three Faces of Sin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Jean-Claude Brialy; and "The Magnificent Tramp" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin.
From Sept. 18: To be announced.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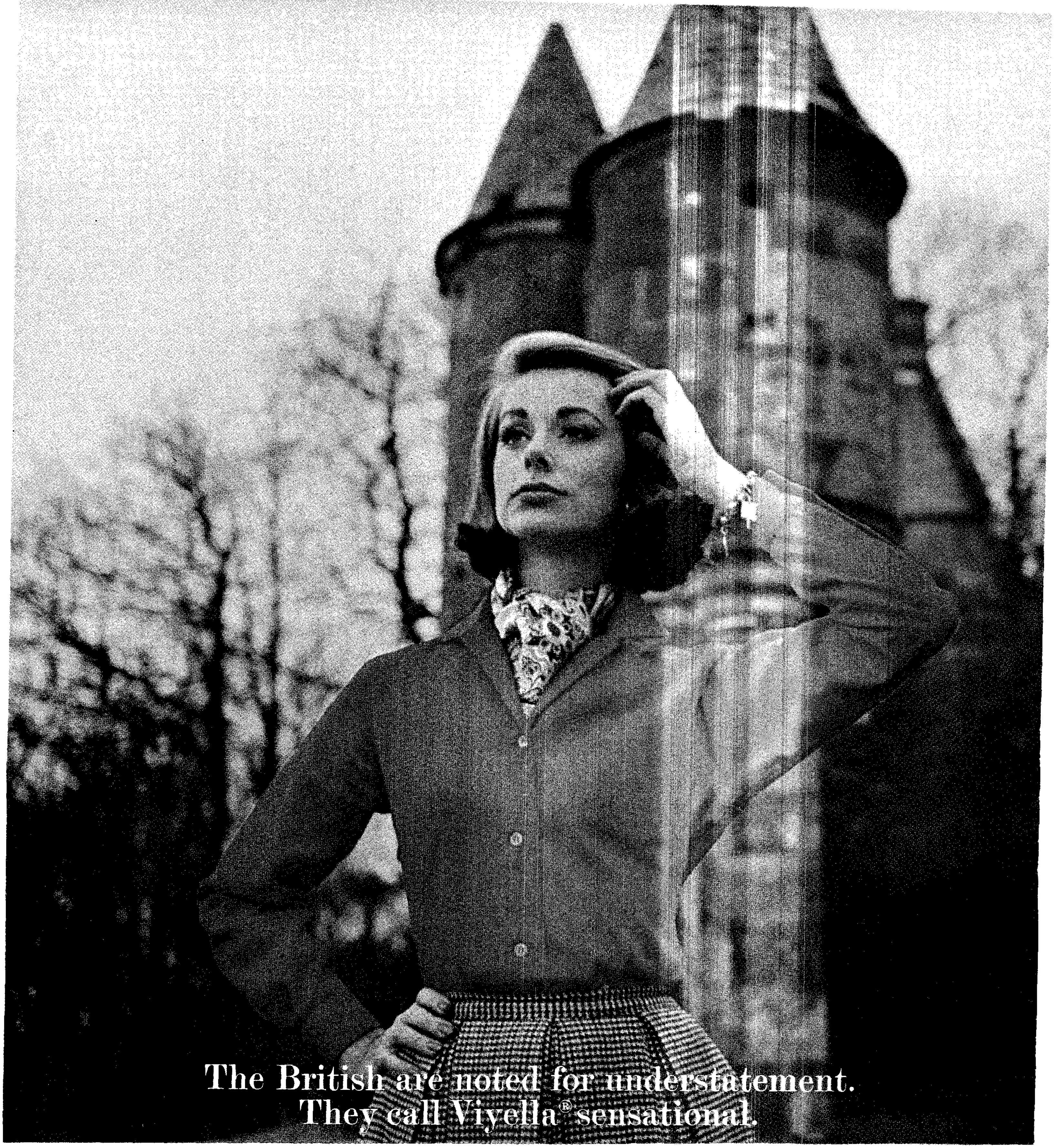
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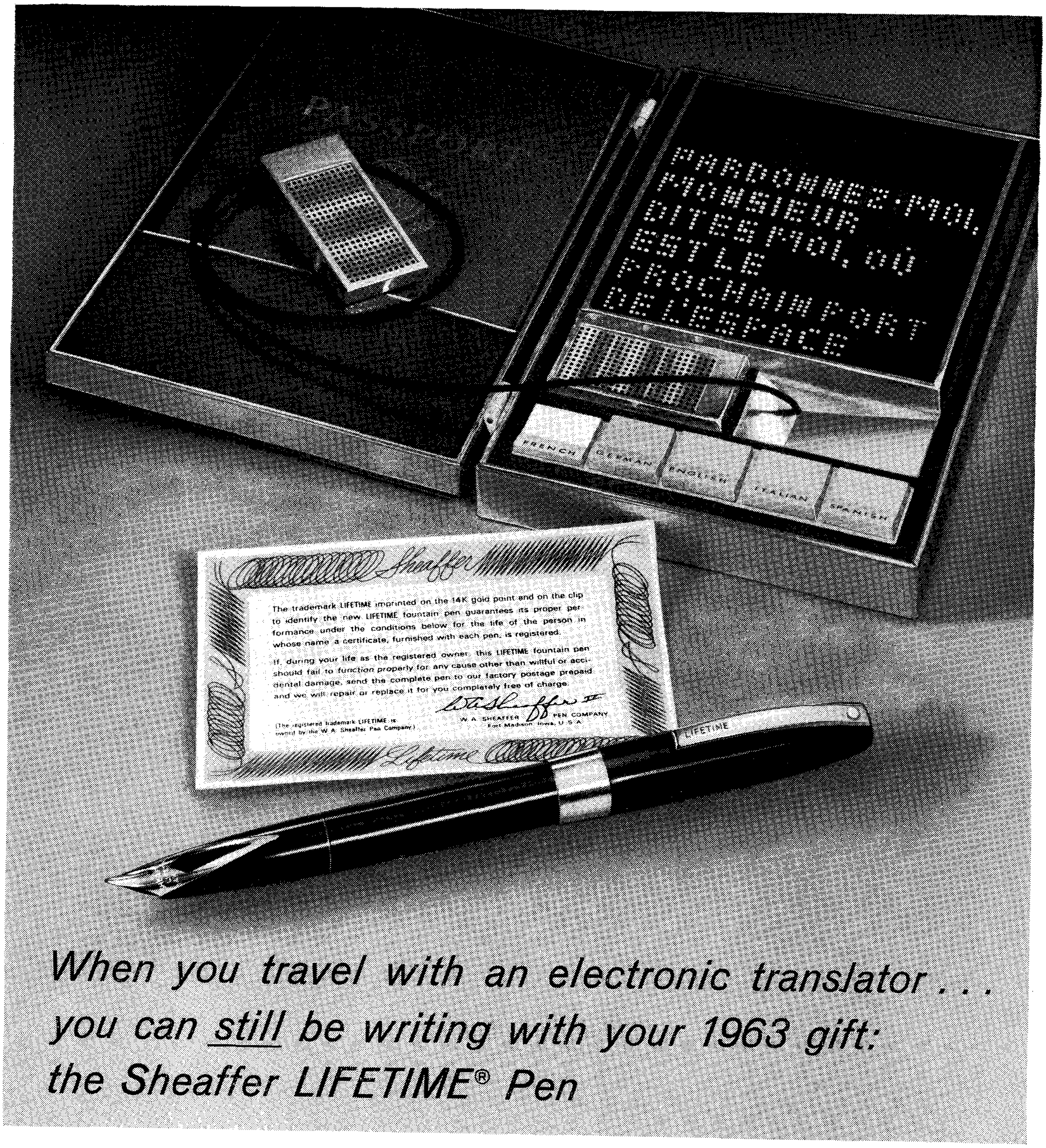

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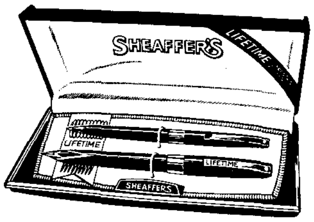

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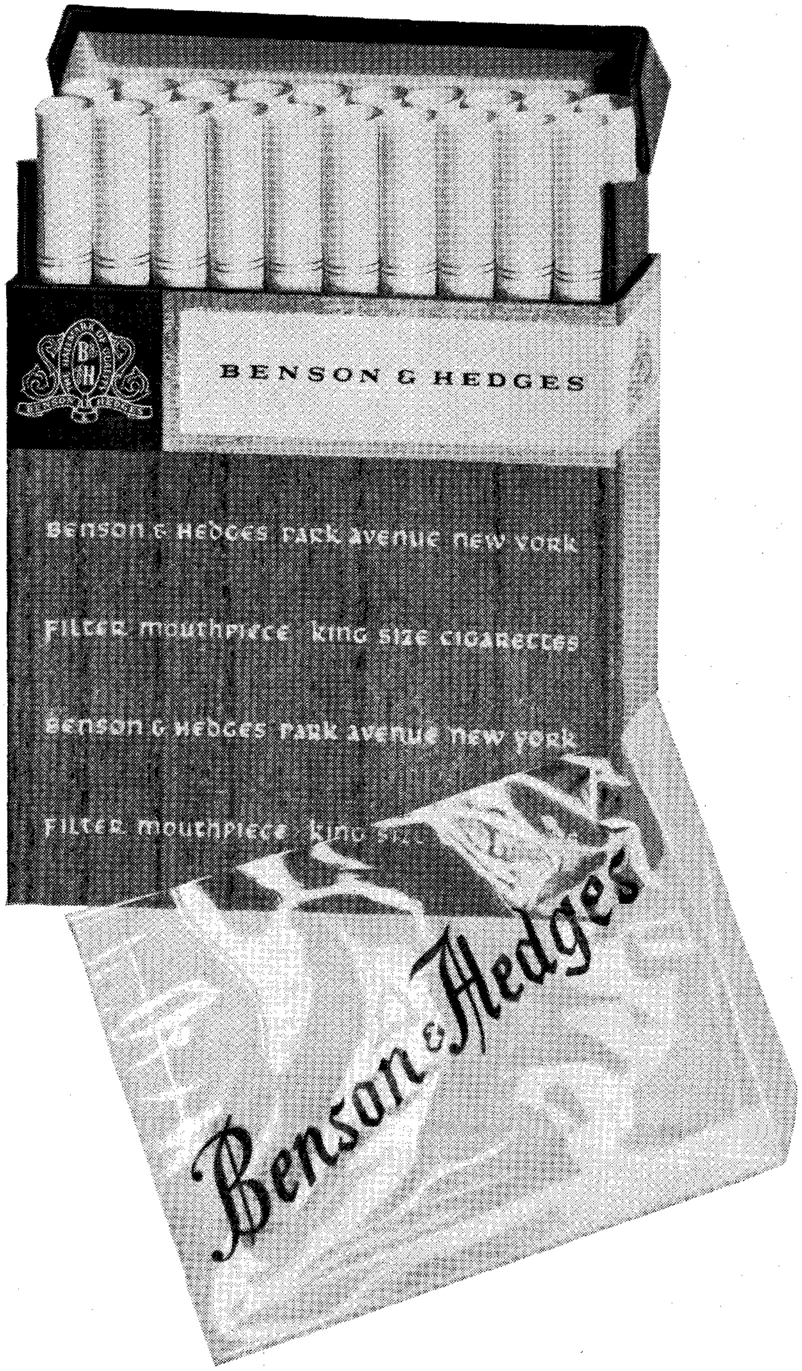
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Filter mouthpiece king size cigarettes
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name dropper

Slip off the outer wrap of the handsome Benson & Hedges packet and it becomes your personal case. The drawer slides open to deliver each cigarette to you in perfect shape. *Notice that the filter is recessed into the mouthpiece,* so it never touches your lips, never intrudes upon your enjoyment. *Now taste the Benson & Hedges blend of choice tobaccos.* Superb tobaccos, skillfully cured, aged and blended. If you appreciate quality, you will recognize why this must be a limited edition cigarette.

With Benson & Hedges you pay more...you get more

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Why do we put this great tape recorder
in a plain grey case?
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To save you money.

We know there are people (perhaps you are one) who want outstanding sound . . . but don't want to spend all their money for the carrying case. That's why this Webcor VISCOUNT III combines remarkably good insides with a rather plain outside . . . and costs less than $160, slightly higher South and West.

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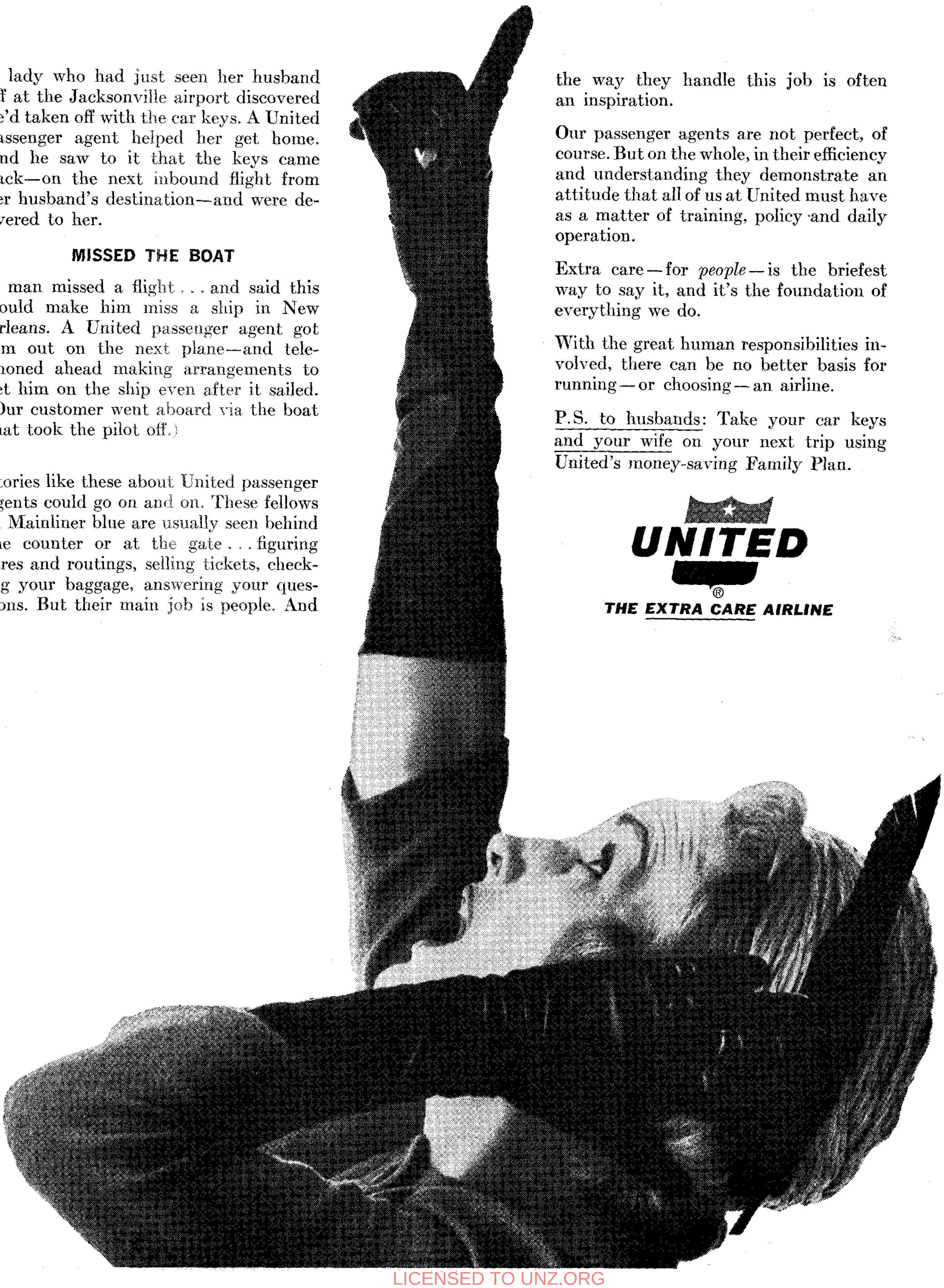
More? Three speeds, safety record lock, eye-tube record level indicator, digital tape counter . . . and all the other things you expect in a rather sophisticated tape recorder.

All in a plain grey box. (Want a tape recorder with beauty to match its sound? We make those too. Choose from 10 different Webcor models.)

WEBCOR
Fifty years of sound leadership

"There goes my husband with the car keys!"



A lady who had just seen her husband off at the Jacksonville airport discovered he'd taken off with the car keys. A United passenger agent helped her get home. And he saw to it that the keys came back—on the next inbound flight from her husband's destination—and were delivered to her.

MISSED THE BOAT

A man missed a flight . . . and said this would make him miss a ship in New Orleans. A United passenger agent got him out on the next plane—and telephoned ahead making arrangements to get him on the ship even after it sailed. (Our customer went aboard via the boat that took the pilot off.)

Stories like these about United passenger agents could go on and on. These fellows in Mainliner blue are usually seen behind the counter or at the gate . . . figuring fares and routings, selling tickets, checking your baggage, answering your questions. But their main job is people. And the way they handle this job is often an inspiration.

Our passenger agents are not perfect, of course. But on the whole, in their efficiency and understanding they demonstrate an attitude that all of us at United must have as a matter of training, policy and daily operation.

Extra care—for *people*—is the briefest way to say it, and it's the foundation of everything we do.

With the great human responsibilities involved, there can be no better basis for running—or choosing—an airline.

P.S. to husbands: Take your car keys and your wife on your next trip using United's money-saving Family Plan.

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The 1964 Jaguar XK-E. $5,325 (P.O.E.) fully equipped.

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in Crewe.

Almost everyone walks or cycles to work.

At the Chester Barrie factory in Crewe, just a few hours' drive from London, 800 people make suits, sport jackets and outercoats. It's quiet there too. Very little machinery. Chester Barrie clothing is mostly made by hand. Cut by hand. Sewn by hand. Pressed by hand. It takes 30 hours to make just one Chester Barrie suit. Because the unhurried British are patient and meticulous. Because here, in quiet Crewe, pride is more valuable than time.

Obviously, we don't make a great deal of clothing and that's why it may be a trifle difficult to find Chester Barrie in your city. But if you write to us directly, we'll be pleased to put you on the right track. Incidentally, the suits we make for the States are specifically styled for the American taste...they're not the same shape as those we sell to our many other friends throughout the world. Nor are they the same fabrications . . . climatic conditions, you know.

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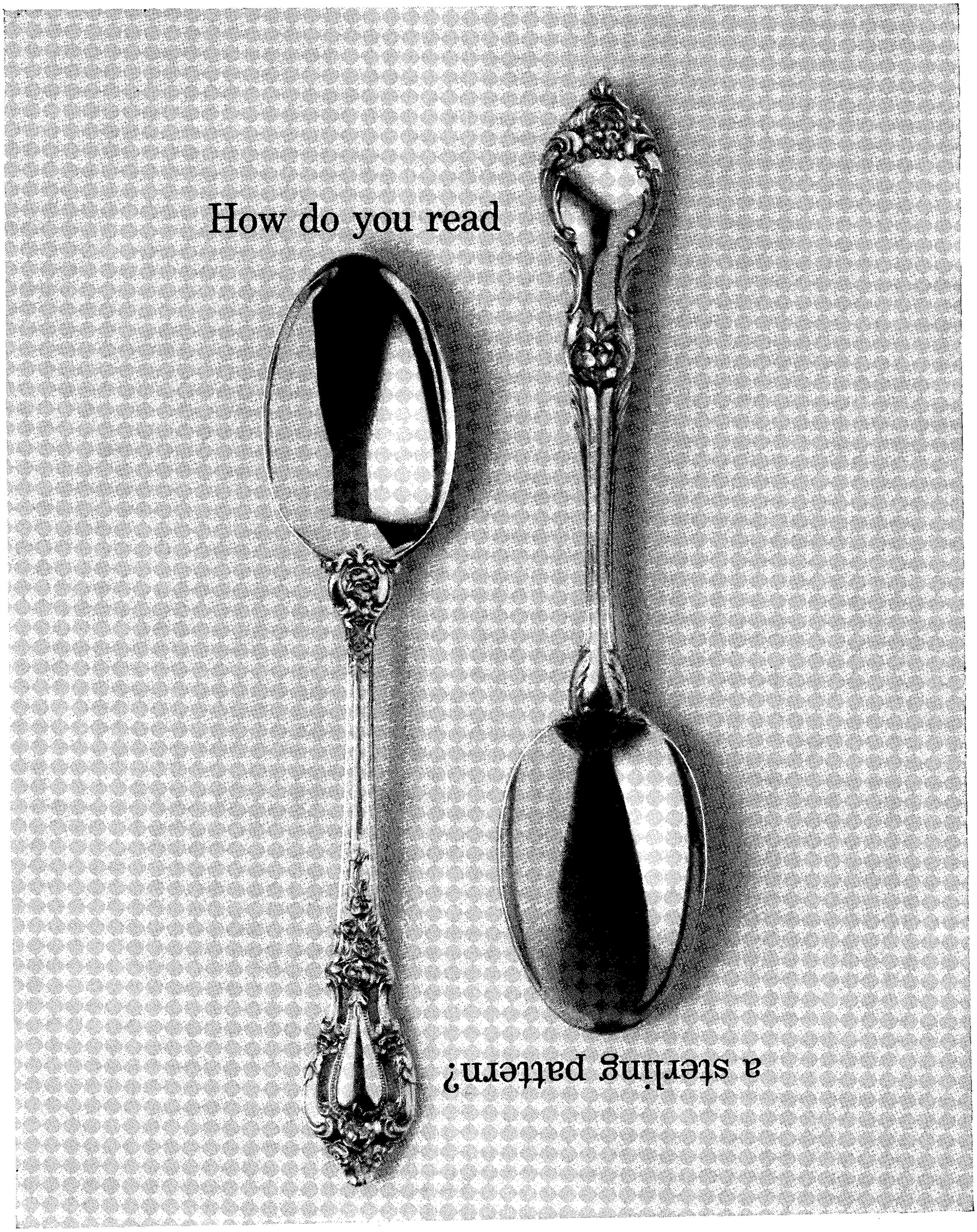

Left to Right: ELOQUENCE · ALEXANDRA

Usually you look at a silver pattern from the front of the piece, with the handle toward you. Don't. Look at it sideways, upside-down. Pick it up. Turn it around. This is the way to "read" a silver pattern. This is the way to judge a design. This is the thinking behind every piece of sterling Lunt creates. We design as a whole; we consider balance and proportion as important as the ornament itself. You may not notice all of this at first. But you will as you use your sterling by Lunt—and watch it grow lovelier through the years. Why *not* "read" your favorite pattern on this page?

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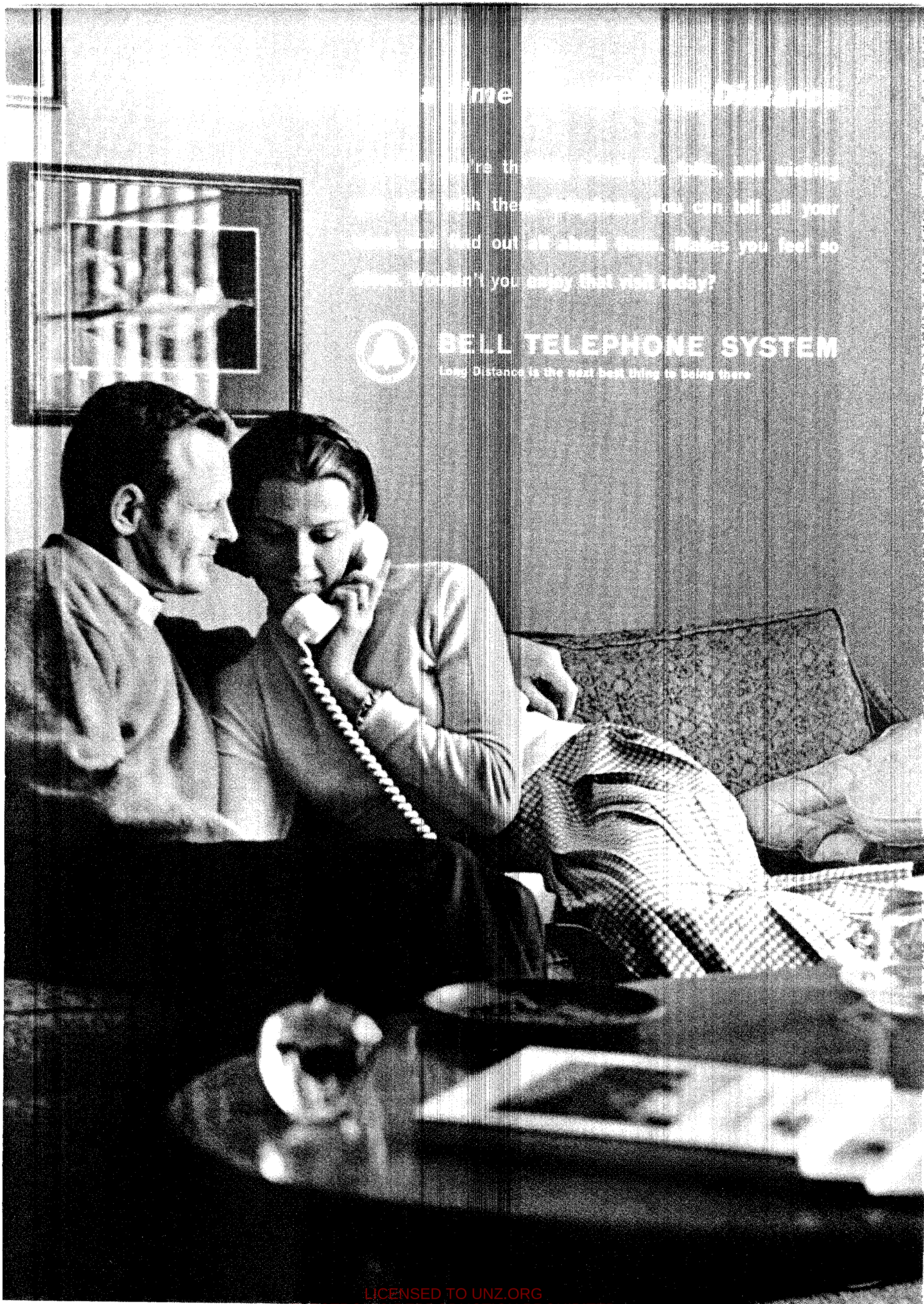
STERLING

For information write: Lunt Silversmiths, Dept. Y-20, Greenfield, Mass.



[illegible] time [illegible] Distance

[illegible] you're th[illegible] the kids, and sharing [illegible] with the[illegible]. You can tell all your [illegible] find out all about them. Makes you feel so [illegible]. Wouldn't you enjoy that visit today?

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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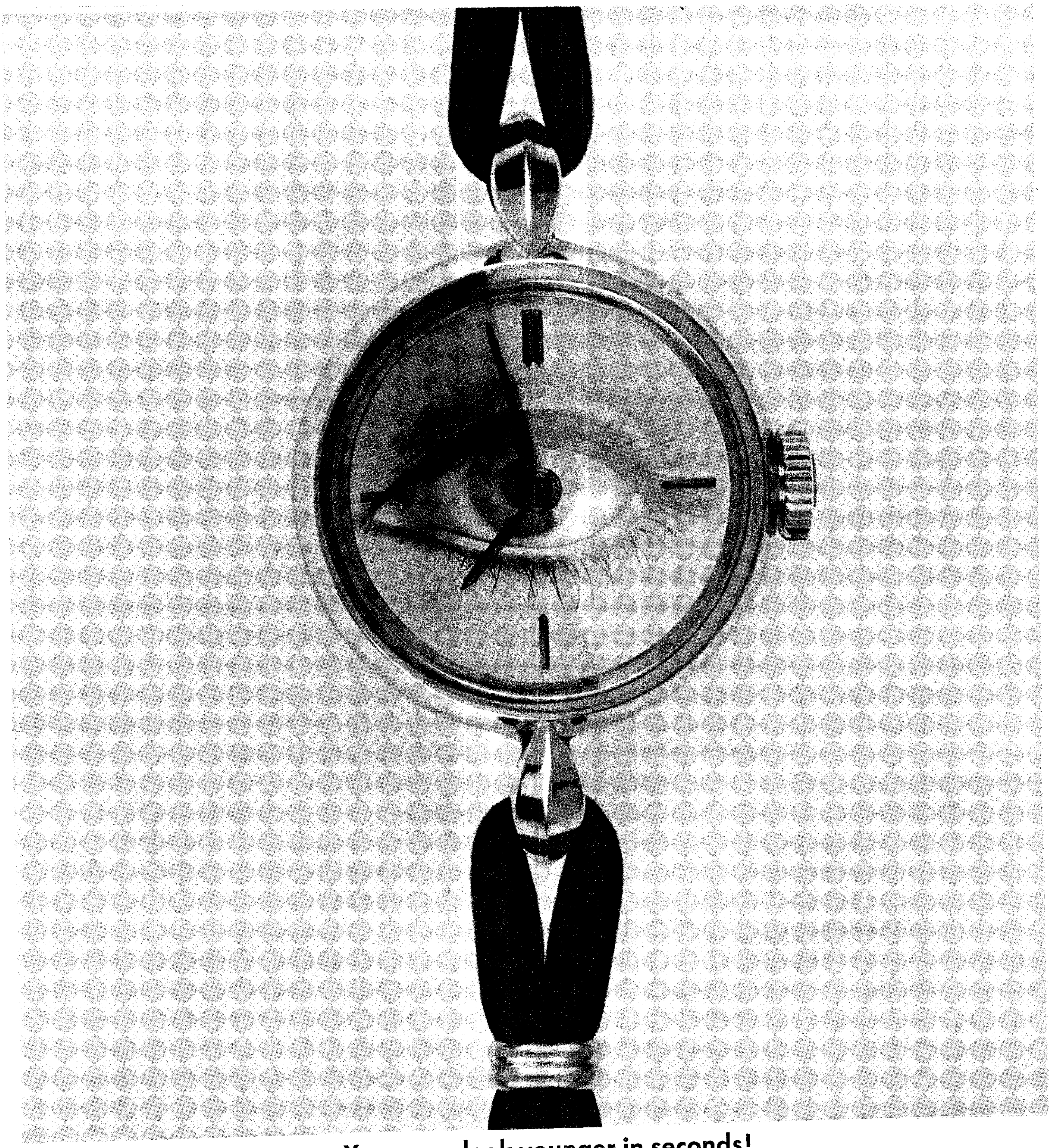

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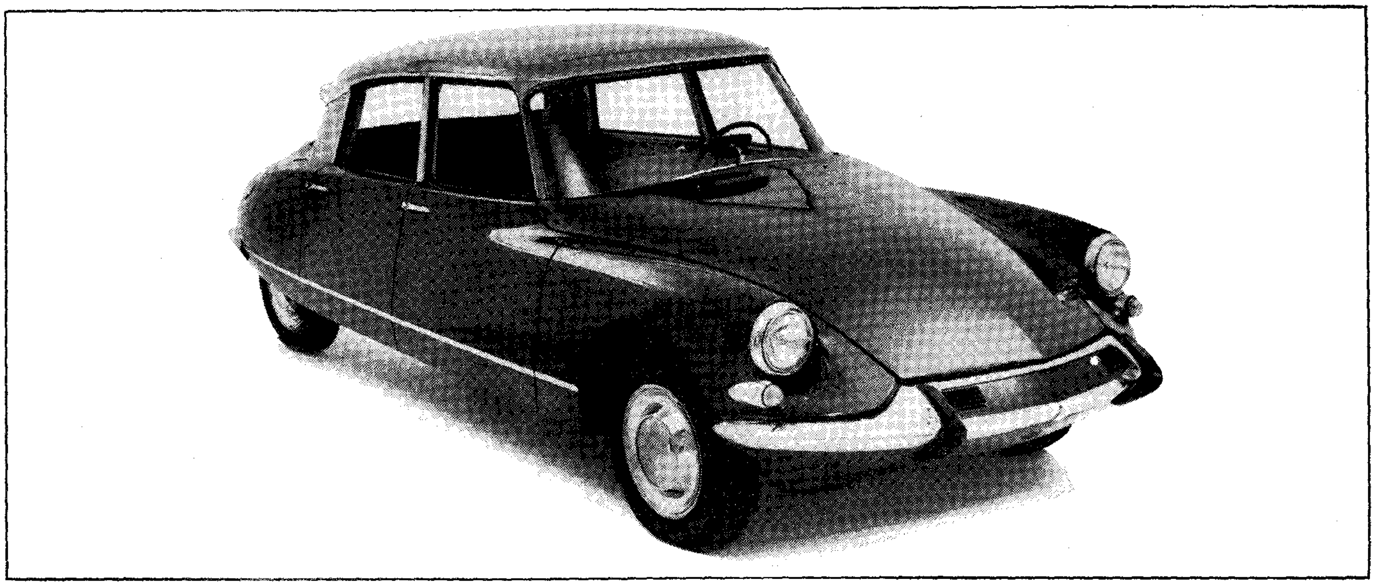

Funny face

There's more to CITROEN's looks than sheer French charm.

Beneath that chic exterior, there's the beautifully practical logic of *why* a CITROEN looks like it does.

For instance, regard the pointed nose and sleek lines. They're designed like a jet—and for the same aerodynamic reasons: to increase stability and cut wind resistance.

This means greater safety, more visibility and less gas consumption ... all important concerns to the practical and economical French.

Not to mention the practical and economical American.

Imagine getting 28 to 34 miles to the gallon from a big, comfortable family car—and you begin to appreciate what CITROEN's design means.

And for all its economy, CITROEN has plenty of power when you want it. Its big motor can easily give you 100 mph—and more.

Another paradox: CITROEN has a wheelbase as long as most large American cars—yet its body is as short as most compacts, because superfluous "overhang" has been eliminated. Result: easier parking and maneuverability.

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So, why not do more than just look. Give it a try.

You'll discover that to drive a CITROEN is to love one.

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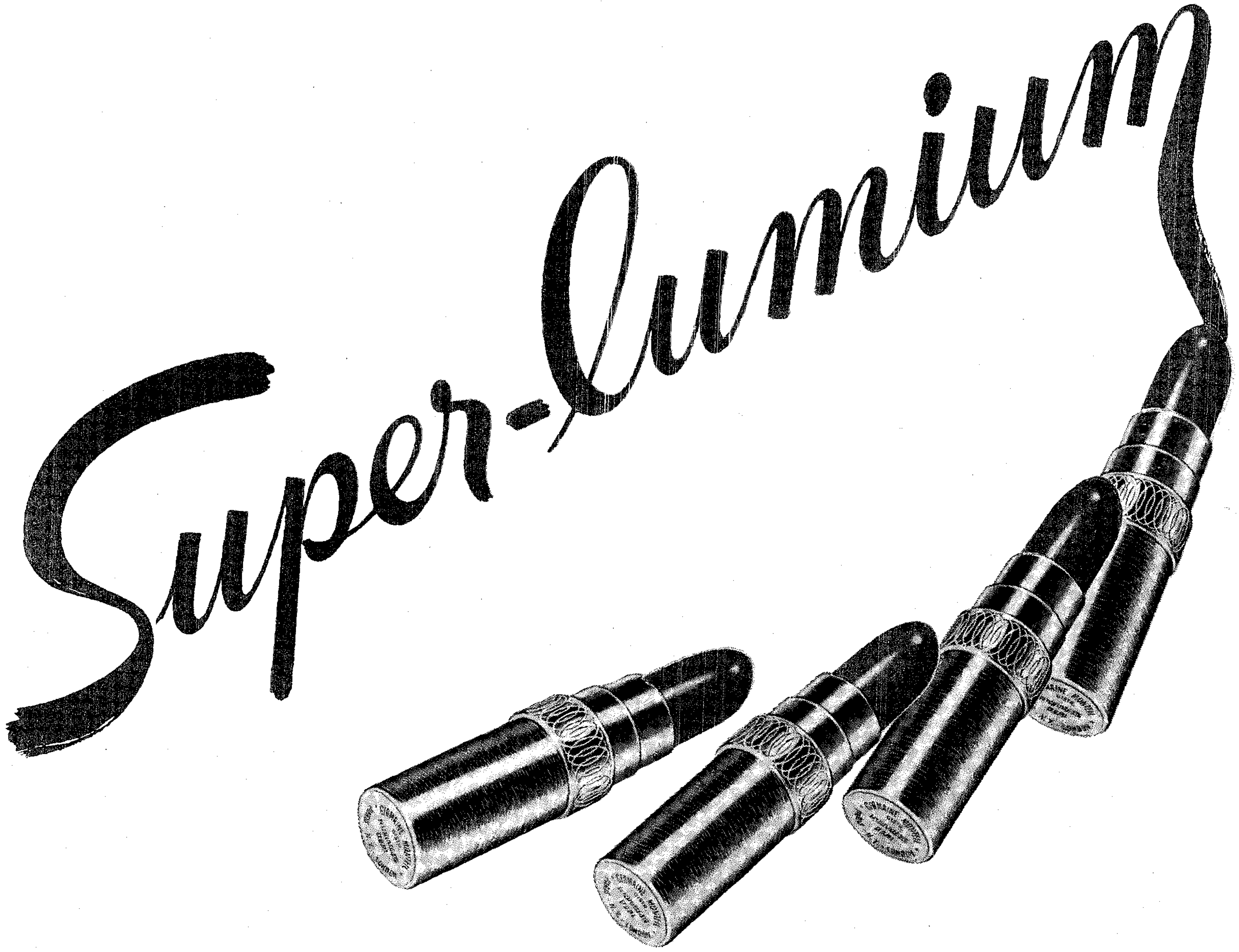
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New colors—new texture—new appeal

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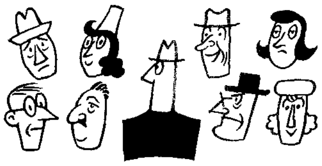
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

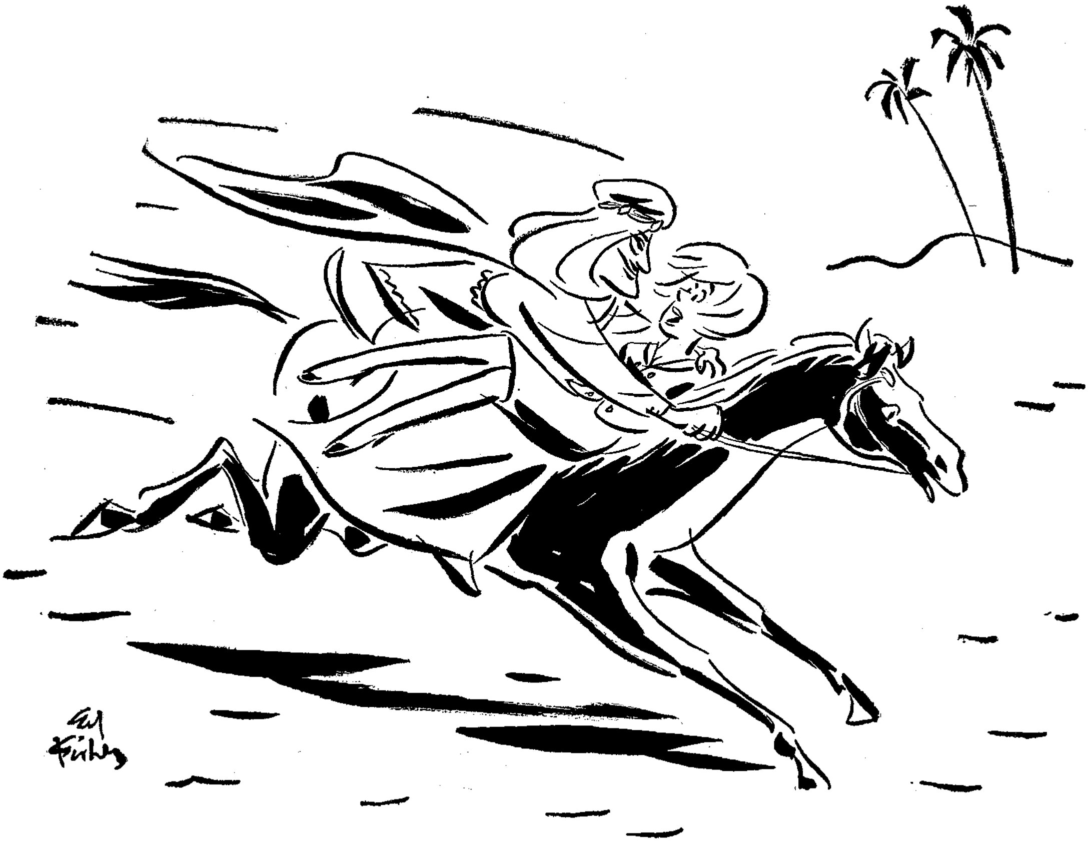
WE don't hold with the notion that New York is an uneasy assemblage of small, self-sufficient villages. To us, the city is an easily comprehensible unit, crisscrossed and held together by nothing more abstract than familiar faces. We run into these faces everywhere. Most of them have names, or at least associations. They belong to friends, to schoolmates we have lost touch with, to Hollywood character actors, and to people we can't quite place: A barber we once had? A cashier in a restaurant we used to frequent? Someone we met on a jet? But the familiar faces we relish most are nameless travellers who share both an air of purpose and a village-green ease. All New York appears to be their back yard. We are always on the watch for them, because they give us our bearings; just by being, they indicate that all's well. We even have particular favorites. One is an enormous man who occasionally travels on the First Avenue buses late in the afternoon. He sits in a corner seat in the rear, which he fills. He has a shy, badgerlike face that is guarded by an old-fashioned wide-brimmed fedora. Straight-backed and swaying slightly, he holds the seat rail in front of him with both hands, as if he were the tillerman on a hook and ladder. He never reads, and he keeps his eyes fixed on the middle distance. He perspires serenely the year around. Sometimes his bus carries another familiar face. This belongs to a neat, thin Negro who sits beside the front door and greets many of the passengers as they get on and off, speaking in a high, polite singsong, which draws return greetings. He gives capsule weather reports. He gives the time. He announces the principal stops. Between them, the Negro and the big man perform a kind of ballet on the bus, the former representing Action and the latter Thought. Another member of our band is a short, ruddy, potbellied man whom we first saw last fall betting on a handball tournament near the North Meadow in Central Park. He wears horn-rimmed glasses and has unruly hair, a generous nose, and a deep, raucous voice. He walks quickly, his belly a prow, and looks continually to left and right, like a veteran short-order cook. We saw him again on a cool April morning, at Fifth Avenue and Ninetieth Street, bound east at a fast pace, his open suit jacket a pair of flapping flags, and the other day we spotted him headed in the opposite direction at equal speed, crossing Madison Avenue at 116th. He is the White Rabbit incarnate. Our most recent acquisition is a pretty, parenthesis-shaped strawberry blonde in a striped Joseph's coat. She rode up in an elevator in our dentist's building, on Forty-second Street, one morning last week, and we saw her again that same evening, thirty blocks north, at a Third Avenue bus stop. All these travellers belong very much to themselves, but as far as we're concerned, they also belong to us. In fact, it is hard not to accost them—to say, "Nice to see you around." But that might frighten them away, which would be too bad, for what we like best about them is their inevitability and completeness. Like porpoises, they are perfect escorts.



New Producer

THE two American pictures that were shown in competition at this year's Venice Film Festival were "Hud," which has been a box-office success for three months, and "The Cool World," which is a movie so new that when we went to see its producer, Mr. Frederick Wiseman, just before the Festival was due to begin, we found him anxiously awaiting word that a final version, with French subtitles, would be ready in time for him to carry it on board an evening flight to Paris. Mr. Wiseman is a short, soft-spoken lawyer in his early thirties, with large brown eyes, a round face, and a serious manner; his office is a tiny room on West Forty-eighth Street that is knee-deep in books and papers; and "The Cool World," which is the first film he has produced, is based on the Warren Miller novel of that title, about the life of Negro teenagers in Harlem.

" 'The Cool World' was not accepted for showing at Venice until ten days ago, at which time we didn't have a complete print of the film and had mixed the sound track in with only about forty per cent of it," Mr. Wiseman said as he cleared a space for us on a couch and then flopped wearily into a vacant chair. "Since then, we've had to work around the clock to finish up. In fact, Shirley Clarke, the director, was still pulling bits and pieces out of the cutting room and putting them back into the final version as late as two mornings ago, and that afternoon was when we got the first complete print, which is called an 'answer' print. Meanwhile, we had been summarizing, spotting, and translating dialogue for the French subtitles on a reel-by-reel basis, but since the subtitles couldn't be stamped on until the light values in the answer print were timed and corrected, we had to hold everything up. Yesterday morning, we picked up the reels of the correctly timed print as they were finished, and, making three trips, took them out to a lab in North Bergen, where the subtitles are now being inserted. When the film comes back this afternoon, I'll have to give it a final screening to



"Gosh, is this part of the all-expense Middle East tour?"

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make sure the subtitles are O.K. Then I've got to get down to Wall Street in time to take a helicopter to Idlewild, where I have reservations on an eight-o'clock flight. My wife will meet me at Idlewild. She'll be carrying our two-year-old son, and if all goes well, I'll be carrying two cases containing the reels of 'The Cool World.' "

Shaking his head, Mr. Wiseman went on to say that "Hud," the official United States entry at Venice, was chosen for the Festival by a committee representing all the Hollywood guilds, but that since the Festival committee can invite other films from a participating country to compete with the official entry, he had been in contact for several months with Luigi Chiarini, the Festival's director, who is also Professor of Film at the University of Pisa. "Professor Chiarini originally wanted us to screen a complete print of 'The Cool World' for him no later than the middle of June, which, of course, was absolutely impossible," Mr. Wiseman told us. "After a series of frantic transatlantic telephone calls, the Professor agreed to a delay of six weeks, but when August rolled around, time ran out on us, and I had to take over what we had mixed, which amounted to only five reels out of a total of thirteen. Well, I flew to Venice, and, to put it mildly, I was full of trepidation. In the first place, the reels I had brought were Numbers Three, Four, Five, Six, and Thirteen, which, I felt, could hardly give Professor Chiarini a good idea of the film's continuity; secondly, it was two days before Italian customs got around to releasing them to me; and, finally, on the day of the screening everything that could have gone wrong did."

Mr. Wiseman put a hand over his brow as if to shield himself from a painful memory, and said that when he had finished filling in Professor Chiarini on what "The Cool World" was about, the projectionist made a mistake and started to show Reel 13 instead of Reel 3. "I ran back to the projection room to straighten things out, but by the time I had resumed my seat, I was sure that everything was ruined," he continued. "As things turned out, however, that was only the beginning. Early in Reel Three, there's a crucial scene, and just at that point in the screening the house lights were turned on and Professor Chiarini was summoned to another room to take a long-distance telephone call from London. By the time the screening ended, I was practically crawling out of my skin with anxiety, so you can imagine my delight when Professor Chiarini told me that he would accept 'The Cool World' for showing at the Festival. The reason he had agreed to the long delay and had accepted the film on the basis of an incomplete sample was no mystery, however; it was simply that he had seen and admired Shirley Clarke's work in 'The Connection,' which was shown—out of competition—at Venice in 1961."

We asked Mr. Wiseman to tell us how he had come to team up with Miss Clarke, and he said that he had got to know her through having invested in "The Connection," and that when he obtained an option on Warren Miller's book, in September of 1961, he had called her to ask her advice about a director. "I had been teaching law at Boston University for three years, and I decided to get into films when I read the novel," he went on. "I simply looked Miller up in the phone book and bought 'The Cool World' to make a film out of it. I was awfully wet behind the ears as far as movie-making went, so it was terribly fortunate for me that Shirley decided she would like to direct the film herself. She wrote the screenplay that fall with Carl Lee, who played the role of Cowboy in the stage and screen versions of 'The Connection,' and who plays Priest, a gangster, in 'The Cool World.' I set about raising money, and by March of 1962 I had scraped together enough for us to start casting. Between March and June, we saw nearly two thousand teen-agers in order to pick forty for roles in the film. Most of the kids came from junior high schools in Harlem, but we found Hampton Clanton, who plays Duke, the young hero of the film, when we went down to St. Augustine's Chapel of Trinity Parish, on the lower East Side, to interview somebody else, and we discovered the girl who plays Lu Ann, the heroine, when we were shooting street shots early one Sunday morning up in the Bronx. She was standing with a group of kibitzers, and when we saw her, we requisitioned her on the spot. None of the kids in the film had had any previous acting experience. We chose them simply because they knew the Harlem turf, as they call it, and the kind of life that many teen-agers live there. Shirley would often merely outline a scene from the script and let them improvise on it. As a result, they were constantly leading us into new awareness of what the cool world of Harlem was really about and was really like."

Mr. Wiseman drummed his fingers on the arm of his chair, glanced at the telephone, and told us that "The Cool World" was shot entirely on location. "Most of the exterior shots were made last summer in the neighborhood stretching from a Hundred and Sixteenth Street to a Hundred and Eighteenth Street between Fifth Avenue and Madison, which is one of the most rundown sections of Harlem, and most of the interior scenes were made last autumn in a condemned tenement building on a Hundred and Forty-third Street, near Eighth Avenue, which the New York City Housing Authority allowed us to use," he said. "After the interiors were done, the shooting was over, and Shirley began the long, arduous job of editing the film. In April, Mal Waldron wrote the score, and in June he got his friend Dizzy Gillespie to record it for us. Gillespie played the trumpet, of course, and Yusef Lateef played the saxophone, and after that it was just a question of whether we would get the final editing and the mixing finished in time to make a try for the Venice Festival." Mr. Wiseman's eyes strayed toward the telephone again as he went on to say that he hoped the Festival would prove to be a good way to launch his film. "I intend to make sure that 'The Cool World' is not exploited as just another picture about juvenile delinquency," he said. "The film is really about what it is to be a Negro living in Harlem, and I feel strongly that I would be doing it a gross disservice if I allowed it to be publicized as something else."

At this point, the telephone finally rang, and Mr. Wiseman picked up the receiver, listened a moment, and nodded. "The subtitles are finished and the reels are on the way in from New Jersey," he told us happily.

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NOTE of sympathy received by a ten-year-old boy from a classmate:

DEAR PAUL:
I am sorry you fell out of a tree but everyone has to die.

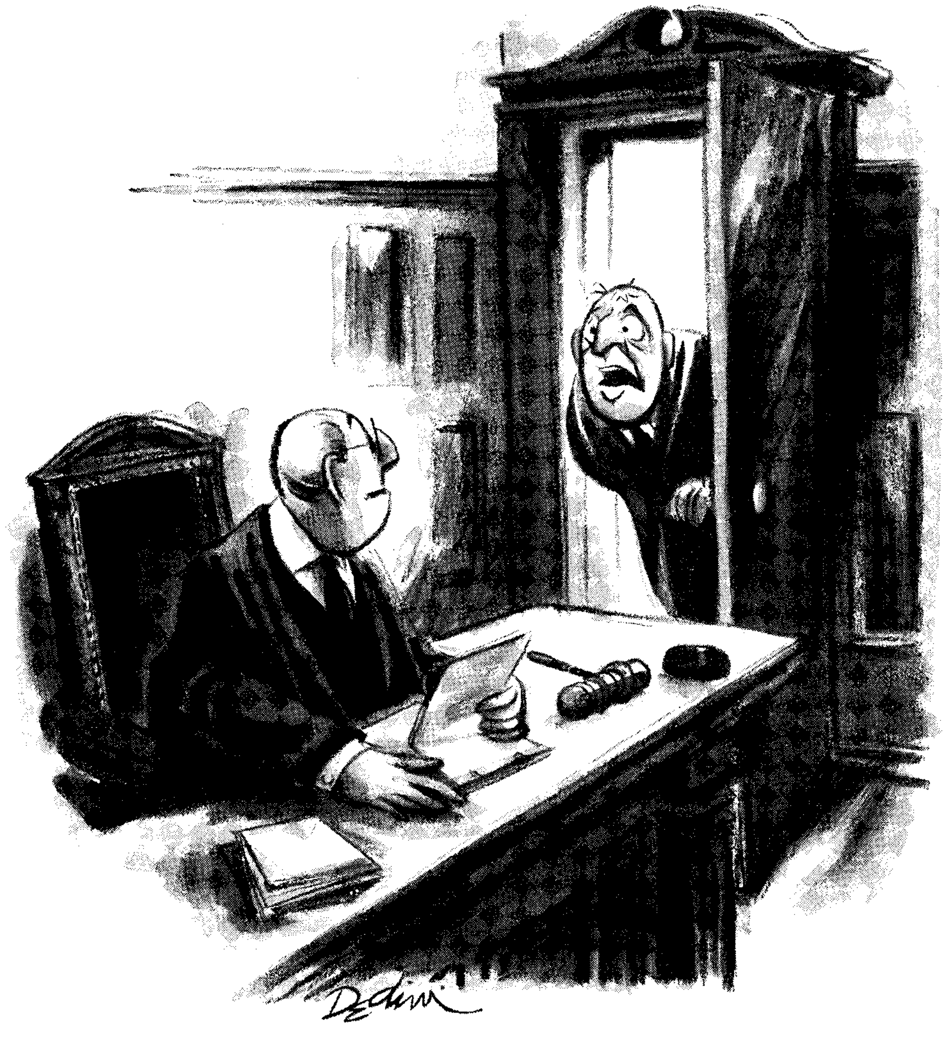
Love,
WILLIAM

The Masters

SOMETHING known as the Institute for University Studies, which is temporarily situated in Bergenfield, New Jersey, has worked out a system of teaching correspondence courses by means of phonograph records, thereby making it possible for vast numbers of people all over the country to enjoy, at times and in places of their own choosing, the pedagogical skills of such master teachers as Mark Van Doren, W. H. Auden, and Margaret Mead, to name but a few among many. Starting next month, half a dozen Institute courses on records will be available for use, not only by subscribers to the Institute's regular correspondence courses but by high-school students who are taking advanced-placement courses for college credit and by colleges that wish to supplement their own teaching staffs and curriculums. The Institute intends to produce eighty-nine courses on records within the next five years, and in order to learn something about how this program is to be carried out, we arranged for an interview with Mr. Alan C. Gillespie, who presides over the Institute, and one of his colleagues, Dr. Dean Morgan Schmitter, an associate professor of English at Columbia and the chairman of the English Department of the Institute.

We met Mr. Gillespie and Dr. Schmitter over sherry at the Plaza, and Prexy Gillespie plunged at once into facts and figures; to wit, that each course consists of thirty lectures on eight 16⅔-r.p.m. records, which take sixteen hours to play, and cost a hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents a set; that the records become the property of the purchaser, who, on paying an enrollment fee of twenty-five dollars, receives a portable record-player, which also becomes his property; that final exams in each course are to be prepared and administered by the Educational Testing Service, in Princeton, but that the papers will be corrected by a battery of graders at the Institute; that a similar battery of Institute counsellors will keep in touch with students by mail; and that the curriculum of the Institute will include all the courses that a good small college would offer, plus a number that a good small college presumably couldn't afford to offer.

We asked Dr. Schmitter whether he and his fellows weren't, in effect, talking themselves right out of their conventional college careers. Dr. Schmitter replied that he assumed that people would always prefer the live product if it was available. "Even so, I admit that there may be advantages to lectures on records," he went on. "A



"Could I borrow your gavel? I broke mine."

lecture is pretty much a matter of spoon-feeding information, and in the classroom a lecturer tends to be redundant—to hammer a point home several times, just to be on the safe side. There's no excuse for doing this on a record, since it can be played over and over. In class, one often thinks out loud and rather wanderingly; the discipline of records will put a stop to that. The only drawback to records is that you can't throw an eraser at a student to gain his attention."

"An *important* drawback," said Mr. Gillespie. "We've discovered that a student's attention is apt to flag after six minutes of a recorded lecture, and in order to outwit this tendency we've arranged for our teachers to give out assignments at roughly six-minute intervals. Some of our courses include up to thirty books of required reading, so there will be plenty of assignments to hand out. There's something about recording that seems to appeal to people; Schmitter, here, got W. H. Auden, Alfred Kazin, Joseph Wood Krutch, and Robert Penn Warren for his English course at the Institute, but I'll bet he'd have had a hard time getting them for a course at Columbia. Our faculty for the first courses includes John Blum, of Yale; Oscar Handlin, of Harvard; Henry Graff, of Columbia; Arthur Link, of Princeton; and Richard Wilbur, of Wesleyan. Mark Van Doren is doing our entire Shakespeare course, and John Gassner is in charge of World Drama. The Institute isn't a college, and thus can't issue degrees. Our role is to be for the small college what the six gun was for the Old West—an equalizer. We can afford the highest quality in teaching and counselling, because our overhead is extremely low. Somebody once estimated that a college needs a hundred and thirty square feet of plant per student. Each of our students takes up only a quarter of an inch in a filing cabinet."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Kansas City, Missouri, has a Country Club Christian Church.

Prudence

A FRIEND of ours whose culinary interests are catholic recently sent us a Prudence Penny cooking column from the *Mirror*, along with a note that read, "Something very strange has happened to Prudence Penny. All her columns are now about as nutty as this one. What goes?" Turning to the enclosed column, we read, "There was this woman in the Bronx who bought two live chickens and kept them on her fire escape to fatten them up. Sadly, one of the hens became indisposed. So she killed the healthy chicken to make soup to bring the one that was ill back to health. Here's her recipe." The column continued with a straightforward recipe for a rich chicken soup. Our interest piqued, we took to looking for Prudence Penny's column whenever we saw a *Mirror*, and presently found ourself reading a recipe for baked apples that wound up, "Keep basting the apples until they are glazed. If you'd like to get a little glazed yourself, pour a shot of rum or brandy into the apple just before serving."

Now convinced that something had indeed happened to Prudence Penny, we phoned King Features Syndicate, at the suggestion of someone at the *Mirror*, and asked to speak to Miss Penny.

The next voice we heard was a man's. "Goldberg," it said.

We apologized, and explained that we wanted to speak to Prudence Penny.

"This is she," the voice said.

We said that we were confused.

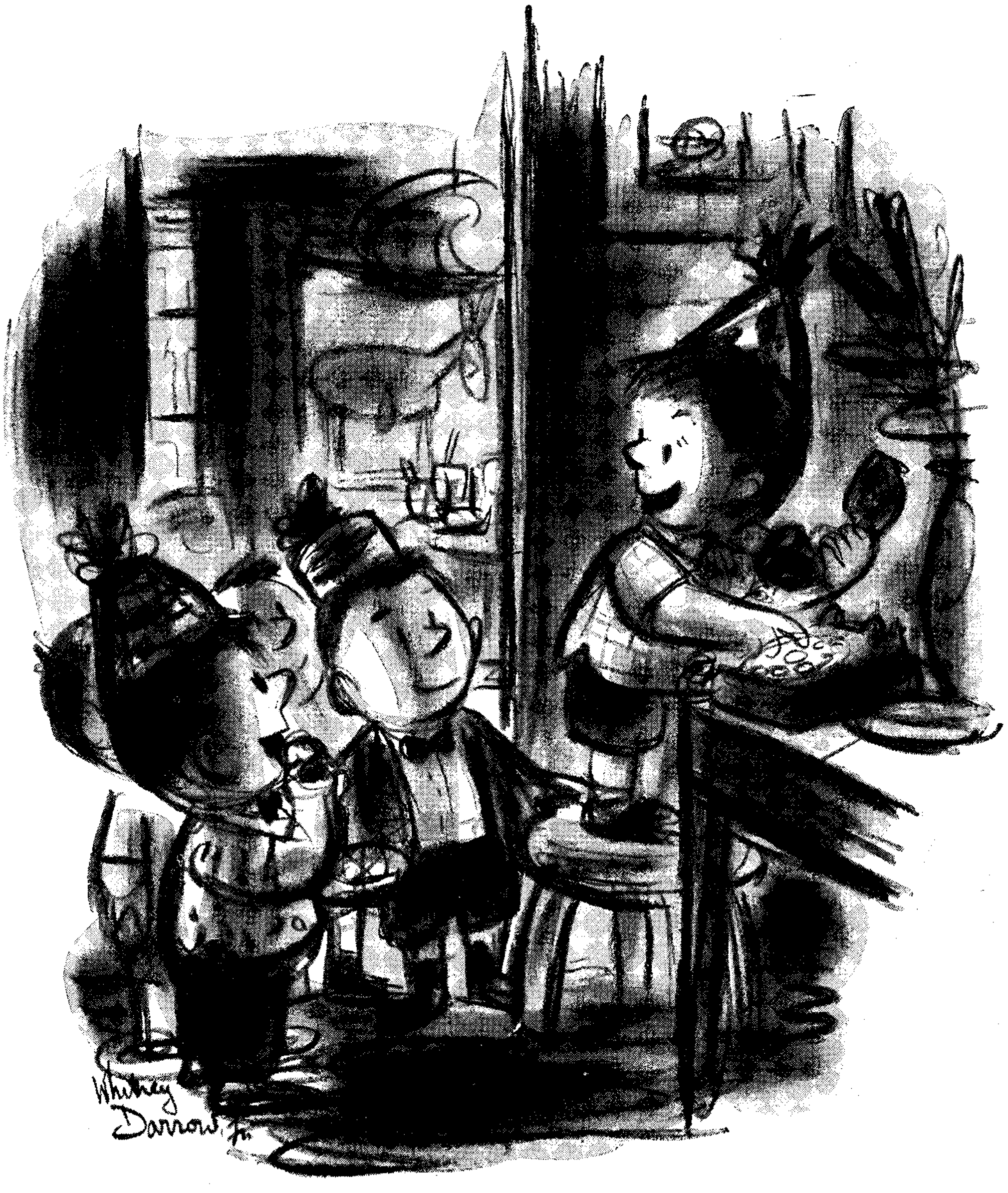
"I can explain everything," the voice said, and suggested that we come over to the seventeenth floor of the Mirror Building and ask for Hyman Goldberg.

Having complied with the suggestion, we found Mr. Goldberg, in shirtsleeves, awaiting us outside his office, a wood-and-glass-enclosed cubicle that has a photograph of Julie Newmar, enthusiastically inscribed, on one wall and, thumbtacked to another wall, a postcard mailed from Vienna and carrying the pencilled message "Said a prayer for you today. Love, Kathy." "I haven't the slightest idea who sent that, but I treasure the sentiment," Goldberg remarked, waving us to a chair and undoing his bow tie. A man with an easy manner, he is fifty-five years old and has a rather large head, abundant snow-white hair, bright-blue eyes, and a smooth, round face that bears a more or less permanent expression of detached amusement, like that of a cherub who has been around. His build also tends toward the cherubic; he stands five feet five, and until lately he weighed a hundred and eighty-five. "I went on a diet, lost thirty pounds, and had to buy a new set of clothes," he said. "Keeping the weight down isn't easy when you're in the cooking racket."

Upon being reminded of his promise to explain everything, Mr. Goldberg told us that he has been a newspaperman since the age of sixteen, when he went to work as an office boy on the *Evening World;* that for the past eighteen years he has been a feature writer for the Sunday *Mirror Magazine*, specializing in stories about show girls and actresses; and that he made his début as Prudence Penny in July. The culinary post had become vacant a short while earlier, upon the death of Miss Vaudine Newell, who had written the column for twenty-six years. Several home economists applied for the job—a fact Goldberg learned when he told the managing editor of the *Mirror*, Selig Adler, that he wanted it. Adler was amused, and so were Glenn Neville and Charles N. McCabe, the paper's editor and publisher, respectively, when they heard of the request. They began to take it seriously, however, after Goldberg informed them, orally and by letter, of his culinary qualifications and his cooking-column philosophy.

His cooking talents aside, one clear advantage that Goldberg had over the other aspirants for Prudence Penny's mantle was his remarkable experience in the pseudonymous way of life. For years, he has had from one to five articles published in every issue of the *Mirror Magazine*, but since he is permitted by the paper to use his own name on only one story per issue, most of his output appears under a variety of pen names. His favorite is Gabriel Prevor. " 'Prevor' is a name in my wife's family," Goldberg explained. " 'Gabriel' is my son's name." Goldberg's other pseudonyms include Robert Benevy ("I knew a guy in school named Benevy"), Reg Ovington ("I used to live at the corner of Ridge Boulevard and Ovington Avenue"), Amos Coggins ("The editors wanted a byline that sounded kind of New Englandish"), and Jaime Montdor ("The first is Spanish, pronounced 'Hymie,' and the second is French, meaning 'Goldberg' "). "Another pen name I had for a while was Veigh S. Meer," Goldberg said. "Somebody told the editor that pronounced in Yiddish it means 'Woe is me.' He made me quit using it."

Getting back to Prudence Penny, Goldberg said, "I have been cooking ever since I was a kid. My father was in the restaurant business. He got into it accidentally. He had been a blacksmith in Russia, and when he came over here, he opened a small shop in the Bronx, where I was born. A little while later, he got sick and had to have an operation. He was in the hospital for months, and my mother had to look after five children. To make ends meet, she set up some tables in the apartment—it


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Let's take turns dialling ten numbers each with our eyes closed and see who gets the farthest."

• •

was a tenement on Claremont Parkway—and pretty soon she was cooking for a lot of husbands in the neighborhood who wanted to eat inexpensively so that they could save money to bring their wives and children over from Russia. When my father got out of the hospital, he was astonished, but he wasn't nonplussed. He rented the apartment next door, broke through, and set up more tables. After a while, he was able to rent space in a new building and open a regular restaurant. It seated about seventy-five people, and we all worked around the place."

Reflecting on his childhood years, Goldberg said, "My old man was a terror. He was a card-carrying Socialist, and he hated Poles. In those days, all dishwashers were Poles, so he was always beating up the dishwasher and throwing him out. His friends used to say, 'Goldberg, how can you be so cruel to a working man? You're a Socialist.' His answer was 'I'm teaching him to hate the bosses.' My father was a truly great chef. He had a love for good food and a wonderful, unfettered imagination for cooking. I learned a lot from him. I don't belong to any gastronomical societies. I'm an amateur. I just cook for my family and my friends. I do it because it gives me a lot of pleasure. I told the editors that one thing I believe a cooking column should *not* be is dull. Food is a joy, and I said I thought a column about it should be interesting, if not fascinating, and maybe even fun, too. I submitted a couple of sample columns, which I guess the editors found rather startling. One was for a fish dish. It started out, 'Gamal Abdel Nasser eats dead fish. So does David Ben-Gurion. So does John F. Kennedy.' They decided to let me have the job anyway." For the most part, Goldberg continued, readers of the column seem to have made a successful adjustment to the rather violent change in Prudence Penny's personality, and several women have written to congratulate her on acquiring a sense of humor.

Mr. Goldberg does all the work connected with his cooking column—which appears every day except Saturday—at home. He lives in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn, with his wife and their sixteen-year-old son. If he plans to give his readers a recipe for a dish that is new to him, he cooks it at least once before recommending it. The actual writing of a column takes him about half an hour. Though he doesn't kid around when he is listing the ingredients, he often writes free style when he is explaining what to do with them. "Agitate the devil out of the milk, the eggs, the salt, and the pepper," his instructions may say, or "Bludgeon the steak with a blunt instrument," or "Add slowly to the butter and egg mixture, stirring like a mad one all the time. Now add the vanilla, and beat! beat! beat! If you think you are too beat to beat anymore, you are a quitter, because you've got some more beating to do."

In addition to trying to make the column accurate and amusing, Goldberg does his best to keep it timely. "I work a week or two ahead of schedule and watch out for holidays, religious and national, so that I can have recipes that fit in with them," he said. "On Fridays, I always have a fish thing. I've got one cooked in gin coming up. It's great. The old Prudence never cooked anything in booze."

We asked the new Prudence where he got his recipes.

"I've been collecting them for years, from chefs in restaurants and from housewives, and I keep adding more," he replied. "A lot of recipes in the column are my own. A good part of the fun of cooking is inventing. One of the dishes I've created is an omelet I'm very proud of. It's made with Bel Paese cheese and red caviar."

We asked what he had named the creation.

"Omelet with Bel Paese cheese and red caviar," he replied.

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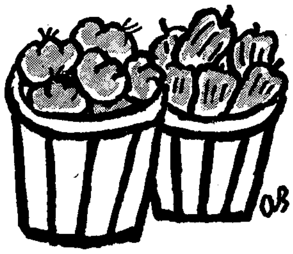
SIGN in a store window of the new Marlo Towers, at Forty-eighth Street and Second Avenue: "Sid and Charlie Will Soon Open a Modern Stationery Shoppe."

FOR BENNY * * * MUCH LOVED

FREDO, the gangling, coltish ten-year-old son of the super of Benny's building, pranced in circles on the hot sidewalk around Benny, who was plodding resolutely up West Ninety-ninth Street from Riverside Drive toward Broadway. "Come on," Fredo piped in a demanding whine. "Aw, come on, Benny. Come up and see my pigeon coop."

Benny unconvincingly affected deafness and continued on his way. He was dressed in a workmanlike Saturday-morning array of wide-brimmed straw hat, sports shirt, and new, wide-bottomed, shiny khaki pants and perforated shoes. The new clothes and his present errand were part of a personal overhaul and self-improvement program Benny had started as a result of some thoughts while shaving. "O.K., take it easy, Fredo," he told the kid whirling and jolting around him. Fredo's big, brown, cowlike eyes fastened softly but steadily on Benny; Fredo's long, thatchy, crow-black hair framed his reproachful gaze, and he pouted with his rubbery lips that could also stretch effortlessly into a flashy, white-toothed grin. Fredo was full of plans this morning, but so was Benny. Benny, middle-aging manager of a parking lot not far from Columbus Circle, had this Saturday off, and the shaving thoughts—mainly stocktaking, what-am-I-doing, when-do-I-ever-get-married reflections—had sent him out on a project, and he was not about to be deterred by this dizzy Cuban kid who apparently couldn't find enough trouble to get into at home and so had to come up to Benny's place all the time to ask dumb questions and generally make a nuisance of himself, and now had to chase after Benny, wanting him to come up to look at some pigeon coop that would probably turn out to be an empty tomato crate or else nothing at all. "I'm busy. Beat it," Benny told him, not expecting the order to have any effect, and it had none. Fredo flittered on, just outside Benny's reach.



Benny was on his way to the lumber store, and what was sending him there was the belated realization that his relationship with his girl friend, Flo—a waitress in the Crosstown Bar on West Ninety-sixth Street—was deteriorating, owing to too much horsing around on his part. He believed that some solid, tangible offering—he had in mind making her a coffee table—might bring her back to the favorable, even cozy attitude she'd had toward him the year before. It seemed long ago, but one time, at Coney Island, Flo had voluntarily put her arms around him and kissed him, and then presented him with an engraved medal, which he still kept as proof of what might develop between them, even though in the meantime he had pretty well gummed things up on various occasions by too much roughness, loudness, and impatience to get his hands on her.

The reason she kissed him that time out at Coney was that he had saved her—or anyway cooled her off—from the effects of a make-believe attack by a mock strangler in a House of Horrors. Benny and Flo had got into a car of a little train that started up with a jerk, crashed through swinging doors into darkness, and then pitched, rolled, swung, and spun, rushing headlong among flashing dragons, ghosts, hanged men, and skeletons—this already enough to send Flo crouching into Benny's arms, which was the idea of the fun house in the first place. And then, after a few moments of complete darkness, a pair of real hands came from nowhere and went around Flo's neck, squeezing it gently, and she screamed in genuine terror and then gasped in dry sobs against Benny's chest. Benny thought it was a pretty funny trick, but managed to keep from laughing at her. "It's all just a joke," he told her, and then they crashed out into the blinding sunlight and clattered to a halt. Flo timidly asked Benny to make sure the strangler was really a joke, so Benny asked the concessionaire who the strangler was. Pleased at what he obviously considered a compliment to his imagination, the operator grinned, opened a wooden window in his structure, and shouted into it, "Hey, Malc!," and a young, sweatered Negro of high-school age appeared, blinking, out of the darkness. "There you are," the concessionaire said. "Pretty good idea, eh?"

Flo was eying the boy and rubbing her throat with the tip of her finger.

"Did I scare you, lady?" the boy asked enthusiastically.

"A little," Flo admitted.

"All my own idea," the operator said proudly, closing the window.

Benny waved farewell and sauntered off with Flo through the crowds, keeping his mouth shut, figuring the less he said, the quicker Flo would cool off, when all of a sudden Flo turned to him and grabbed his lapels and stood on tiptoe to kiss him a hard, determined kiss. Then she led him to a coin-operated engraving machine, where she made him an aluminum good-luck piece—a medal for saving her from the strangler. It seemed illogical to Benny, though logic was not a guaranteed route by which to approach Flo's mind. But Benny was, in fact, even now basing his Flo-attracting gambit (the as yet unmade coffee table) on a certain kind of logic. You had to use what you could find. You didn't get a complicated challenge like a mock strangler every day. Today, make her a table.

BESIDES searching out opportunities to be given an occasional medal by Flo, Benny had his job to keep him occupied, and there was always young Fredo noodling around as soon as Benny got home. When school was in session, Fredo would burst into Benny's eighth-floor, one-room-and-kitchen apartment with an avalanche of questions that Benny couldn't answer. Once, Fredo had handed Benny the task of writing a paper about a foreign country. Benny had said, "Write about the North Pole. You can put in that it's cold."

"Aw, Benny," Fredo had protested.

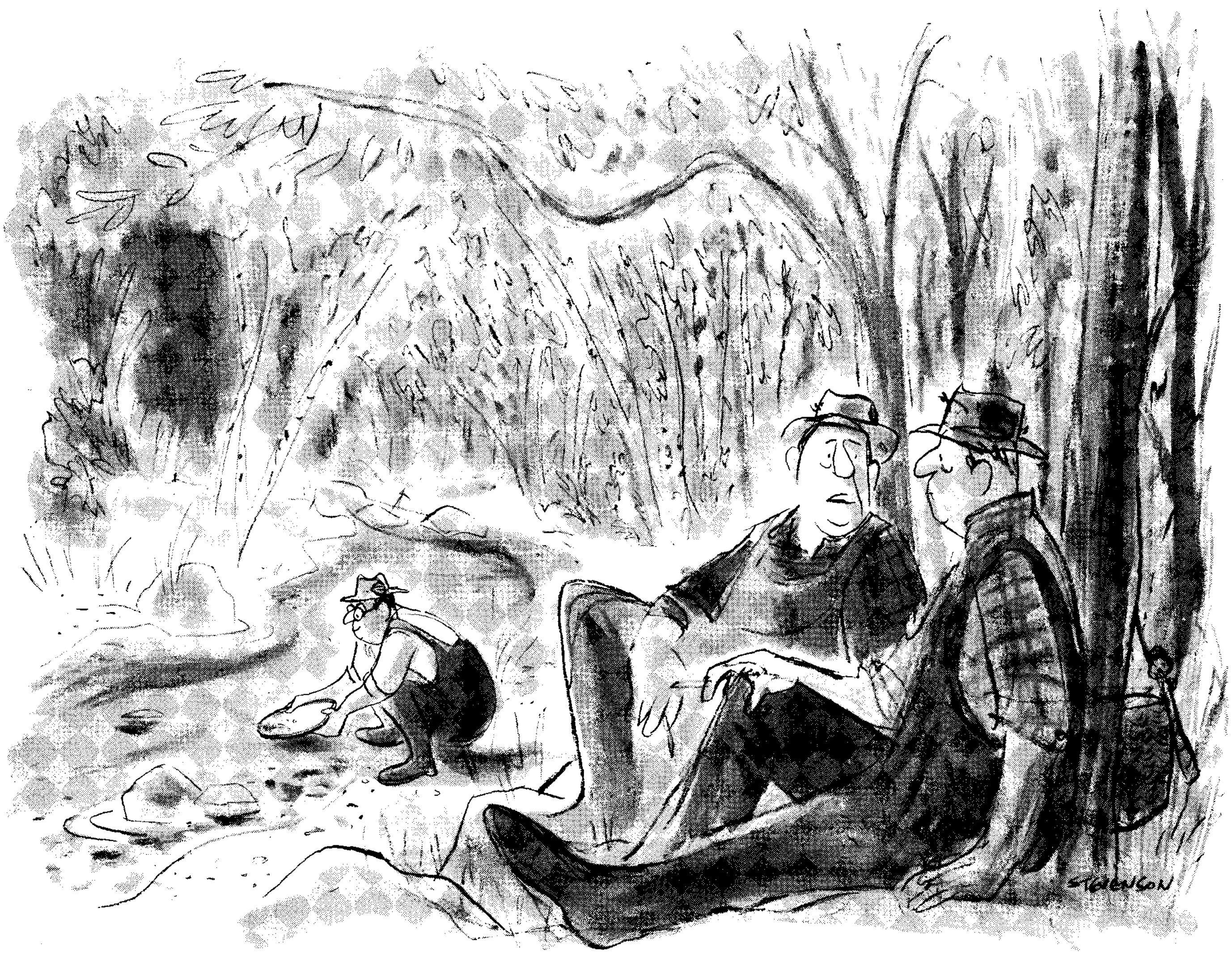
"Well, I don't know any foreign countries," Benny had told him.

Now, ignoring the fact that Benny was moving inexorably up the hill, Fredo pleaded, "Puh-lease, Benny, come see my pigeon coop!" Then he whooped it up and raced around Benny, tying him up in his looping trajectory. Nonsensically, he shouted, "Benny-Benny-Benny-Benny!"

"How do you think you're going to catch any pigeons?" Benny demanded.

Fredo closed in and loped alongside. "They'll get used to me. They'll get tame and come into the coop."

The kid was working the same kind of salesmanship on his pigeons, Benny thought, that he himself ordinarily used on Flo, and would no doubt end up with the same nowhere results. Wishing that Fredo would get out of his hair, Benny looked around for something else to see. There were the canyonlike walls of the street. Lethargic old-man street contemplators slumped in their windows, staring vacantly down at him and at the double column of dented cars, with their uniform gritty layer of soot and their fuzzballs and their baby shoes dangling in the rear windows. Benny felt as if he would have to fight his way to the top of



"I figured he'd be a changed man once we got him away from that brokerage office."

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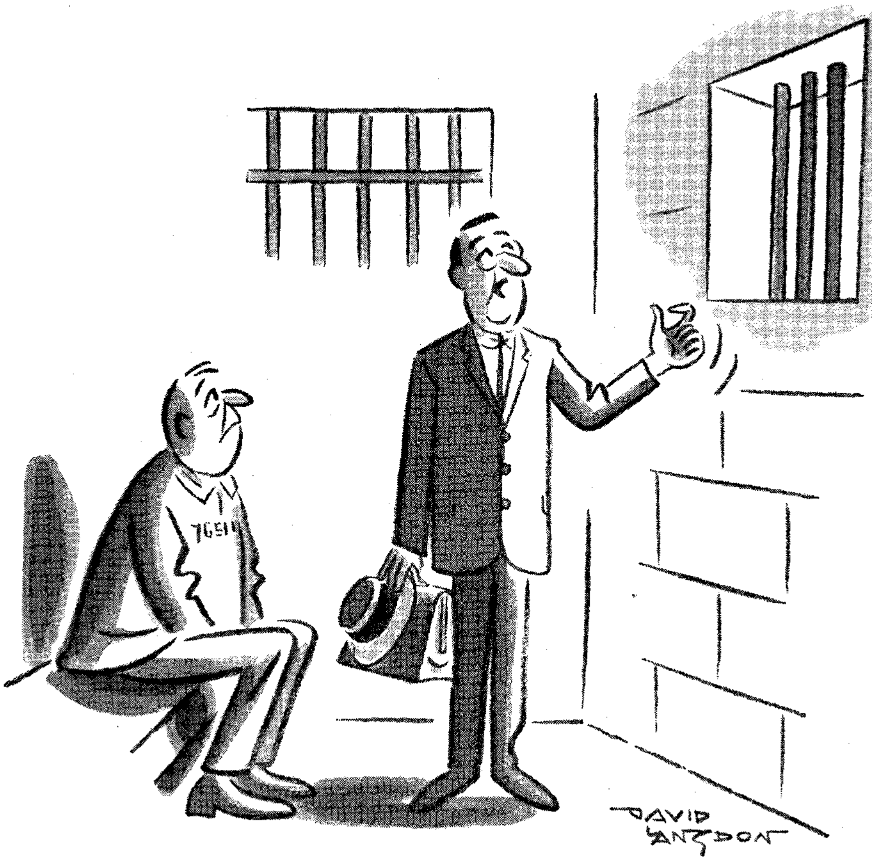
the hill through the cottony, oppressive weight of the dirty-pink sky. The hardest thing he had to do was not making a coffee table, or even winning his girl back; the real ordeal was dragging himself to the lumber store with this gabbling junior delinquent running rings around him.

Once before, a few years back, Benny had been overcome by a similar zeal to smarten up his life, and he had gone so far as to quit his job in a radiator repair shop in Queens and move to Manhattan to take the parking-lot job, a change by which he had figured he would "get into the middle of things." He had not specified to himself what these things were to be, though he did hold an unverified belief that women were more easily met in Manhattan than in Queens. He had tested this assumption by making his first date with Flo, to whom he had not been introduced, and Flo had accepted. Now, whatever the consequences of this gift, this coffee table, might turn out to be—even if it brought Flo around to such a friendly point that he would be expected to marry her—he would go through with it. Anything would be better than the present inconclusiveness between himself and Flo—and between him and everything else in his life. Being married to Flo would be better than their going on playing around like high-school kids, smooching in the back rows of movie theatres, better than trying to impress her by taking her out to dinner at the Gung Ho (Benny had found that the novelty of Bird's Nest Soup wears off early in the game), better than yammering about me, myself, and I, huddled in booths in bars, as if she didn't get enough of bars, working in one all day. This homemade table would introduce to Flo a new, solid, householder Benny, who had graduated from the adolescent level of candy-bringing, bouquet-presenting suitor—though this description, he had to admit, hardly fitted him anyway, as he had never brought Flo either candy or flowers. Once he had brought her a fifth of bourbon.

Fredo was still spinning and chirping. "Hey. Benny. Catch me!" On weekdays, Fredo would often wait at the corner of Broadway for Benny to come home, and would run up to him squealing, "Tag, you're it," and then dart off among the parked cars. Or he would sneak up behind Benny and push up the back of Benny's wide-brimmed straw hat so that it would fall down over his eyes, Fredo then racing off in screams of maniacal laughter. Why me? Benny wondered. There were a hundred apartments in his building, full of plenty of other people Fredo could have picked on, even if you didn't count all the crabby old ladies. In the first place, there were Cubans and Puerto Ricans, and you would have thought Fredo would go after them, but no, Benny it was, Benny the Chosen. Anyone else in that building could come and go as he pleased, but Benny was Fredo's private property.

"Why don't you run after somebody else for a change?" Benny asked. "Go chase some of the other kids."

Fredo whooped and screeched. Then



"I wish I had walls as thick as this in my apartment."

he whined, "Come on up and see my pigeon coop, ple-e-e-eze."

Benny strode on.

"Where you going, Benny?" Fredo asked. "You going to work?"

"I'm going to make a table," Benny replied imprudently.

"Can I go with you? Can I help you make the table?"

"No," said Benny.

But now that he had told Fredo about the table, it took on a certain reality, and Fredo, hopping along with him to the lumber store, would serve to make sure that Benny did, in fact, get there—Fredo, as well as being a pain in the neck, thus also becoming a reinforcement of Benny's resolve.

USUALLY it was Fredo who had big plans, not Benny. Fredo's big plans changed frequently. This week it was the pigeon coop; last week it had been a swimming pool that Fredo was going to win in a magazine-advertisement contest. ("Complete this phrase in twenty-five words or less: 'I use K-Kleen Klenser 'cause . . .' ") The prize was described as a "fully equipped ten-thousand-dollar swimming pool." So Fredo had burst in on Benny, demanding collaboration. Fredo promised, "I'll let you swim in the pool any time."

"Where are you going to put it, down in Riverside Park?" Benny asked him.

"Nah, up on the roof—I don't want it out where everybody can use it and crowd it up. I heard of swimming pools on the roof of a building already. They can put it up there easy. I'd even let the people in the building use it at certain times," Fredo said.

When Benny tried to beg off, Fredo set up his hue and cry: "Aw, come *on*, Benny, you can write it in about five *seconds*."

So the two of them sat on Benny's low sofa and pored over the ad, and finally Benny scrawled on the back of a gas-and-electric bill, looking up frequently for Fredo's approval as he wrote, these words: "It cleans well and it is cheap and comes in a handy can and being a powder provides cleanliness."

Fredo complained that there weren't enough words, and even though Benny pointed out that there could be *less* than twenty-five, Fredo was convinced that he would stand a better chance of winning by going the limit.

"You could put down *no* words, and *that* would be less than twenty-five, but you wouldn't *win*," Fredo explained.

Benny added the words "and makes your house smell good." "We're in luck," he told Fredo. "It comes out even."

Fredo read the sentence aloud over and over, emphasizing first one word and then another, and Benny wondered whether it was the Spanish softness that Fredo put into his consonants or the words themselves that made it ludicrous. Anyway, it began to get on Benny's nerves, and he said, "All right, you've read it enough, Fredo. If you don't like it, get somebody else to write it, or do it yourself."

"Aw, it's all right, Benny," Fredo said without conviction.

"Well, it's got to be about a can of cleaning powder—that's where the trouble is, Fredo."

"Well, I just hope it wins," said Fredo.

"Look, this is your idea. *I* don't want the damned pool."

"I'd let you swim in it, Benny," Fredo promised.

And there Benny was, with another fiasco on his hands. But how can a man ward off disasters when they come at him like that—how can you be expected to know how to fight off a can of cleaning powder? To put a pool on the roof, you'd have to scoop out all the top-floor apartments, Benny's included. But now, a week later, Benny was hoping Fredo would say something about the entry—let him know, anyway, whether it might have got an honorable mention even if it didn't win. But he wouldn't ask Fredo, because he suspected Fredo might never have mailed the entry at all.

FREDO, dizzy and unsatisfied, was still circling his prey when Benny stopped before the tattered marquee of the Ritz rooming house, under which a dozen monitor-lizard Negroes lounged somnolently, their eyes the only live part of them. They had come up from the South to find work, but had found none, and now waited indefinitely in a sort of paralysis of patience—objectless waiting, neither with nor without hope. Their slowed-down pulse of life swelled and subsided gently within them as they eyed Benny and his supercharged satellite, expecting a bit of comedy, humorous comments already forming on tips of tongues, soft, furry voices ready with "Say, there" or "Ah, now."

In their midst, seated on the top step, in a great horse collar of a neck cast, was Benny's friend Ray, a young Negro of serious mien, whose ordinarily jocose mental posture had been stiffened as a result of a drunken fall from the railing of this very porch down into the cellarway, where Flo, passing by in Benny's company, had found him with a broken neck. Since it was Flo who had found Ray, Benny felt a certain reflected attachment to him—or perhaps it was a sort of obligation to him, though Ray in no way expected any further succor from Flo or from Benny, the assistant savior. Now, with Fredo yanking at his belt, Benny peered incredulously at Ray, who was fooling around with some strands of wicker.

"Hi, Benny. Couple more weeks, and I'll be out of this thing," said Ray. He offered no explanation of his handiwork.

Benny asked, "What are you supposed to be doing?"

"Man, I'm *weaving*." Ray grinned, then again bent his neck woodenly over his task, his pain-lined brown face further creased by this tedious job—one more of the unexpected and unprepared-for challenges that were popping up all around for everybody, as Benny could see. Ray would certainly be more ready to fall into a cellar and break his neck than to weave a basket. This must really be a shock for the poor guy, thought Benny.

Shakily, Ray was trying to introduce the ragged end of a strip of wicker into a few already haphazardly woven strands. The incredible sight was enough to stun even Fredo into temporary calm. Ray, playing to the gallery, milked the scene for what it was worth, frowning fiercely and jamming his wicker in upon itself industriously and hopelessly. He was too busy to look up at all. His eyes were riveted upon his work. His fellow-Negro timeservers looked on commiseratingly, their sluggish blood heaving through their veins. Ray was their boy.

"My mother can weave baskets better than that," Fredo yapped.

"Lad, there's a lot of things your mother can do better than this," Ray replied softly. Ray's chorus intoned "Mm-hmm" around him.

Fredo again took up his pleadings and pullings on Benny.

Benny, ignoring him, asked Ray, "That really a basket you're making?"

"Ah," said Ray—meaning maybe a basket, maybe not. Then his innate politeness got the better of him, and he leaned his rigid torso back to raise his head so as to face Benny squarely with his slight, troubled smile, and said, "You know, a blond lady comes around in a station wagon. She works some way with the hospital, I guess, and she has got my *name*. I mean there's no fooling around with her, and she brings this wicker stuff and says I got to make baskets. How about that?"

"But what for?" Benny asked.

Ray raised his hands palms outward to stop the unanswerable question in its tracks. "Uh-uh. The lady said basket-weaving, so basket-weaving it is. She stayed around to *teach* me, man," Ray said, not without pride. "She stayed here a good hour. She says I got to weave because of my hands and arms and all, so they don't stiffen up on me, freeze up, like, on account of my neck."

"Let's see what you've made," Benny said.

"Whoo-ee, this stuff is like old Ford springs. This is all the farther I've got." Ray displayed the mess in his hands. "But that blond lady will be around to check up. She says I got to keep at it till I get out of the cast."

Companionably, Benny told him, "I'm starting in on a little handicraft myself, as a matter of fact—going to make a little furniture." (His actual intent at the moment was to build a complete house from cellar to roof, all for Flo, before nightfall.)

Benny bobbed off, ducking as far as possible his steeplechasing acolyte, who said, when they had reached West End Avenue, "I bet old Ray's neck made a real super-duper noise when it broke, hey, Benny? Did you hear it? Cr-r-r-ack! Hey? What did it sound like?"

Benny assured Fredo that he hadn't heard the crack. At Broadway, rag-doll Saturday old women were lined up in a babbling frieze on the benches at the ends of the traffic islands—women jammed together, dressed in tacky woollens in the hot, hazy sunlight, crones overflowing the ends of the benches, thick-lensed eyes gaping myopically into the sooty air, jabbering. My son says . . . The doctor says keep off my feet and watch my . . . Look don't worry you can go to Florida and. . . . Certain benches were left to the men, who spoke as rarely as the women were silent. The men, emerging from the fading flowers of the old wallpaper of their rooms in rooming houses, had no news for one another. They sat, legs crossed, heads back and eyes closed, or

leaned obliquely away from the back of the bench, elbows resting on thighs, heads cocked to one side in an attitude of patience. The old men started early; on such a summer day as this, the first ones would be out on the benches well before six o'clock—a long day ahead, but there would be the Broadway traffic, the shopping crowds to watch. The women sat busily, but the men sat as if they were waiting for something, like men in a railroad station waiting for a train they do not intend to take.

You had to watch yourself, Benny thought. Some of these old guys on the benches weren't so old as all that—not much older than Benny himself. It was too easy to collapse into a marking-time life, even with a steady job to keep you going. But he would have that problem licked with this new table-making resolve. What you needed was an interest in life—the making of a coffee table, with maybe rounded corners on it, or even with three part-circles, like the ace of clubs. The thing didn't have to be just a straight table; there was no reason he couldn't decorate it with a flourish or two.

He stepped up his pace, the squalling Fredo storming around him, bleating about his pigeon coop. They came to the candy-and-cigar store of Ignatz, the terrified refugee, who peered in a constant misery of fearful apprehension from the little window over his counter that looked out into the street. Benny tapped on the window, and Ignatz opened it mistrustfully, eyes wide, locked in an old terror, and Benny bought some cigarettes, saying, "How's the old cancer business, Ignatz?"

The words were not designed to reassure the congenitally scared Ignatz, who pushed his round, mottled-white face with black steel-rimmed glasses defiantly, bravely, close to Benny's grin and protested unhumorously, "These are good cigarettes. What do you mean? These are good cigarettes." All his customers regularly tried to encourage Ignatz, but he was ready to plead guilty to any accusation even before it was made, and expected one—*heard* one—even in anybody's words of praise and comradeship. "Take it easy, Ignatz," Benny advised him, and moved on down Broadway.

At a tin-roofed newsstand, Benny bought a *Daily News* from Carl, a white-haired old Negro, with a bristling white mustache and a smooth, clean-shaven jaw, who was blind but claimed he was only partly blind. "A temporary eye trouble," he always said, quoting a fictitious doctor. "Good as new soon." Resolutely, he stared in the direction of Benny's voice, ingratiating himself by remembering it and Benny's usual paper, snappily handing out the paper with a cry of terrible enthusiasm: "Yes, sir, your *News*, sir, good morning, sir!"

Carl was trying to make things look better than they were—better for himself, better for everybody. Benny said, "Hey there, Carl, when you going to get those eyes of yours taken care of?"

Carl's smile faded, his dark, smooth jowls sagged before he could pull himself back. "Say there, Benny, don't you josh me, now. Don't you worry about these old peepers. I'm seeing the doctor regular now, and he tell me I'll be good as new soon." He aimed his smile almost straight at Benny, and Benny relented. "O.K., Carl, you go ahead and see the doctor, and you'll be all right."

Benny and Fredo continued along Broadway. "I know, I know, he can't see anything at all," Fredo said. He whooped and ran off squealing, "He's a crazy old goof, crazy old goof!" Then he crashed through a line of children waiting to get into a double feature of Westerns at the Riverside Theatre.

Benny thought there ought to be some lesson for Fredo in all the somewhat off-balance people that they were running into this morning, but he didn't know what it was, or at least he didn't know how to put it over to Fredo—this idea that the world was tougher, thicker, more complex than pigeon coops and swimming-pool contests; this idea that Ray's busted neck had something more to it than just a super-duper sound effect; this idea that the monitor-lizard Negroes, and baggy bench-sitters, and fear-ingrained candy-store man, and Pollyanna news vender were beyond the summation of a whoop and an arms-flapping pirouette.

Fredo turned back and slowed down and pulled in beside Benny. "Do you ever kiss that girl friend of yours, Benny?" he asked. He peered up at Benny, and then broke into a rolling-eyed grimace, clasping himself in his arms and piping in falsetto, "Ah, my darleeng, kees me!" Then he ran off, whirled, sped back, slammed on the brakes, and, jumping up and down in front of Benny, cried, "Do you kiss her do you kiss her do you kiss her?"

"Never mind about kissing," Benny said sourly. "Ask your old man about kissing, don't ask me."

"Aw, I can't ask him anything."

"Well, you can't ask me, either."

Fredo tugged at Benny's belt. "Come on, Benny, come *on*," he whined.

Well, what about kissing Flo? Benny thought. Kiss Flo, get married, have a kid, and the kid turns into Fredo, and lives on West Ninety-ninth among the monitor-lizard Negroes, stuffed bench-sitters, panicky candy man, silver-lining news vender—that's what Flo leads to.

"Get this, Benny," Fredo called out, leaping backward along the sidewalk in order to keep Benny in view and becoming a movie actress again, sobbing,

SAILING, SAILING

It is the sea's edge lubbers love,
Where sand, the mirror, slurs their faces,
And the surf's smash completes the cove,
At least from an observer's basis.

Such people like the harbor's hull
That rides so steady in the swell
And never lists or pitches. Lull,
Not squall, for them, means sailing well.

But we have known some sailors who,
In a seaway mauled around,
Didn't dream of Malibu
Or catboats on Long Island Sound.

A lot of commodores in whites
Foundered on the yacht-club shoals
While Captain Slocum's riding lights
Danced a jig between the poles.

—GRAY BURR

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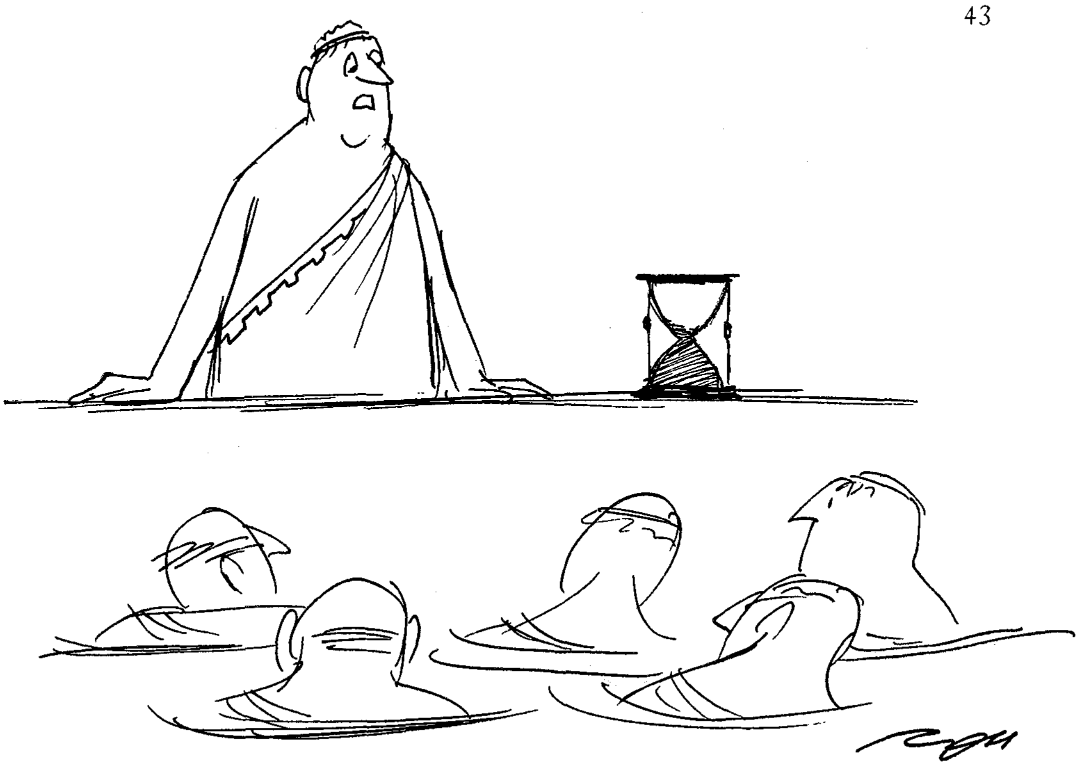

"Well, I see my time's about up."

• •

"Baw, baw! You leave me forever! I keel myself!" He made a quick swing around a lamppost and then returned to his quest. "Hey, Benny, when you kiss your girl, do your noses get in the way?"

"Never mind," said Benny.

"Ha, you don't even know! You never even kissed her, I bet."

Benny said sharply, "Don't worry, kid, I kissed her, all right."

"Do you push her down?"

"What do you mean, push her down?"

"Like in the movies, the man always pushes them down on something. Do you do that?"

"What do you care?"

"I care, I care. You know how the girl in the movies says, 'Do you ca-a-a-are, da-a-a-arling? Do you ca-a-a-are?'"

"Do me a favor and go on home, Fredo."

"Tell me about when you kiss your girl friend and maybe I will," said Fredo insincerely.

BENNY's vision of the epochal Flo-regaining coffee table was being dimmed by Fredo's needling and by the loose-ended lives he had encountered. Screwing up his resolve against these inroads upon his table-making intentions, Benny now marched straight to the lumber store, which was in a side-street warehouse. A dozen other customers, all men, were there, keeping their eyes circumspectly on the floor, the ceiling, the building materials, or their drawings for do-it-yourself projects, carefully avoiding each other's gaze. There was an air of secrecy, as if each man were carrying blueprints for the world's first hundred-man spaceship. There would be an awesome number of bookcases going up on the West Side this weekend. Each would-be carpenter served notice of his separateness by lodging himself in a corner or alongside a barricade formed by piles of lumber, plywood, composition board, cement blocks, or bricks. Ends of two-by-fours lanced out at head level across an alleyway of varnish barrels. Boards clattered and bonked as the two dealers in the store filled orders. Expectancy had subdued Fredo; for a while he only tugged disconsolately at Benny's sleeve, but then he took off on an inspection tour.

The smell of sawdust, the resiny flavor of fresh-cut white pine, the woodsiness in all the wood struck Benny as pleasant, but the novelty of it troubled him, for it showed him to be a stranger here, and he wondered if, after all, he would be able to make a good table. Wood was strange company for Benny, Benny being made of old car parts, with carbon monoxide for breath. Benny was full of steel and grease and oil—iron filings and ball bearings and nuts and bolts, rusty fenders and bent bumpers, and the viscous insides of clogged radiators. His nose knew the stink of rubber braked on hot, softening asphalt. Benny was made of jagged shards of broken safety glass, prickly ends of broken-off connecting wires, burnt-out sparkplugs, acid-eaten gaskets. But wood? New, fresh wood? He sniffed the air experimentally in this northern outpost.

One of the lumber dealers was stocky and had thinning red hair; the other was skinny, with a greenish complexion and a bushy black mustache. A froglike, bun-haired woman perched on a high stool at a cashier's desk behind a window. Benny spoke to the red-haired dealer as he brushed past: "Can you cut up wood to a pattern?"

"Wait your turn, will you, Mister?"

"I'm just asking. If you can't cut it, maybe I don't want it."

"If we can't cut it, maybe you don't want it," the dealer repeated, and vanished into a wall of lumber.

From across the room, the other, mustached dealer called out to Benny, "We can cut it any way you like, Mister."

"Maybe *you* can," the red-haired dealer replied belligerently from his hiding place among the boards. "I get this order filled, I'm closing up. It's noon already."

"So it's noon," said the mustache.

"What I want," Benny explained, turning from the blank pile of lumber to the mustache and back again, "is a board for a tabletop cut with three circles on the corners."

The red-haired dealer came out of the wood. "I suppose *you* know what you're talking about," he said to Benny.

The mustache came over to defend Benny. "Yeah, Pete, maybe he *does* know what he's talking about." He turned to Benny. "You want something like a trefoil?"

"A trefoil is a *hole*, damn it," said Pete.

Benny was amazed that his modest idea for ace-of-clubs-shaped table corners should have an official name, but the idea of the hole threw him off. "That's not exactly it," Benny said.

"We can't get to him today anyway," said Pete.

"You're sure in a big hurry," the mustache said to him.

"Yeah, I'm in a hurry. Every week it's the same thing, they've got the whole week to come in here, but no, it's got to be Saturday morning. I'm closing up. Tell them to come back next *Saturday*. Make sure it's five minutes to *twelve* on Saturday."

"We'll take care of them right now," the mustache said firmly. Silently and fervently, the customers encouraged him. "We're closing when all these people have what they came for."

"Who are you telling?" asked Pete. "I put up with you about long enough. Twelve years of this is long enough."

"Cut the man a trefoil, you got nothing better to do than beef," the mustache said, turning away.

Pete grabbed his arm and pulled him back. "I'm closing up!" he shouted.

Their faces were nearly touching. "Why don't you get out and stay out, Pete?" the mustache shouted.

Now the little woman hopped down from her cashier's perch and pushed through the customers to the partners. "Stop it, boys. Now, just stop it," she said with authority.

The mustache grimaced and turned away. Pete also obeyed, shaking his head and mumbling, and grudgingly pulled out a board for Benny, saying in a low voice, "You want holes cut in this, bring it back next week, will you, please?"

Benny agreed—he was not convinced that he wanted holes—and managed also to buy table legs, varnish, and a brush.

On the way home, Benny reflected that if two dealers with all that wood in common couldn't get along, there must be big dangers in *any* two people trying to do *anything* together—a nervous, skinny waitress like Flo and a loudmouth like him spending the rest of their lives together, for instance. Anyway, this coffee table, with or without trefoils, was beginning to seem like a hell of a roundabout way of going at it.

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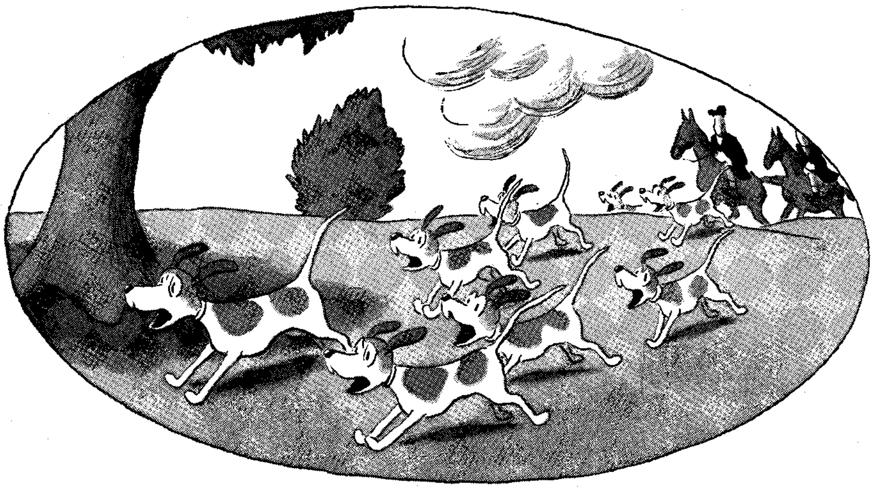

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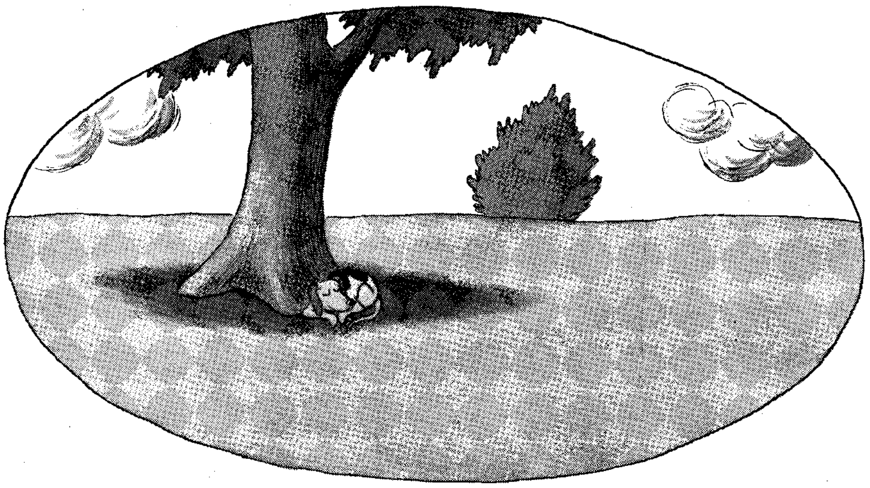

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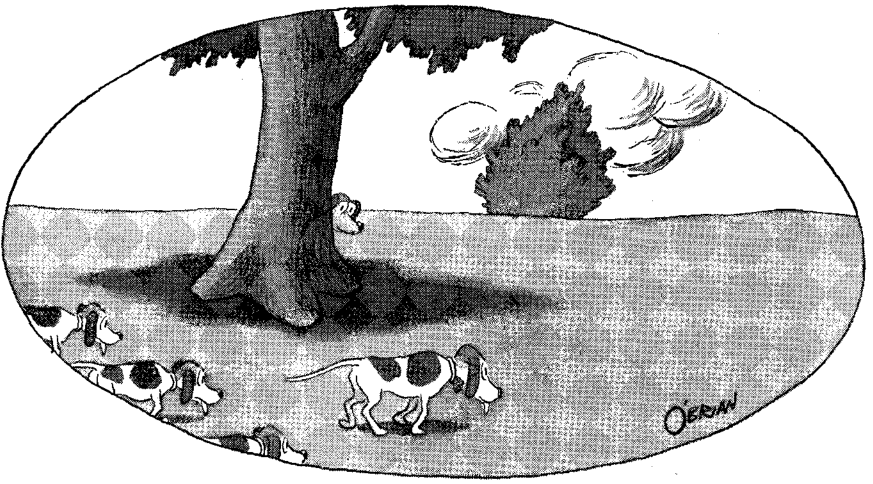

RETRACING their passage, Benny and Fredo found Broadway little changed. The asphalt was wet now, from a passing spray truck; there appeared to be an increase of beer bottles clanking in two-wheeled shopping carts bouncing up or down the curbs at cross streets; a pair of rookie cops in new gray uniforms had been added to the scene. The rest remained unchanged—Carl fawning in his shed, Ignatz lip-biting in his store, rag-doll bench-sitters on their seats, monitor-lizard Negroes on the peaceable lookout for a snatch of soul-mending laughter.

Back at the apartment building, Fredo put on the pressure again. "You got to come up and see my pigeon coop!"

Benny told himself that it wasn't much, just looking at the kid's coop. Hooked. Up they went in the twanging, jolting elevator, deposited the table makings in Benny's place, and climbed the stairs to the roof.

The heavy steel door banged behind them. The gravelly asphalt roof felt underfoot like a piece of the surface of the city itself, pushed up here by the growing building. Benny was sure that no work would ever begin on the installation of the ten-thousand-dollar swimming pool, but that didn't seem to matter to Fredo any more. There was a strangeness to walking around, up here in midair, on what appeared to be solid ground, ducking under rusty laundry wires and television antennas that on windy days whanged but today were quiet. The well-known shapes of West Ninety-ninth Street below them were transformed by this new angle.

Fredo clambered nimbly up a narrow iron ladder on the side of a high wooden water tower that was belted together by steel straps. He hoisted himself up onto the top of it and, with his legs hanging over the side, piped, "Come on up!"

Benny peered inquiringly at all the empty air around the tower and above the street.

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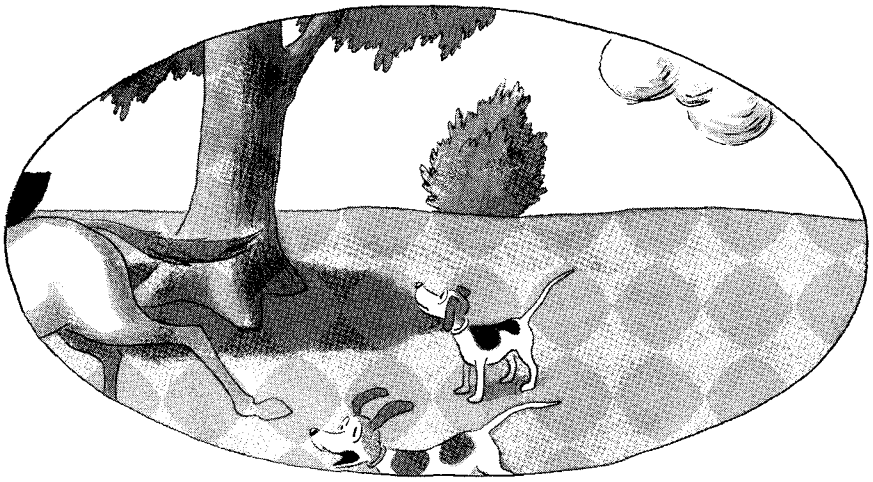

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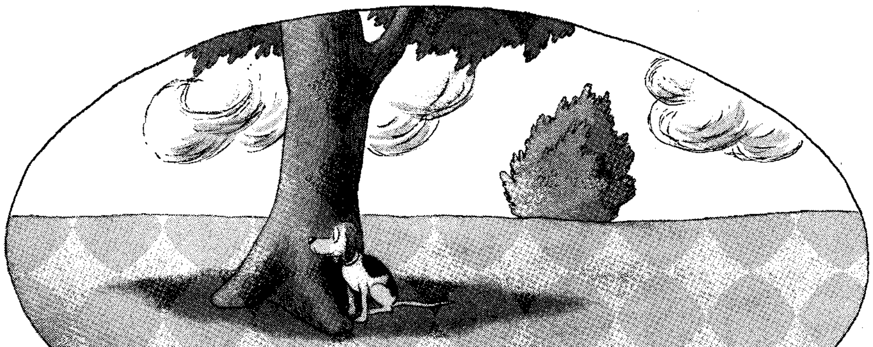

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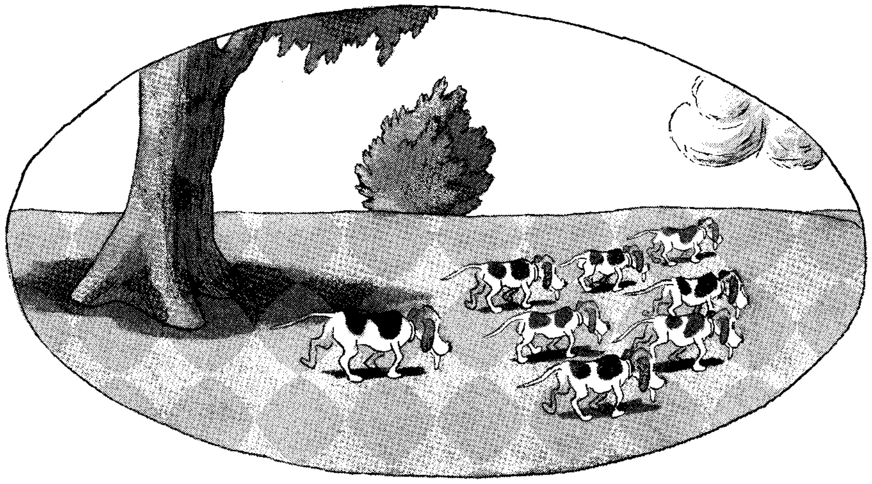


"Don't be scared," Fredo called.

Benny climbed up, his hands clamped numb on each rung of the ladder, imagining the whole structure about to collapse under himself and Fredo, the two of them flushed down into the street in a jumble of wet, broken lumber, steel straps, slivers of pigeon coop, and flapping pigeons, if any. Poking his head up over the edge of the roof of the water tower, Benny saw a miserable little contraption of sticks and orange-crate slats that no pigeon had ever frequented or ever would. It was a wholly meaningless stack of frail boards that weren't even nailed together; they stood there at the mercy of a gust of wind or a cat's paw. It was hopeless. What was Benny supposed to do, tell the kid it was hopeless? He looked out across the gray, gleaming expanse of the Hudson and ran his eyes along the scraggly horizon of two-family houses above the Palisades. Then he watched a barge moving upriver. I've seen the kid's pigeon coop, he thought. Maybe I don't have to say anything about it; maybe this is all I have to do.

"How do you like my pigeon house?" asked Fredo.

Why does he have to ask me? Benny wondered. Fredo watched him with a calm, angelic expectancy. I don't like his coop, Benny told himself. And the kid ought not be allowed up here anyway; it's too dangerous.

"How are the pigeons going to know they're supposed to go into your coop?" Benny asked.

"They'll come in for shelter," said Fredo. "They'll get used to me. You have to be quiet with them. Then they fly up on your shoulder." He waited confidently to be praised.

"It's no good, your coop," Benny told him. "Now come on down from there before you fall and break your neck."

Benny climbed down to the roof of the building and then looked back up at Fredo, who was staring at him angrily. "You don't like my pigeon house!" he cried.

That's right, Benny thought, saying nothing. I don't like his pigeon house, and last week I loused up his chance for a swimming pool. I'm sure not doing him any good. "Come on down here!" he called, wishing he could go and get to work on the table.

Fredo came down and faced Benny, feet apart, hands on hips. "You don't know anything about pigeons," he said.

"I know enough to tell when something is just plain stupid," Benny said.

Fredo backed away, pouting. He mumbled, "Aw, shut up. You don't know anything."

"Well, that's too bad."

Benny went toward the access door, but immediately Fredo was tugging at his sleeve again. "You want to bet I can jump across to that other building, Benny?"

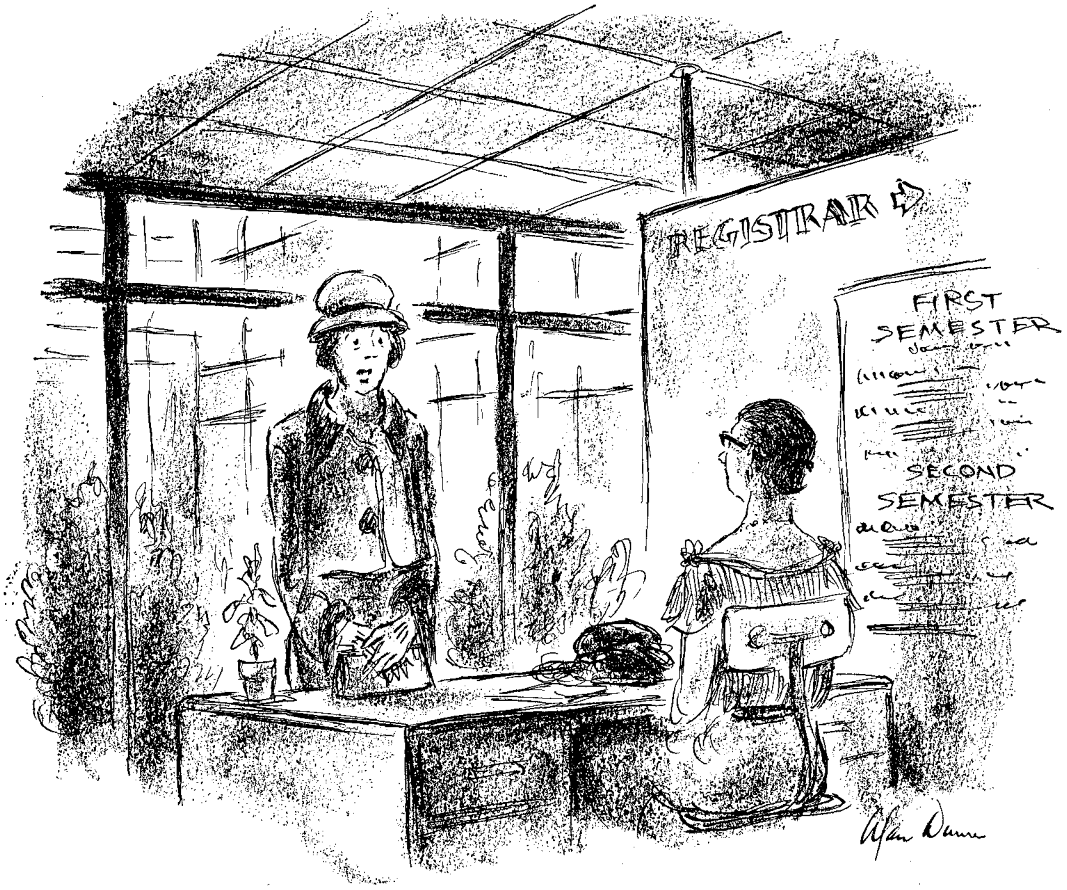
Benny said, "You come on inside now."

Fredo broke away, shouting, "Watch me, Benny!," and took a running start across the roof toward the low wall at the edge. Some four feet of empty space lay between it and a similar wall on the building next door. Nine stories below, between the buildings, was a pile of junk.

"Come back here, Fredo!" Benny shouted.

The boy ran and leaped, his thin legs bicycling in the air for a moment, neatly cleared both walls, landed with a smack on both feet, and toppled over on his hands. Grinning, he jumped up. "How'd you like that, Benny?"

"You damned fool, Fredo!" Benny



"Who or whom do I see about the adult English course?"

• •

shouted, running to the edge of the roof, almost jumping over after the kid himself to give him a good beating. But that nine-story drop stopped him. "You trying to kill yourself?"

"Bet you can't do it, Benny!"

"All right, get off that roof, now. Go on down the stairs."

"It's easier to jump back."

"Go on down the stairs, Fredo!"

"The door's locked."

"Try it."

Fredo went to the access door. It was locked.

"The super can unlock it. Just stay there," Benny said.

"Nah, my old man would find out. I can jump it again, easy. Watch out, Benny."

Benny shouted, "Stay there, Fredo!"

Fredo made his running start from the far side of the roof. Benny stood, blocking his way, but Fredo came running on and leaped toward him. Benny jumped back as Fredo's feet hit the top of the wall of Benny's building, and then Fredo fell over hard into Benny's arms and Benny held on to him for dear life. He felt that if he let go of the boy he would fly out of his arms and crash down onto the junk pile. Then, with one hand, Benny gripped Fredo's shoulder and held him out at arm's length and glared into the big, blinking soft eyes. "You really do want to kill yourself," Benny said, nearly letting himself strike out at the cocksure little face, the insolent, pouting mouth—beat some *fear* into that irresponsible, goggling grin. The trouble is, he's not your kid, Benny told himself. So there wasn't anything to do about it except to decide whether or not to tell Fredo's father *on him. Benny could hear what Bill,* Fredo's father, would say: "I'll beat da hide off eem, Benny."

Fredo, defiant, grinning and pouting, looked Benny straight in the eye. "You'd be scared to jump, I bet, Benny," he said in a tone meant more to reflect credit on himself than to belittle Benny.

"Just keep off the roof," Benny told him weakly.

The challenge was at an end. Benny relaxed his grip on Fredo. Benny was diminished, the boy intact. Fredo was generous. "Plenty of people would be scared to jump across there, Benny," he said.

They walked across the roof and went through the big steel door into the building, and Benny wondered if there really was no way at all to turn Fredo back into the little pest he had always been, whining, dark little face forever at his door. "Come *on*, Benny, come *on*," Fredo said, but he wasn't whining now.

At Benny's door, where Fredo usually pleaded for admission, he now sauntered nonchalantly on, neglecting to ask for cookies or for half a glass of beer. At the head of the stairs, he looked back at Benny with his brand-new face of amicable defiance, and with authority Benny told him, "You keep off that roof, now, Fredo."

"O.K., Benny," Fredo said, grinning, and skipped down the stairs, slapping the vertical bars of the railing as he went.

INSIDE his room, Benny looked at the parts of the unmade table. Table leads to Flo, Flo leads to marriage, marriage to kids, kids to Fredo—somebody like Fredo. He sat down and gazed in puzzlement out into the clatter and car-honking of the street, and blew out a lungful of tense exhaustion. He was licked, beaten, by a silly, willful, nutty kid. Suddenly the huge uncontrollable fact of the growing, changing Fredo—of any kid—terrified him, and he got up and paced the room in tight circles, until, once again, he stopped and looked at the table parts, staring at them, listening to the piercing cries of the children in the street. The voices seemed to have a strength in them that was seizing his mind. He was afraid of them. If he went to Flo and married Flo and they had kids, he would still be afraid of them.

He couldn't figure it out. He felt in his pocket for the medal Flo had given him for saving her from the mock strangler. He felt a need for some good luck; maybe the medal would bring it. He examined it. There was a star embossed in the center, and around the edge a message was engraved: FOR BENNY * * * MUCH LOVED.

There was his luck. He went into the kitchen, opened a can of beer, drank it, and calmed down. Then he started to work on the table, marking with a pencil on the corners circles he imagined might be trefoils. —ROY BONGARTZ

•

The fertilizer was anhydrous ammonia, use of which has become a way of life for farmers in sausage-shaped 1000-gallon tanks, mounted on wheels for easy movement.—*New Orleans States & Item.*

That's a way of life in itself.

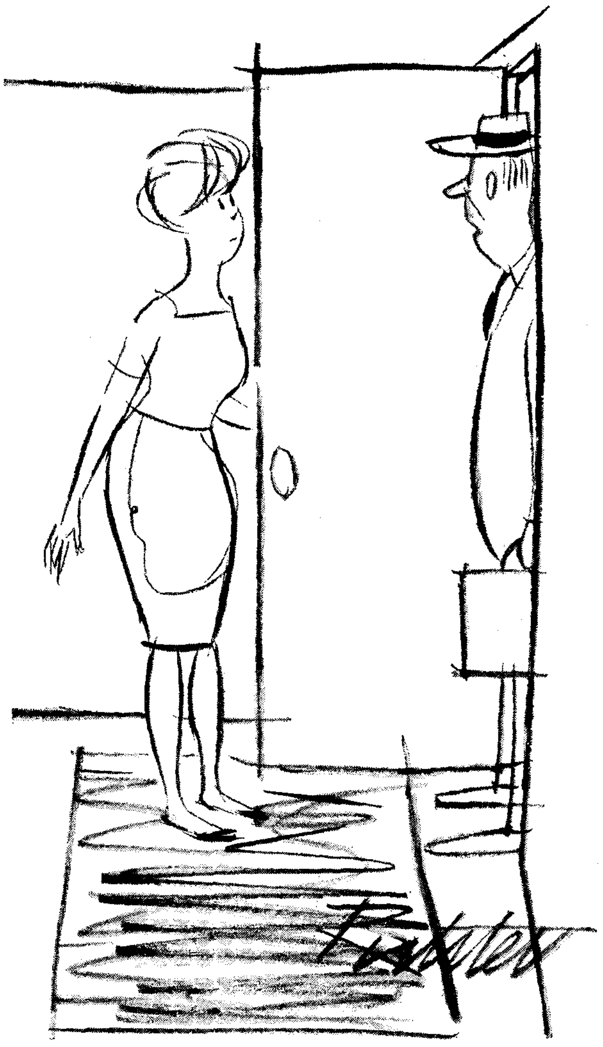
THE HOUNDS OF SUMMER

THE village had an inn with thirteen rooms, running water, and a bath for general use, two boarding houses, a post office, two dark provisions stores, an open-air vegetable stand, a meat market, a bakery, a fish store, a milk store, a drygoods store, and a newsstand which sold soap flakes, toilet paper, stamps, Italian cigarettes, matches, and the provincial edition of the *Nazione* of Florence, supplemented for the summer trade by the *Corriere della Sera*, *La Stampa*, and *Il Giorno*. There was a pay telephone in a booth at the inn, and this *posto pubblico* was the only telephone in Porto Quaglia, except for the doctor's, so they said. Telegrams came down by bicycle from the hill town of Acquafredda, where there was a telegraph office, a *municipio*, and a police station. There was only one frigidaire, they said, in Porto Quaglia, not counting the one in the inn, and one bathroom with hot water. There was no cream to be bought in the dairy store, and the milk had to be boiled. The dentist drove over from Sarzana, the nearest market town, to pull teeth in the patient's parlor or kitchen, and in summer he brought along his bathing suit, to get double value from the trip: there were *cabine* to rent at the public beach, and a small bar selling coffee, Campari soda, *gelati* in paper cups, bottled fruit juice, and vermouth. In short, the village was poor. The villagers spoke an ugly Italian and many of them had lost most of their teeth. The older women wore dark-blue dotted cotton house dresses and had hair of that peculiar iron gray found among poor Italians and suggestive of rust and mold.

It was a fishing village, *un petit hameau de pêcheurs, un piccolo villaggio di pescatori.* That was how those who went there for their vacations found themselves describing it to their hairdressers, manicurists, pedicurists, concierges, postmen, train and air companions en route from London, Rome, Paris, Milan. True or false?

True because Porto Quaglia was in fact populated by fishermen whose thin brown nets like hair nets were spread out to dry in the sun behind the whitewashed houses, and there was no other industry in the village except for the desultory transport of marble from the nearby mountains above Carrara, which was carried out in boats and barges equipped with giant cranes, grappling hooks, pulleys, and winches that appeared to spend the whole month of August toiling to dump five or six blocks of gray stone on the waterfront and then reload them in a Sisyphean labor. Porto Quaglia's little harbor had once had a fleet of sailing vessels that carried marble from Carrara as far as Marseille, but then Carrara had built its own harbor at Marina di Carrara, and the sons of the Porto Quaglia mariners became barmen on the United States and Italian Lines. At any rate, Porto Quaglia today was simply a fishing village, and yet to say so to your manicurist or your B.B.C. producer was a lie.

Partly because the words "*hameau de pêcheurs,*" et cetera, implied something colorful—a picturesque fishing fleet heavy with dragging nets like dark bridal veils; orange sails, red sails, yellow sails, marked with crescents and suns; bright-blue boats with an eye painted on the prow pulled up on the beach; old men mending their gear. A few old men did occasionally mend their gear but not where they could be observed; there were no sails except the white ones of small pleasure boats; and it was rare to see a fishing trawler, even on the horizon. The prized local catch was *muggine*—a special kind of white mullet, they said, that lived only in the tidal reaches of the bamboo-fringed River Quaglia, on which the village bordered. Yet *muggine* was hardly ever to be found in *pescheria*, which sold chiefly sole and red mullet that were suspected of coming from somewhere else along the coast. Fishing, such as it was, was practiced secretively as a rule. At night sometimes you would hear a lone rowboat push off from a wooden landing, then the plash of oars or the sound of an outboard motor. In the dead stillness of noon, you would see a man or a boy standing in a rowboat casting a white furled hand net into the river with a beautiful circling, swooping motion; this net was called "the hawk" and it struck into the glassy green water like a gauzy bird of prey. But often the man proved to be the doctor from Carrara in white duck trousers, who had learned the hawk in middle age; he was the "other" doctor, married into the local hill gentry, and had a tennis court, a telephone, a frigidaire, and at least one bath with hot water, which were never counted in the inventory, probably because *he* was not counted, out of courtesy to the indigenous doctor, who had a monopoly on the sick of Porto Quaglia. The boy in the rowboat with the net was always the same boy; he cast it again and again without catching anything, giving a tranced sense of time suspended like the black cranes groping for the gray marble.



"*Why am I home from the office in the middle of the day? Because I got fired in the middle of the day.*"

Yet the fact that Porto Quaglia did not conform to a touristic image of a fishing village was not exactly the reason for the feeling that the description was false. Had it looked like Collioure or Concarneau or Chioggia or Provincetown, there still would have been something wrong—indeed wronger. The inauthenticity of the description lay in the describers. That is, if a native of Porto Quaglia described his home as a fishing village, he would be telling the truth, but in the mouth of, say, a Milanese publisher these words became horribly fraudulent. To a local fisherman Porto Quaglia was self-evidently a fishing village, but to a Milanese publisher it was "*un piccolo villaggio di pescatori.*" Those quotation marks, which sprang up around the words quite without the publisher's volition, were the source of all the trouble.

Similarly with the word "unspoiled." It was true that Porto Quaglia was not yet spoiled, comparatively speaking, yet only a very unaware summer visitor, perhaps an Englishwoman, would try saying this to a native, whose whole interest lay in having it spoiled as fast as possible. There is something suspect in a laudatory remark that cannot be made in the presence of those being lauded. "Unspoiled," moreover, had grown those quotation marks as the old women in Porto Quaglia grew tufts of iron-gray whiskers. But how else would you describe Porto Quaglia, without going into detail, except as a fishing village on the Ligurian coast that had not yet been completely spoiled by tourists?

This was the first slight embarrassment for the kind of person who came to Porto Quaglia—the difficulty of stating, in brief form, where he was going without making it sound like the kind of place that would attract someone quite different from himself—say, an editress of *Vogue* or another Milanese publisher. It was no solution to reply "I'm going to Porto Quaglia," for this led to "Where is Porto Quaglia?" and "Should I know about it?," all of which ended in a description of P. Q. as a simple fishing village on the Ligurian coast.

The only remedy, it was decided at lunch at the Buonsantis' (he was a tall bald Italian employed at UNESCO in Paris; she was small and French and translated philosophic and economic texts), would be for Porto Quaglia to be "put on the map," like Portofino or Portovenere or Port Said. But if your concierge or your hairdresser already knew about Porto Quaglia, so that the mere name produced a ready-made description like a pop-up toaster, then the reason for going there would have vanished. The reason for going there was that nobody knew about it. But of course everybody wants to go to a place no one knows about (except those in the know), though for varying motives, which is why the words "simple fishing village" have been as abused as a pinewoods in which there is now a Camping. Those who, like the Buonsantis and their guests, had been attracted to Porto Quaglia by the absence of yachts, luxury hotels, motorboats, water skiers, skin divers, golf, casinos, shops, cocktail lounges, night clubs, sports cars, and other amenities were refugees from a banal summer life, but it was impossible, they agreed, to escape from a cliché of action without being stamped with a cliché of speech, like an exit permit. The world will allow you to go to Porto Quaglia as long as it has Porto Quaglia's "number."

Fifteen people, the usual complement, were eating lunch at a long table under a trellis covered with trumpet vines in the Buonsantis' garden, which looked out onto the main street and the river, where a few masts of small boats could be seen. The garden contained a flagged terrace of varicolored marbles, a grape arbor, a sour-cherry tree, some trampled lawn, two large ornamental palms, and two Christmas trees, symmetrically planted. There was also a "fantasy" table, made of stone in the shape of a large mushroom and surrounded by little painted stone toadstools. On the balcony rail of the apartment above, facing the river, hung some striped towels and damp bathing suits. In the green midday shimmer the luncheon party, which was still peeling figs and drinking wine, resembled a scene by Renoir, the more so because they were speaking French. French was the prevailing language among the summer people at Porto Quaglia, who were known to the natives as "*i francesi,*" whatever their nationality. Today the group included Mme. Buonsanti's father, the two Buonsanti children, a French engineer, his wife—a child psychologist—and their three children, a Roman editor and his wife, a Livornese professor of history on loan to Columbia University, and an American journalist and his wife, who were staying at the inn. Three bicycles, a surf mattress, and a rubber boat leaned against the wall of the house, and some beach chairs were

THE WASP

It was a wasp, or an imprudent bee,
Against my skin, underneath my shirt,
That stung as I was trying to set it free.
Art is perhaps too long, or life too short.

Ignorant of entomology,
I watched it at the crumbs of my dessert,
Numbered its stripes, curious what sort
Of wasp it was, or what tribe of bee,

While bored, aware that it was watched, maybe,
Buzzing, it appeared to pay me court,
And darted in where I could not see
It, against my skin, underneath my shirt,

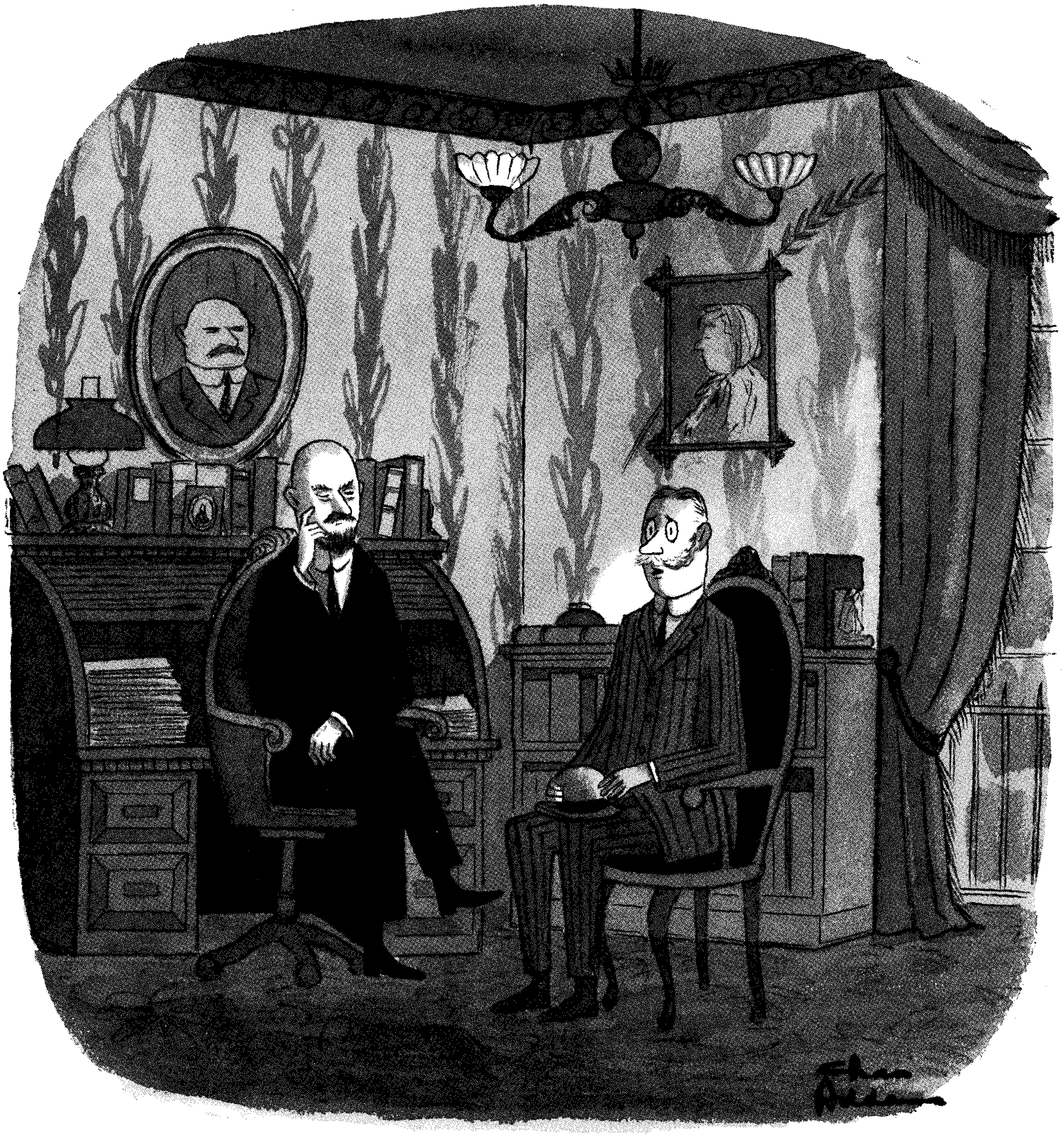
There, in the sweaty twilight next to me,
Its amorous antennae to disport,
But always armed. The minute, golden flirt
Stung as I was trying to set it free.

So it escaped, but died eventually,
An event exceeding its desert,
While I, stung as I deserved to be . . .
But art is perhaps too long, or life too short.

Trivial, scarce worthy of report,
Wonderful, the wounds of love should be
Occasion, none the less, for poetry.
Thus deaths, that is the deaths of others, hurt.
It was a wasp.

—DARYL HINE

• •



"I've been troubled lately by an eerie, recurring dream. I seem to be seated in a darkened room staring in helpless fascination at some sort of box, or cabinet, in the center of which is a phosphorescent likeness of the human alimentary tract, rendered in graphic detail, while a disembodied voice urges me to buy a potion for acid indigestion."

• •

sprawled near the table; the double doors were open into the principal room of the Buonsantis' apartment, where a great many straw hats were piled on top of the sideboard and a chessboard was set up for play on the glass-covered dining table. More "French" kept arriving and pulling up chairs. The women and girls were wearing summer cotton dresses, and the men striped jerseys with khaki shorts or long blue or white canvas trousers. They were still discussing what to call Porto Quaglia.

"You French are so frightfully analytical," said an English labor lawyer, who was opposed to what he called "blood sports" and had appeared at the end of lunch, in cleated shoes and with a sweater tied round his hips, to take the Buonsanti children on a mountain hike. "My wife and I don't find it at all embarrassing to say we're going to a fishing village. I mean, why not face facts?" He then translated his remarks into French.

"If you faced facts," said the Roman editor tartly, "you would say you were going to a summer resort."

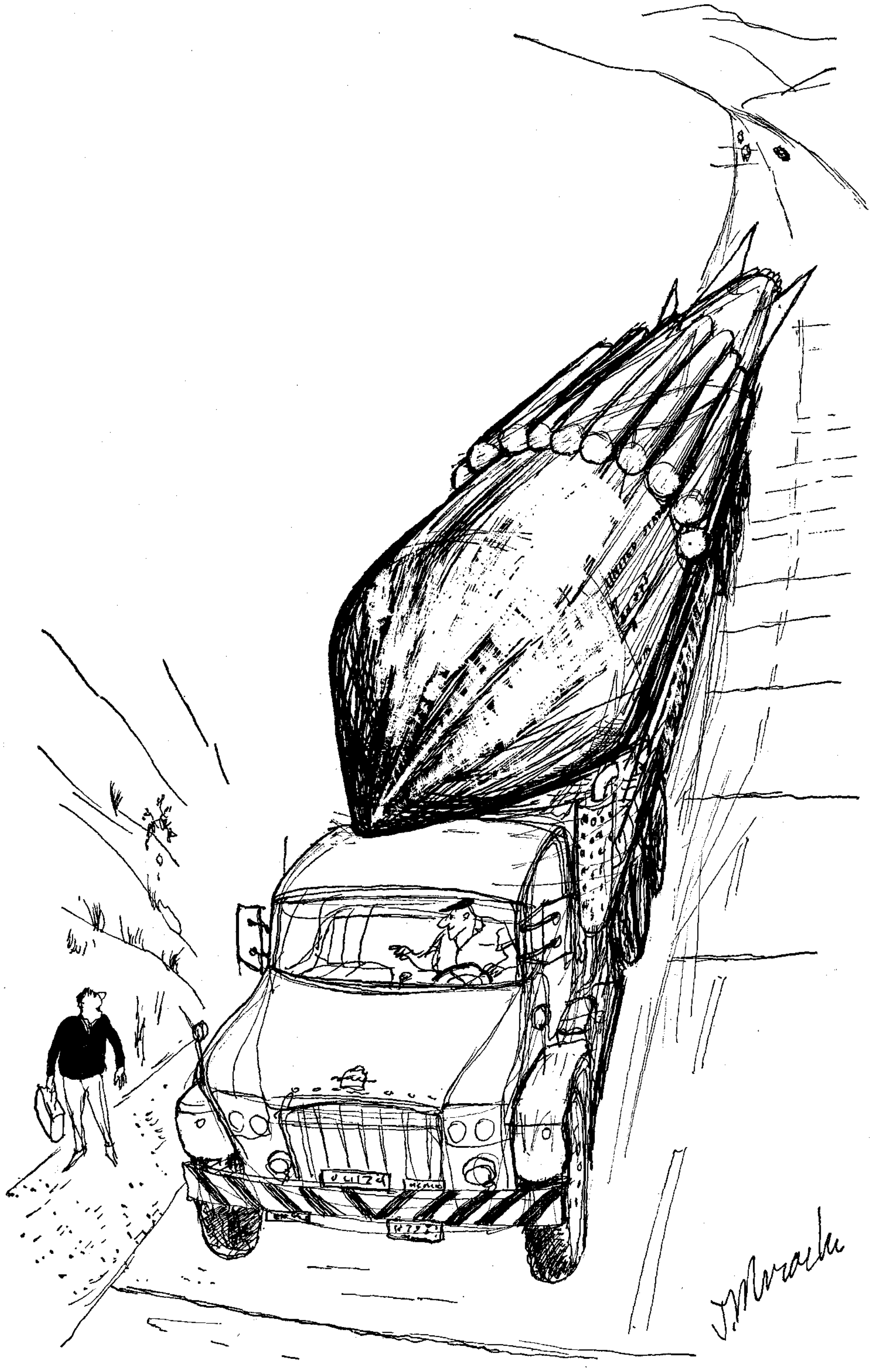
"*Une petite station balnéaire*," agreed Mme. Buonsanti, laughing.

"*Plage modeste*," added her husband.

Everyone laughed, thinking of the

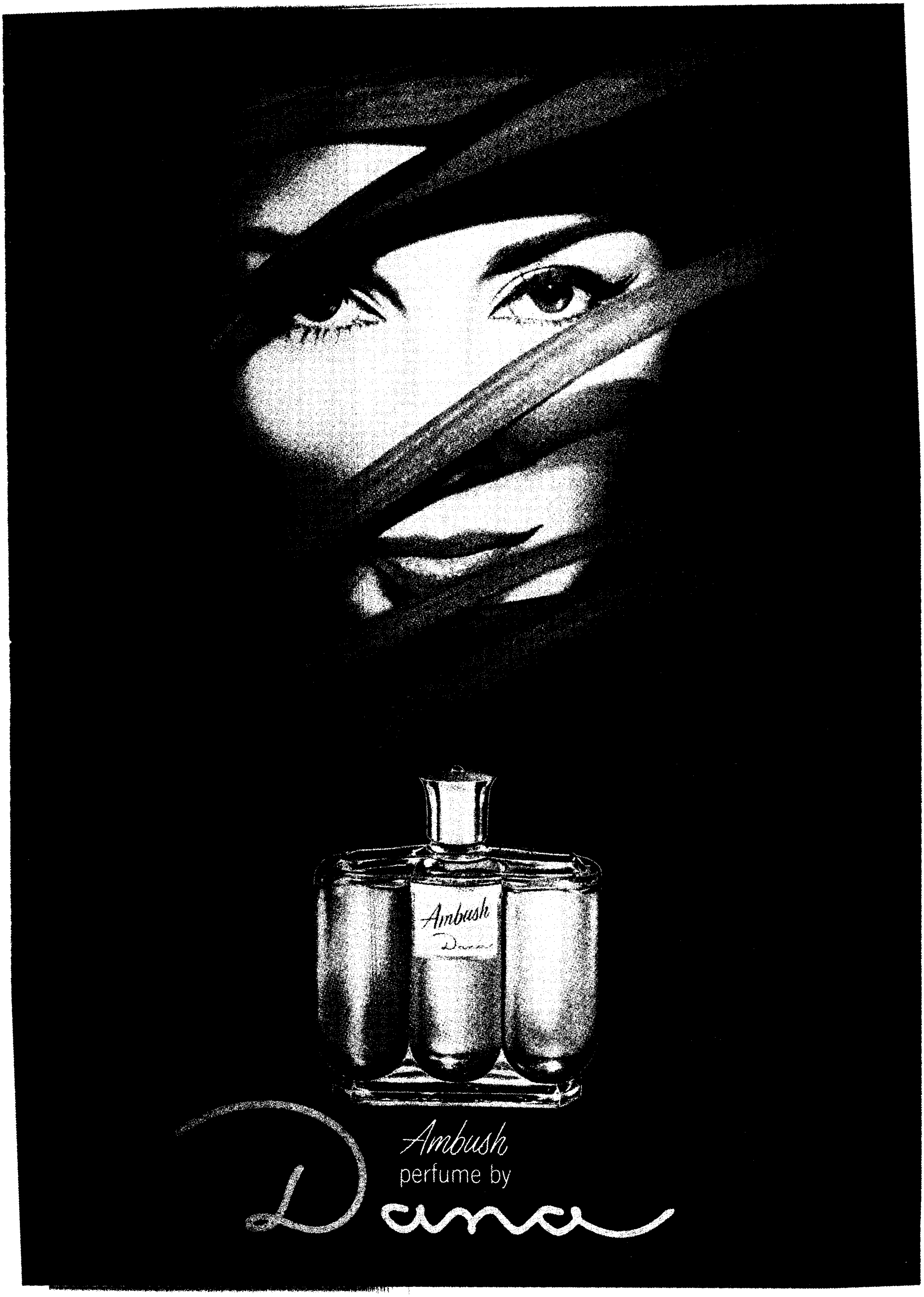
dusty town beach where none of the "*francesi*" swam except when the sea was rough and a boat could not land at the White Rock or Raven Point or one of the many coves and grottoes farther up the coast. One reason that Porto Quaglia remained "unspoiled" was that the snobbish casual tourist saw only the *plage modeste* at the end of the village and immediately turned his Alfa Romeo around and shot off to Lerici or Forte dei Marmi. To sit in the café outside the inn and watch this happen while eating an ice-cream cone was one of the children's amusements on dull mornings when the boats had not yet come to take them bathing and the family outboard motor was "*en panne.*"

The White Rock was the chief lure and secret beauty of Porto Quaglia. Parties of bathers were taken there every morning by the fishermen in little yawls with inboard motors; informal excursions ran several times before noon from the pier in front of the inn, and regular passengers were picked up at the rickety little wooden landings along the river, off the single main street. Starting at ten o'clock, cries began to ring out from the bank as the fishing boats with little triangular colored flags in their rigging were sighted. "Pierino!" "Paolo!" "Romeo!" "*Venga, venga!*" Or "Wait, wait! I am coming. *Aspetti!* Wait for me, Pierino!" Or "*Jean, où est Jean? Où est le matelas?*" "Irene, have you got the basket?" "My glasses! I forgot my glasses!" "Carlo! *Dov' è il tuo cappello?*" "*Dov' è Michel? Où est Marc?*" "*Son già partiti? Con Romeo?*" With thermos bottles of cold water, baskets of cheese and fruit, baskets and bags of bathing equipment, with surf mattresses, pails and shovels, yellow and red and white and blue inflated tubes, beach umbrellas, nets containing books and newspapers, the boats were finally packed and headed for the White Rock. Fifteen minutes later, the landing was accomplished, the older children swimming to shore and returning like a school of fish to hover alongside and seize the bags and baskets as they were lifted over the bow and offer a hand to the women in their dresses and beach gowns as they climbed down the unsteady ladder, while the men, having leapt to shore, formed a human chain along which the younger children were passed. Nearly every day someone or something fell overboard in the excitement of landing: a straw hat, a book, a pair of glasses, shoes, a middle-aged newcomer—or all of these together in one parcel. This had happened yesterday morning to the whiskered American journalist, thought by the children to resemble Uncle Sam, and François, the twelve-year-old Buonsanti boy, had jubilantly taken a picture of it with his new camera.



"*Thank you, but I think I'll walk.*"

Starting at one o'clock, the boats reappeared at the White Rock, at Raven Point, at the various *scogli* and small pebbly beaches, to bring the bathers back for lunch. Naturally, irritations sprang up from time to time between the boatmen or between the boatmen and the passengers, who would complain that Romeo or Paolo had forgotten them and taken a party of new people in preference. But those who were left behind on the jetty would always appear at Rocca Bianca, rowed by an old man or a little boy, and some came in the old man's rowboat by preference, disapproving of the motor sailboats and the oil they spread on the water. Some of the young people came by threes and fours in rowboats rented for the summer or given them for Christmas or a birthday, and one family had an outboard motor. Sometimes the older chil-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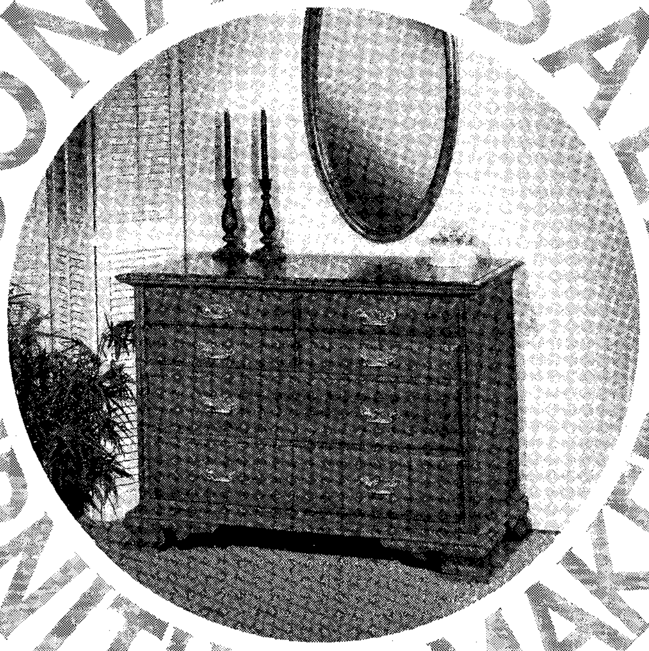

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dren, in pairs or accompanied by François in his rowboat, would swim back to Porto Quaglia and arrive late and panting for lunch, or they would walk back in a party over the marble cliffs, though this was considered dangerous by their parents.

The White Rock was really a mass of rocks and cliffs of pure milk-white marble that formed a towering point jutting into the sea. Above it, on a steep mountain flank, grew ilex and pine and wild olive trees. The water around it was a pale green and exceptionally clear. If you swam way out beyond your depth you could still look down to the white marble shelving that extended along the sea floor like a vast bath for sea horses or Tritons. Along the shore it formed deep caves. The sea at this point was seldom quiet and gave the impression of washing itself, like laundry, by beating against the rock and rinsing itself as it ran in and out of the cool caves. Blue-green and violet marbles were not uncommon along this stretch of coast, but white was freakish; it was as though a vein of sculptor's marble had escaped from its mountain prison miles off in the Apuan Alps and raced underground to burst into the sea in a great release of energy, so that this marine spot was like an inchoate museum or temple or workshop haunted by glistening forebodings or polished memories of statuary—nymphs and dolphins and Venuses rising from the spray. For some reason, doubtless connected with the marble, the water here and in the nearby coves was cooler than is usual in the Mediterranean, and there were no jellyfish.

Farther along, at the beach called Raven Point and at the lonely beach called Judgment Day by the summer people, because it looked like the scene of a Tintoretto "Last Judgment," there were mussels and purple sea urchins clinging to the dark rocks. The children collected them; the men opened them with pocket knives, and the bathers shared them at midday, along with the cheese, figs, grapes, pears, peaches brought in the individual baskets, to stave off hunger, before Pierino or Romeo or Paolo came to take everyone home for a two-o'clock lunch. Like a backdrop to this watery, summery scene bobbing with small craft and bright swimming tubes, the Carrara mountains came into view as the boats rounded into Porto Quaglia's harbor—pale brown, like canvas, in the blue distance, patched with what appeared to be snow fields, streaked with crevasses and awesome glaciers, all made of white marble—a realm of Titans, Michelangelo Land. In the intermediate distance, in

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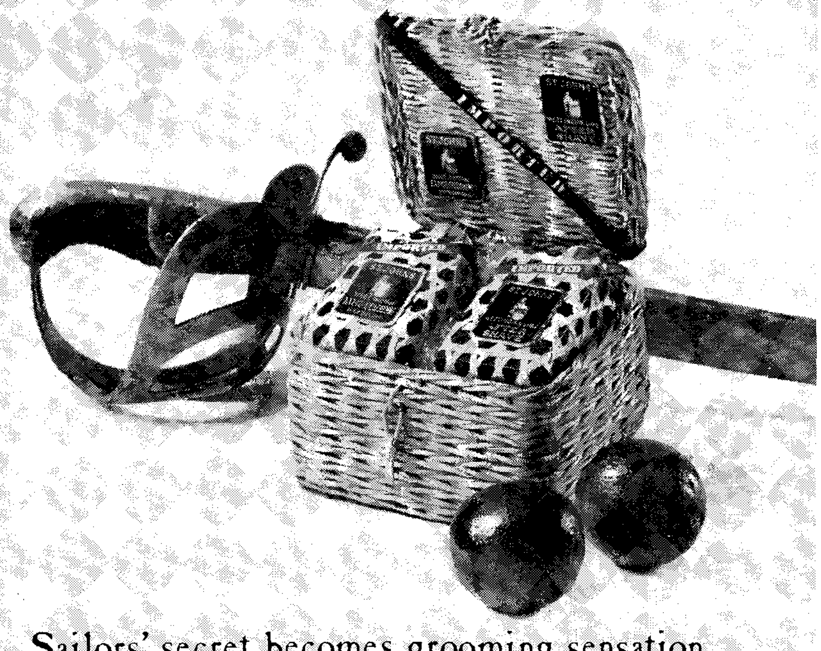

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the green-forested hills above the Quaglia, were belfried Tuscan hill towns that caught the gold of the afternoon sun in their medieval clocks, towers, and ramparts. It was like an illustrated history lesson: the children's eyes travelled thoughtfully from the remote white fissures of the quarries, which had been opened in Roman times, down to picture-book Castelnuovo, where Dante had stayed, down to the stone artillery nests, so near you could almost touch them, that the Germans had made in the last war.

Except on Sundays, when trippers came from Sarzana and Acquafredda, the "French" usually had the White Rock to themselves, and the strangers, principally English, who from time to time "discovered" Rocca Bianca while staying at the inn or in a *pensione*, were adopted by the "French," offered fruit and cheese, the loan of a child's pail or surf mattress, invited to play chess in the evenings or join in political discussions in the café outside the inn. The English, henceforth known as "*francesi*" to the boatmen and shopkeepers, reciprocated with ice creams, lifts to Sarzana or Marina di Massa for shopping, invitations to drive to Lucca or Pisa. Sometimes, when the "French" went to Raven Point or Judgment Day, a smart motorboat with water skis would come whizzing up from Lerici, disgorging Roman writers, society women, publishers, who were staying at the Hotel Doria or the Hotel Byron or the Hotel Shelley e delle Palme. A different world, as different as the blue Lerici waters from the green waters of Porto Quaglia, a world of palms, villas, and esplanades, but this world too was accommodated. Joint dinners were arranged at a mountain inn known for its *prosciutto* and sheep cheese or else in the port of Lerici, where the guests would eat *spaghetti alle vongole* or plates of *datteri*, those brown polished date-shaped mussels that grew only on the soft stone of Portovenere, where they were said to burrow holes like cliff swallows. Or the Roman writers and publishers would come to dinner at the inn at Porto Quaglia, telephoning ahead of time to the *posto pubblico* to order *muggine ai ferri* and to recommend that the waiters wear jackets. But the boy waiters in the inn at Porto Quaglia did not have jackets; the only smartening up they could do was to roll down their shirtsleeves and take the pencil from behind their ear. "*Un piccolo villaggio di pescatori*," the host at dinner would explain to the troop he had brought with him, bestowing a tender,

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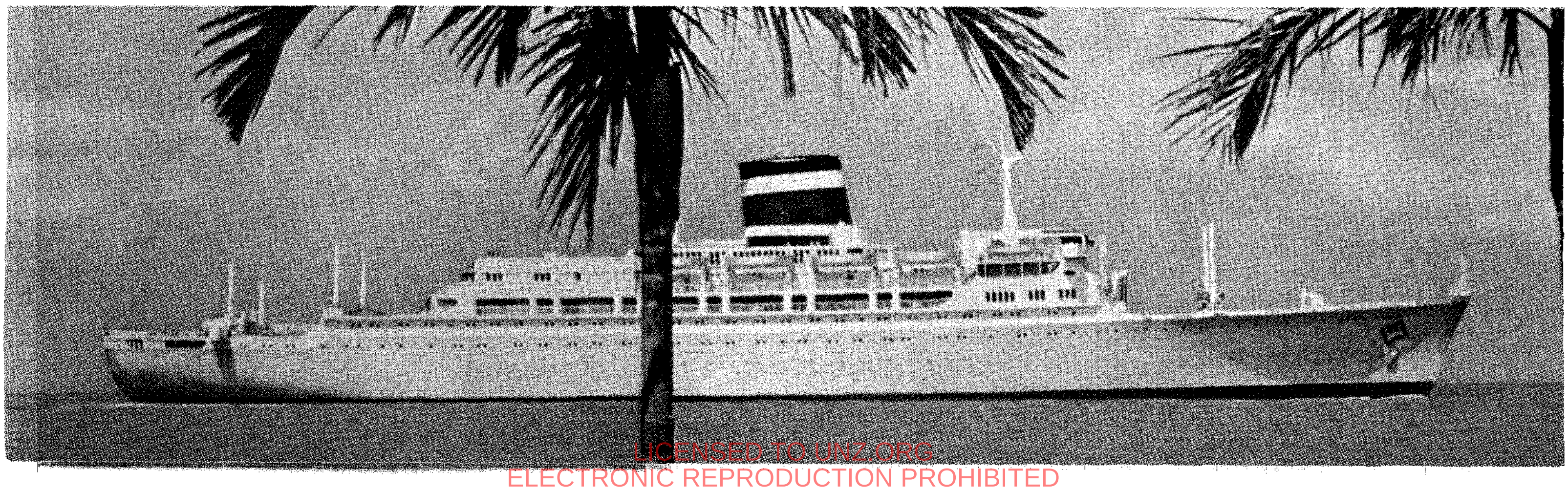

fatherly smile on the café where the "French" were playing chess as if nothing had happened.

There was no fear that these Romans would "discover" Porto Quaglia, for they believed they already knew it, like the inside of their pocket. Still, word was getting around, as Mike, the American journalist, was saying to Hélène Buonsanti, lowering his voice slightly, as though passing on a piece of confidential information.

"*Qu'est-ce qu'il dit, maman?*" said Laure, the fourteen-year-old Buonsanti girl alertly. All the children were on the *qui vive* for any threat to their summer home, and they understood by instinct when it was being talked about, even in a foreign tongue.

Mme. Buonsanti's father, Dr. Bernheim, shook his gray head and checked his granddaughter with his eyes, which were generally half closed, as if inattentive, like the ear of a confessor. His lids now dropped again, and his hand cradled his chin, but the tilt of his head betrayed the fact that he was following closely what the American said.

"Yep," continued Mike, "the word's getting around, I'm afraid, Hélène." He coughed and moved his chair closer to his little hostess, still talking under his breath, but since he was in the habit of raising his voice when speaking English to a foreigner, the effect was of an arresting stage whisper. Everyone at the table turned to listen. "I read about it in New York," he shouted, sotto-voce. "Last winter. In *Harper's Bazaar*. A highbrow fashion magazine. They said Porto Quaglia was where the French left-wing intellectuals went for the summer."

"How stupid!" said Hélène Buonsanti coldly. "The French left-wing intellectuals! *Ecoute, Arturo. Figure-toi.*"

"*Mais c'est vrai, maman!*" said Laure. "*C'est vrai, maman,*" said François, grinning. "*C'est vrai, n'est-ce pas, Catherine?*" He turned his bright, demure black eyes to the engineer's oldest daughter, who was fifteen and humorless.

"*Tais-toi, François!*" flashed his mother. The children made fun of spectacled Catherine, because in her *lycée* she had organized a circle of *Filles des Obscurs Intellectuels de Gauche*. "*C'est dégoutant,*" Hélène burst out, banging her fist on the table.

"Why does it make her so mad?" demanded Mike, of the table at large. "Why does it make your daughter so mad?" he added, shouting at the doctor.

Hélène calmed herself. "It is the

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same as 'fishing village,' " she explained in her slow English. "It is true when the children say that we here are intellectuals of the left. But if someone says it in a fashion magazine it is a silly lie."

Arturo Buonsanti was laughing. "*Mais c'est merveilleux!*" he cried. "Eh, Hélène? Next summer when your hairdresser asks you where you are going for your vacation, you can answer that naturally you are going where the French intellectuals of the left go."

"*Et les juifs, et les juifs, papa!*" chanted Laure, jumping up from her place and putting her arms around her father's neck. A few days before, someone had noticed that the greater part of the summer people were either Jewish, half Jewish, a quarter Jewish, or, like Arturo Buonsanti, married to someone Jewish. This *trouvaille* still enchanted the children, like a meadow full of four-leaf clovers. "*Pauvre papa,*" murmured Laure, hugging him. "*Tu n'es pas juif; mais moi, je le suis!*"

Arturo Buonsanti was chuckling. "*Modeste station balnéaire, très fréquentée par les juifs.*"

"Oh, I say," protested the British lawyer, "that would be liable to misinterpretation, wouldn't it?"

"Gives the wrong picture, I agree," said Mike. "Sort of a Miami Beach." He laughed nervously. Both he and the Englishman were embarrassed by the children's freedom with the "racial" topic, which their parents seemed positively to encourage, like premature talk about sex. Mike, in particular, had an uneasy notion that he was being led on by this permissive atmosphere into making what might sound (to Jews) like an anti-Semitic remark. The other day at the café, for instance, they had teased him without mercy because he had refused to believe that everyone present was Jewish. "But you don't *look* Jewish, any of you."

"*Il cherche le nez,*" François had murmured, watching the American stare at each face in turn.

"Hey!" Mike had retorted. "*Vous avez tort, mon garçon. J'aime les juifs.* I'm not Jewish, but my wife is. Aren't you, darling?" The children had burst into giggles. They loved to tease Mike, because he was good-humored, said "*vous*" to them, and was exactly like their idea of an American. Even Catherine had asked him gravely whether all Americans ate with their feet on the table—she had seen it in the films. So that now, when Catherine and her cronies passed him eating breakfast at the café, he would quickly put his feet on the table and, for good measure, his

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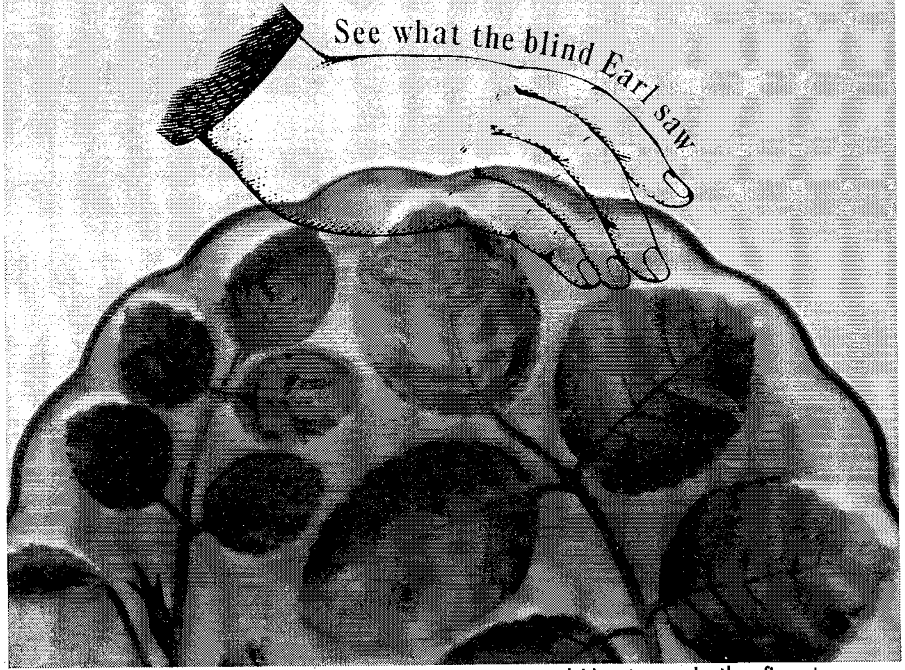
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spoon in his coffee cup, to the amazement of the waiters, whom he tried to include in the joke with a series of broad winks. The result of this charade was that Elisabeth, another American, who lived above the Buonsantis, was asked by the innkeeper whether all Americans ate with their feet on the table.

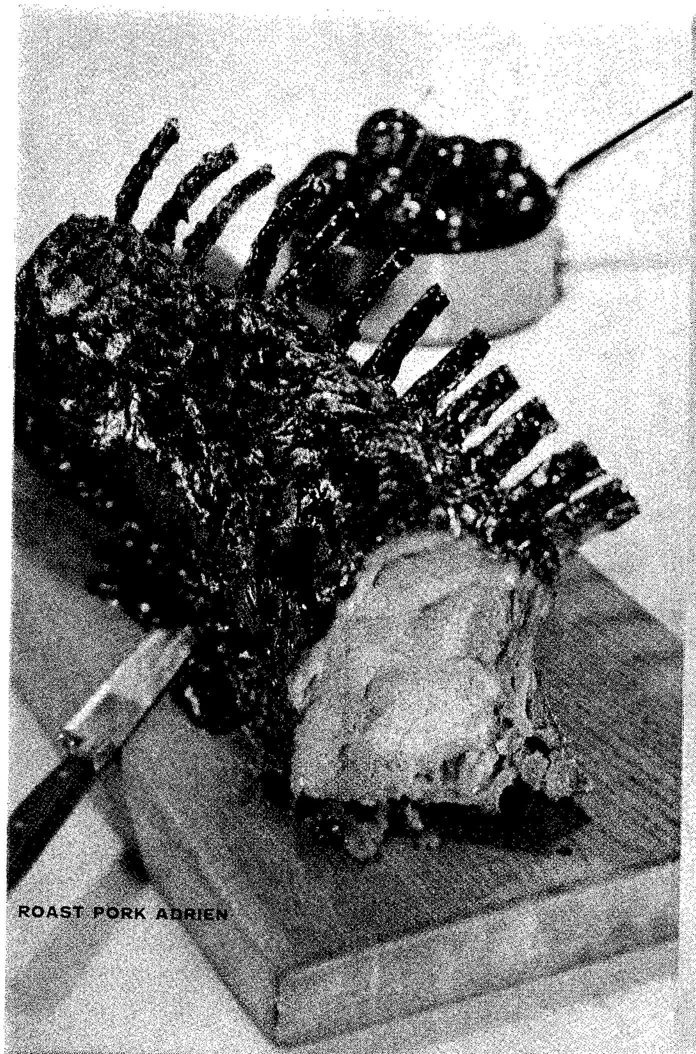
Mike's wife failed to find the story amusing. She was irritated by these nonchalant and observant children, whom she had overheard chiming "Don't you think so, darling?" in what she uncomfortably recognized as her husband's voice. It was obvious, she told Mike, that these European children had been indoctrinated with anti-Americanism. Their good manners offended her too—always "*Bonjour, Monsieur,*" "*Bonjour, Madame,*" instead of "Hi, Mike," "Hi, Irene," the way she was used to in America. She was touchy about being American and touchy about being Jewish. She had a rather large nose, which she was touchy about too. "That little boy," she said, "was making fun of my beak." She could speak quite coarsely when she wished to. "'*Il cherche le nez.*'"

Mike shook his head. "No, no," he said. "He was riding me. As a matter of fact, honey, when he caught me I *was* looking for the nose. I have to admit it."

Irene resented Porto Quaglia. She was sorry she had ever saved that clipping from *Harper's Bazaar.* It was not a *real* fishing village; there were no real intellectuals, like Sartre or Françoise Sagan; there was nothing to buy; and though they had been here only a short time, she was pressing Mike to go to Ischia. "I like it here," Mike kept repeating, but Irene's dissatisfaction was slowly convincing him; like an echo, he too began to criticize the *pensione* at the inn: spaghetti twice a day and fish with too many bones in it.

"*Vous n'aimez pas la nourriture italienne,*" Hélène Buonsanti said kindly to Irene. She meant, Irene retorted, that Americans only liked steak and fried potatoes. "*Mais non,*" Hélène protested, determined to make peace. "*Le steak et les frites sont tout à fait français.*"

Mike interposed that no one liked Italian cooking better than he and Irene, but why couldn't they get real filet of sole at the inn? "*Without bones,*" he emphasized. Hélène had had her cook fillet the soles for lunch, over the objections of Arturo, who said that they would be flavorless. Mike was a popular figure, and everyone saw regretfully what was happening. To please his wife, he would soon have to leave Porto



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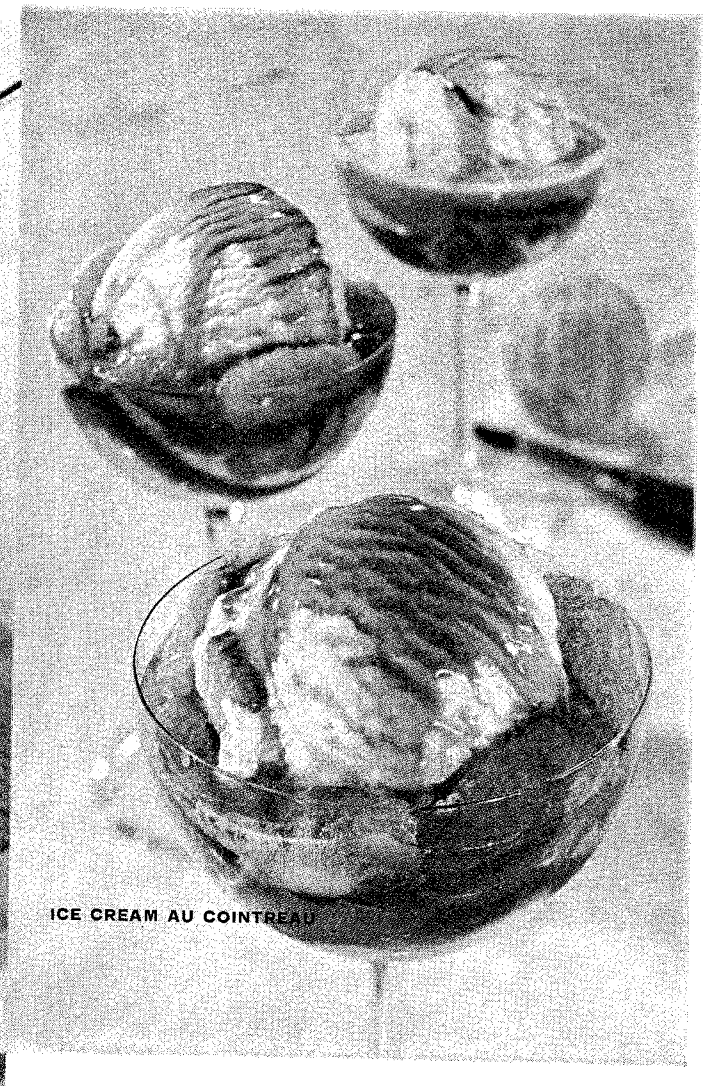

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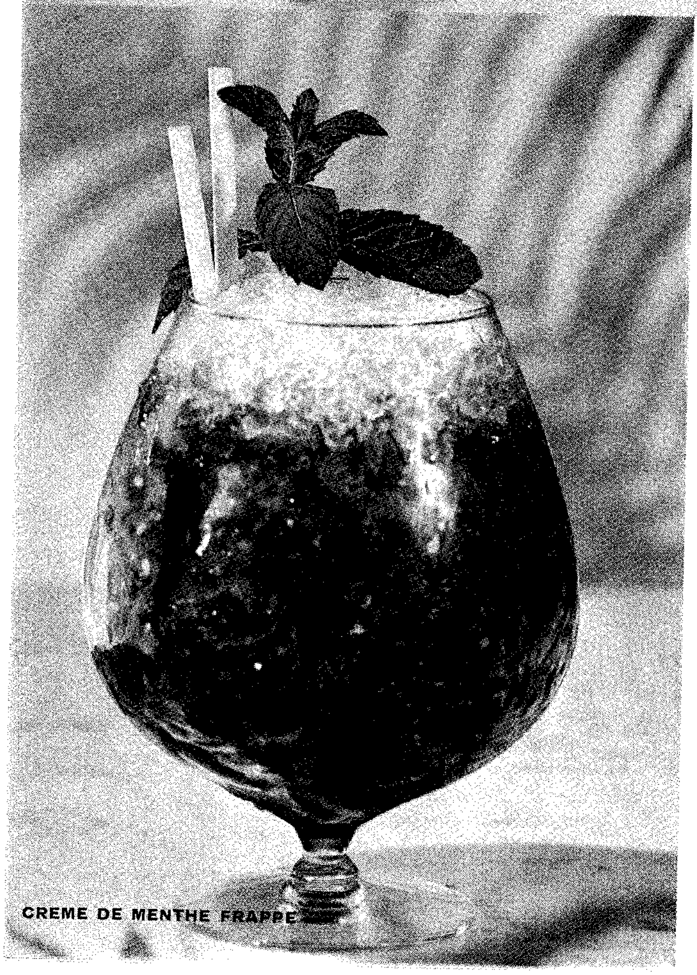

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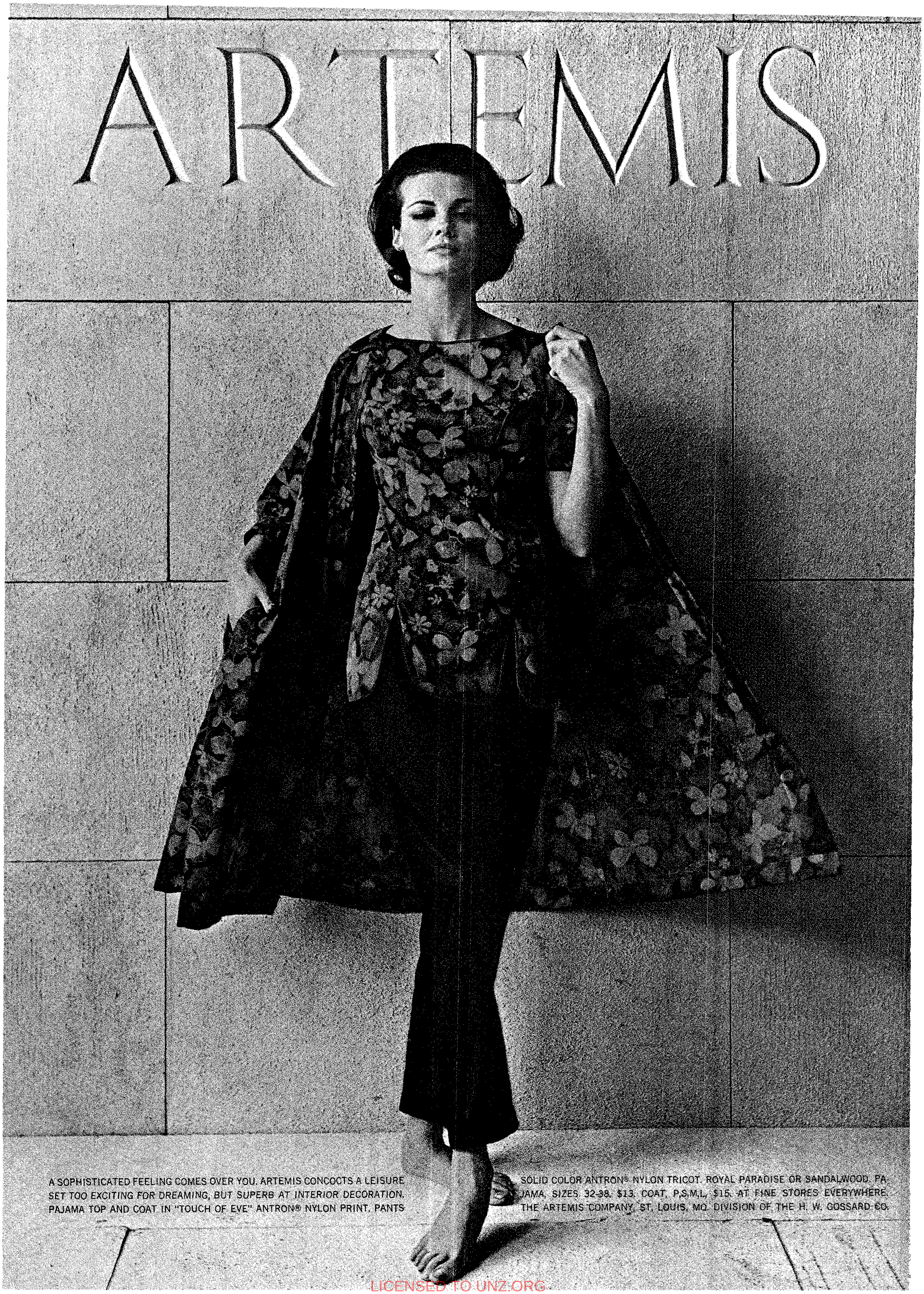

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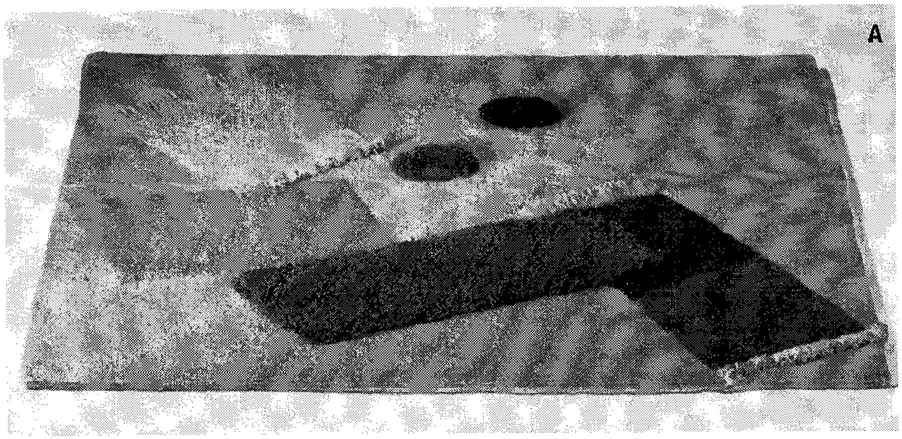
Quaglia, and he was foxily seeking a reason for leaving without regrets. Yet no one at the table was prepared for the undercurrent of antagonism that had made itself felt, like a sudden cold tug, just now, at the end of lunch, when he began playing with the notion that Porto Quaglia's days were numbered. "Yes, Hélène," he went on easily, "it's just a question of time, I'm afraid. *Une question de temps.* Irene and I went exploring this morning. We got a boy to row us across to that big beach on the other side of the river."

A look of understanding passed along the table. "*Lo spiaggione*," whispered a pretty girl to a young architect from Turin. "*Parla dello spiaggione.*" "*La grande plage, grand-papa*," said Laure to Dr. Bernheim. "*Oui, mon enfant. J'ai compris*," said the doctor, nodding sadly.

"*Quelle horreur!*" said Mike. "Wasn't it, darling? *Ruinée, eh, Arturo? Kaput!*"

The host, who resembled a sage because of his prematurely bald head, knitted his brows and agreed. "*J'ai raison, eh?*" said Mike, looking around him. No one dissented. Until the previous year they had been in the habit of going across the Quaglia and walking half a mile down a path through a thicket of bamboo to *lo spiaggione*—a big wild sandy beach on the other side, on the open Mediterranean, where there were rollers to ride and where the children could build sand castles. This had been a regular alternate to the White Rock. But the tide of humanity coming up the coast from Viareggio, with its flotsam of night clubs, cheap hotels, neon-lit seafood restaurants, had finally overtaken Punta Sabbia, as the settlement across the river was called, and a Camping that had been planted there two years ago was literally the last straw. The *grande plage* was now covered with straw huts, bamboo huts, loose straw, tents, candy wrappers, ice-cream cartons, rusty cans, broken bottles, old automobile tires, watermelon rinds, not to mention the lengthening row of *cabine* and rented umbrellas; to reach the water in many places it was necessary to pick one's way through refuse and human bodies as in a game of stepping stones. The advent of the campers, moreover, had created a serious sanitary problem, and the refuse had bred flies and mosquitoes. This summer only the children had been across to the big beach; the grownups did not speak of it any more, as if it were someone who had died in a horrible way or lived on upstairs in a special room like an insane relation in



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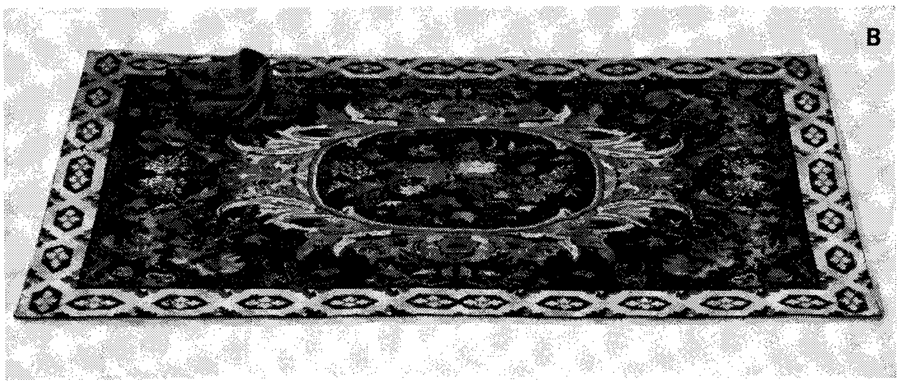

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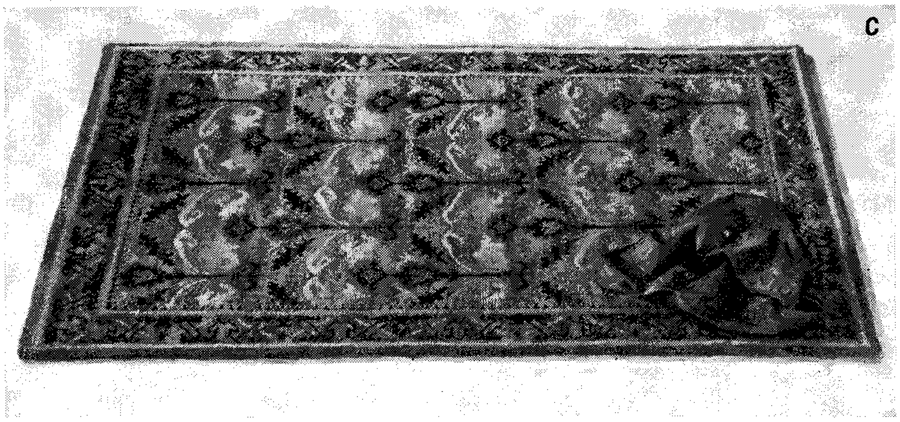

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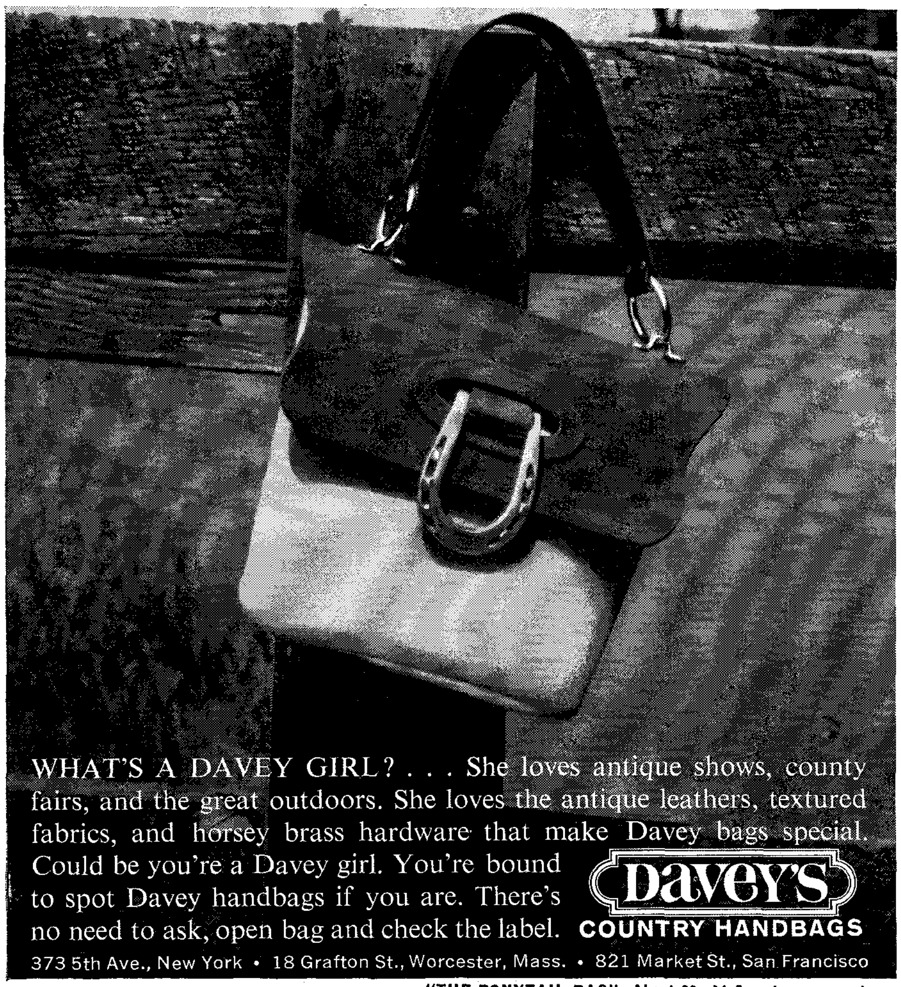

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the last century. The *grande plage*, which had been an essential feature of the Porto Quaglia agenda, like the yearly boat trip to Portovenere or the climb up Monte Morello, was steadfastly ignored. No one cared even to remember the indignant meetings of the summer before last, when they had tried to save *lo spiaggione:* the open letter to the mayor of Acquafredda protesting the sanitary conditions on the other side of the river, the manifesto to the Belle Arti at La Spezia calling attention to the despoilment of the bamboo and the *pineta*, the photographs of Before and After they had sent to *Il Mondo* and *Italia Nostra*. The ruin of the *spiaggione* was accepted, and there were those who, last summer, had claimed to see a virtue in the necessity, pointing out that what had happened on the other side would be a lesson to the elements in Porto Quaglia that wanted to see it "developed." Mass tourism, they declared, could not be stopped; the hope was to divert it, and Punta Sabbia ought to be welcomed as a human garbage dump, where all the undesirables collected in one place, without any compulsion being exercised but according to a kind of natural zoning law. This summer, though, these arguments, once half persuasive, had been put away regretfully, like last year's faded bathing suits and rusted bathing caps; they did not seem to fit any more.

"*Mais c'est tout à fait différent!*" said the Roman editor sharply, breaking the gloomy silence that had fallen on the table. "The *spiaggione* is sand, good for pitching tents. Here we are on rock and stones."

" 'It can't happen here,' eh?" said Mike.

"But, Francesco, what about the new Camping at the *bivio*?" gently put in the editor's wife. This was a very small Camping, of only a few tents, at the fork two miles away where the road from Sarzana divided, the main branch going south toward Carrara and a long spur following the river to Porto Quaglia, where it ended.

"It is at the *bivio*," her husband said impatiently. "They do not come here to swim; they go to Punta Sabbia." And he went on to reiterate his theory that Porto Quaglia could not be "developed" because it was not on a through road. "People looking for pleasure don't like to be at a dead end. They are afraid of being bottled up. They are restless. Everyone today is restless—especially the Italians." This theory, which he had been propounding for five years with increasing conviction, served as usual

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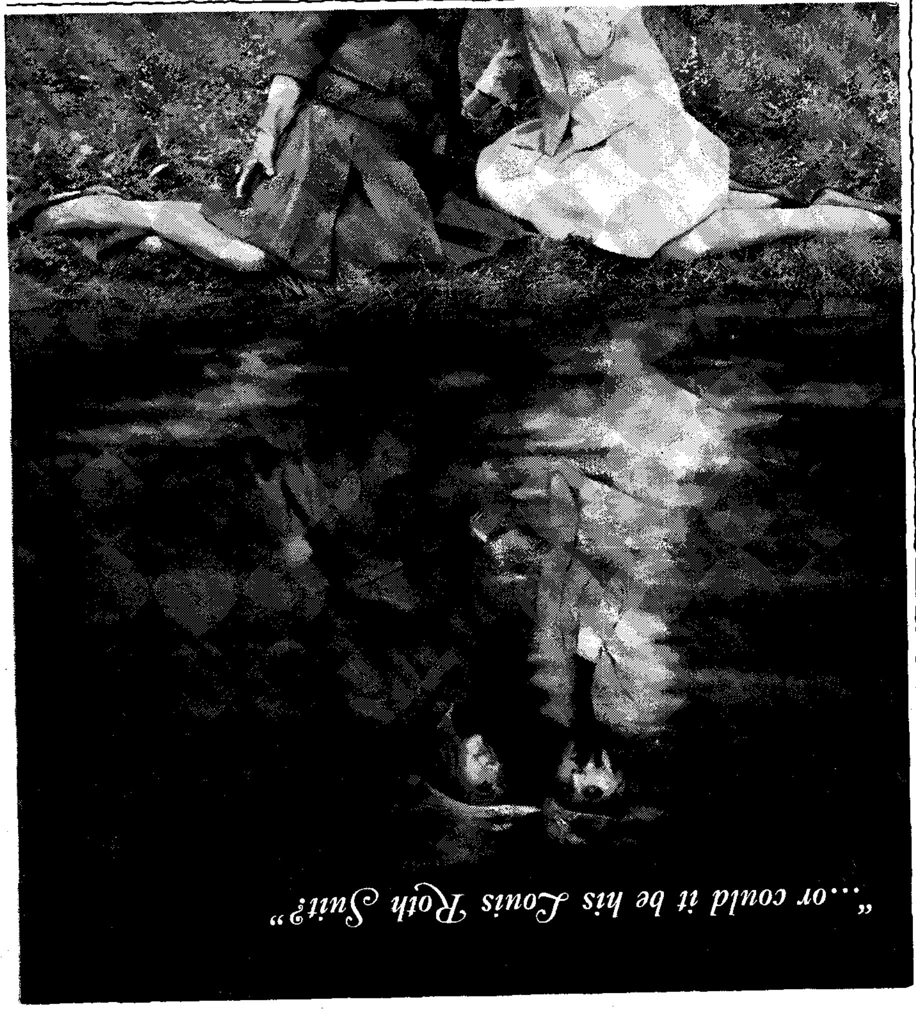
"...or could it be his Louis Roth Suit?"

to pacify the doubters; his disgust with the tendency of modern life, familiar to readers of his editorials, made him all the more credible as a forecaster—an optimist they would not have relied on. In the same way, the whole community, including the children, trusted him as a weather prophet because he distrusted the weather.

Just then, down the marble walk under the grape arbor, came the Irish poet Frank O’Hare. He was a big pale deep-chested man with a fringe of gray hair, the night owl of Porto Quaglia; he rented a house from a fisherman, never swam or sunned, and was seldom seen in daylight, though he was generally dressed only in bathing trunks, as he was now. To see him saunter down the walk in broad afternoon was a sign of trouble, as though an evening bat had flitted across the palm trees; if he came by day, it was to “have a word” with Dr. Bernheim, and everyone now jumped to the conclusion that his pregnant wife or one of his five children must be “under the weather” again. But he wore a large smile and carried a chessboard. “I’ve come for a game with Arturo,” he explained, shaking hands all around and accepting a glass of whiskey, which Hélène had run into the house to procure. O’Hare was the chess champion of Porto Quaglia—a title he held from having beaten Hélène’s father three out of five at the end of the previous summer. This was only his second year at Porto Quaglia; he spoke no French and hardly a word of Italian, but he was extremely sociable and knew all the gossip of the village, which he picked up at the “pub” over a glass of beer (he did not drink wine) and from his private sources among the fishermen and maids. “Have ye heard the news?” he said now, and at once everyone guessed that this was the reason for his visit. “The Germans have discovered Porto Quaglia.”

A long cry of dismay went up in the garden. O’Hare raised a hand to hush it. This morning, he went on, folding his arms, he had gone into Sarzana to get some medicine for Sean, whose foot was infected again (“I’d like a word with you later, if I may, Doctor.” “*Papa*—” “*Oui, ma fille, j’ai compris*”), and while he was there he had stopped in at the travel agency, where they sold the bus tickets, to pass the time of day. There he had found a young German pair inquiring for a purse the girl had left on a bus from La Spezia; the long and short of it was that he had acted as translator for them (the boy had a little English) and had asked them, by

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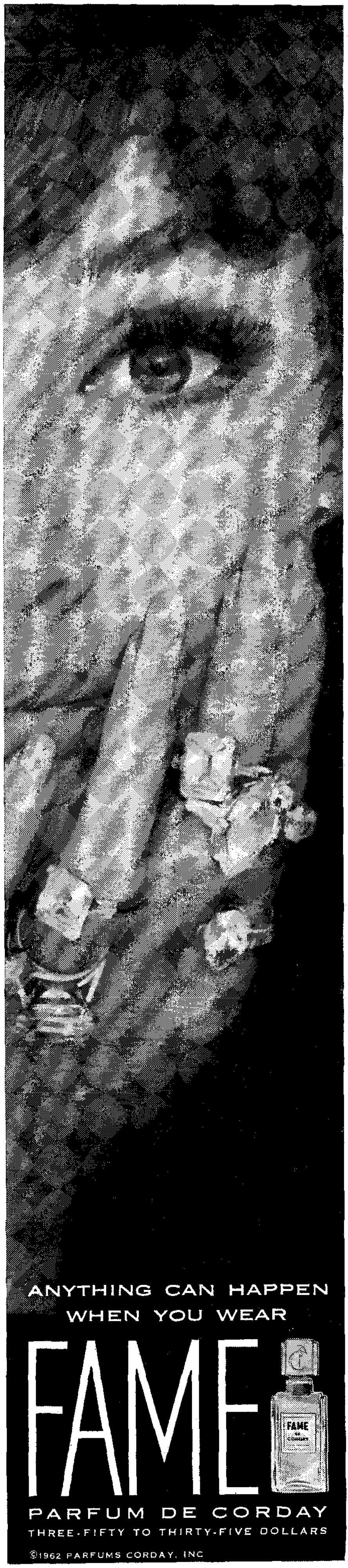

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the bye, what they were doing in Sarzana. They told him that a tourist bureau in Frankfurt had recommended Porto Quaglia.

"*Oh, là là!*" said Arturo Buonsanti. "*Oh, là là!*" said the engineer. "*Oh, là là!*" cried all the children.

"*Qu'est-ce qui se passe?*" called a woman's voice with an American accent from the balcony above.

"*C'est les allemands, Elisabeth!*" shouted the children. "*Ils sont à Sarzana. Ils ont découvert Porto Quaglia.*" A shriek answered.

The Buonsantis' cook, Anna, rushed out from the kitchen. "*Cosa, signora? Cosa?*"

"*I tedeschi, Anna,*" said Hélène. "*Son arrivati qui.*"

Anna shielded her eyes and peered out to the street, along the green tunnel of the arbor. "*Dove? Dove sono, professore?*" She turned to Arturo. "*All' albergo?*"

Arturo reassured her. "*Non è vero, Anna. Almeno è un po' esagerato.*" But he too, behind his smile, was very much taken aback. "*Oh, là là!*" he repeated to himself.

Down the outside staircase trooped the families who rented the second-story apartments—Mme. Brée, wakened from her after-lunch nap, was wearing a frilly cotton dressing gown, and her children's hair was tousled. Fat Margherita from the house next door, who took boarders, appeared in a parting of the hedge; from the house behind, young Dr. Livio, from Rome, came buttoning his white shirt. Little Anne, the engineer's youngest, hopped on a bicycle to go tell her friend Suzanne down the street. O'Hare stood clasping an oar and embroidering the tale for the group clustered around him while Hélène and Elisabeth, the American, acted as interpreters.

"You'd think it was an air-raid alarm," said Mike, guffawing.

"They were here in these hills," replied the professor of history, chidingly. He nodded his head at the green hills behind the house. "In '44. Fighting the Partisans, who were hiding in the woods on Monte Morello. Anna remembers."

"That was a tragedy," said the Roman editor. "This is farce."

Mike's wife interrupted. "Those people in Sarzana—were they West Germans or East Germans?" "West, of course," said the editor irritably. "They are from Frankfurt." "I don't think we should be prejudiced against the West Germans," declared Irene in a virtuous tone.

"I quite agree," said the British law-

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yer. "I bear no prejudice against the present generation of Germans—West *or* East. I loathe prejudice of any kind. As I loathe blood sports. That's the thing I hold against your lamented compatriot, Hemingway—" "Sh-h-h," Mike said to him. "I want to hear this."

"They won't be coming here after all," O'Hare was saying. "They'll wait for the purse to turn up and then go on to Pisa."

The lawyer frowned suspiciously, hearing a note of mischief in the poet's bland tone. "What did you tell them about Porto Quaglia?"

O'Hare grinned. "Well, I painted the picture a bit black, you might say. They asked about the bathing, and of course I was bound to tell them that I'd been here a month and hadn't had a bathe yet. Not so much as a sunbathe." A gleeful laugh rang out. The Irishman's white torso and limbs were not a testimonial to Porto Quaglia as a summer resort, and the others began to joke about posting him at the *bivio* as a deterrent, like a quarantine sign.

"Very funny," said the editor tartly. "It would be very amusing no doubt to see O'Hare turning back the Huns. A Ste.-Geneviève at the gates of Paris—perhaps our poet can be canonized. But it is not a joke, what he has told us. Porto Quaglia is on a tourist map of Italy published in Germany as a vacation guide!"

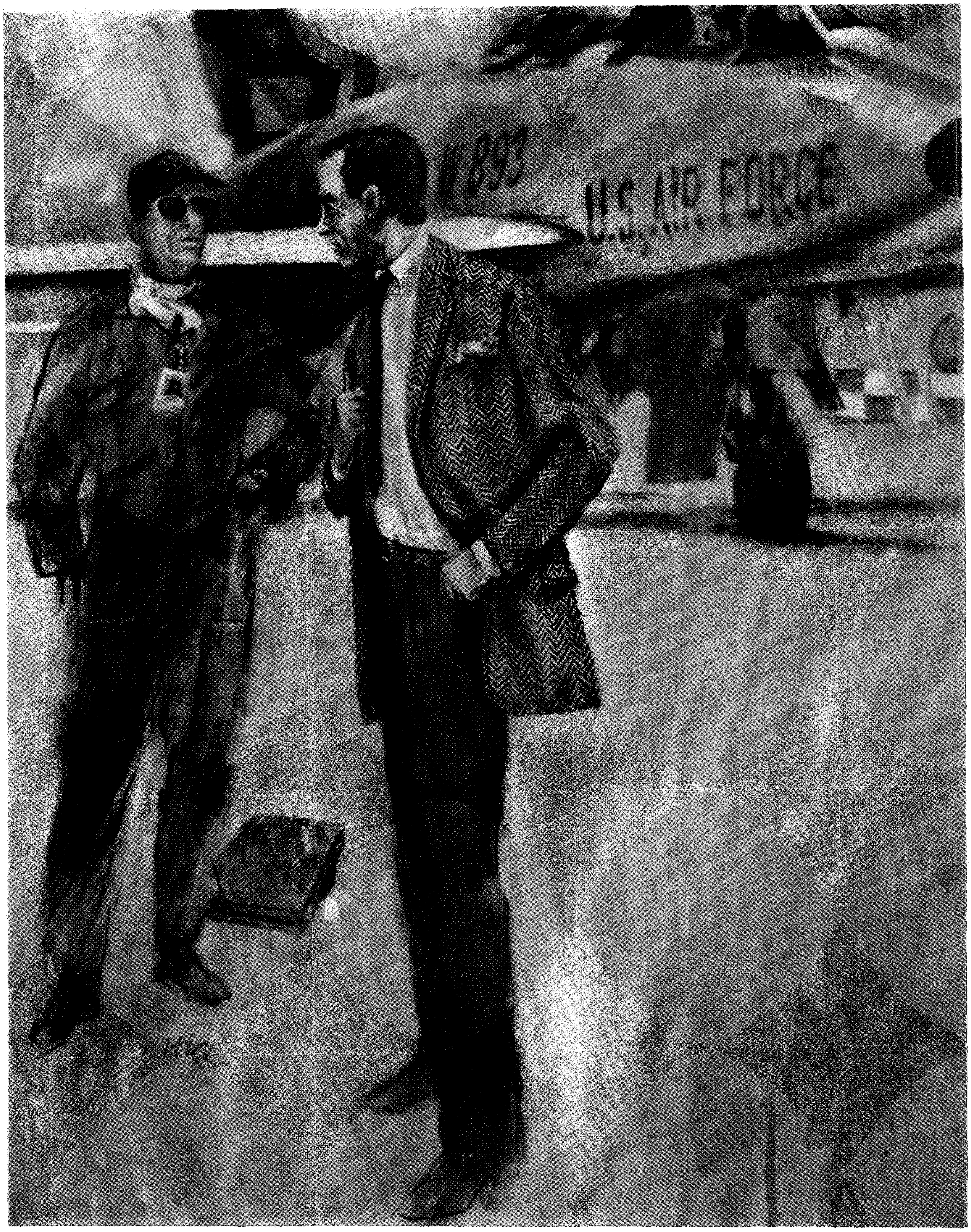
The poet nodded. "I saw it. With my own two eyes. Porto Quaglia is there, big as life, with a star."

"But how?" cried the pretty girl, who was the daughter of the history professor. "It is not even on the Esso map. How did the Germans find out about it?"

"They have their ways," said her father darkly, at which everyone burst out laughing.

"*Ils ont leurs espions!*" cried the children delightedly.

And now it was remembered that a pair of fat middle-aged blond strangers had been seen one day the previous summer on the marble rocks at Rocca Bianca, but though they had been heard to speak German, they had been given the benefit of the doubt, for they might have been refugees. And only a few weeks before, Anna the cook had brought the news that Germans had been reported in the new Camping at the *bivio*. But two possible Germans on the rocks, two more in a Camping had not been seen as significant; now these isolated cases suddenly "made sense," like the first seemingly unrelated deaths in what would prove to be the outbreak



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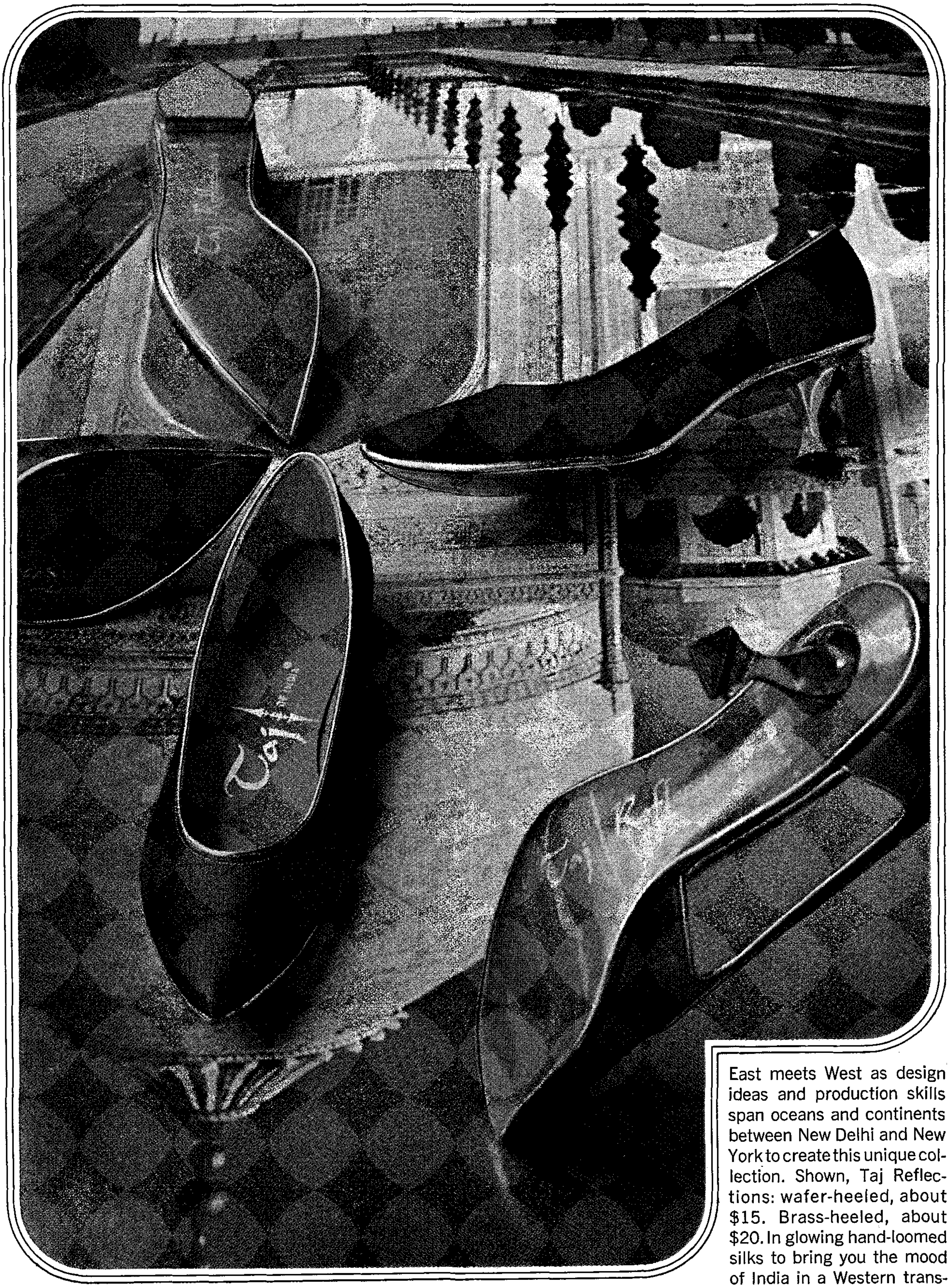
—ENGLISH TRAVELLER'S DIARY



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of an epidemic. There had always (that is, for several years) been Germans across the river, which the poet had one night fancifully compared to the Rhine, with the Germans on one side and the French on the other. But now, it seemed, scouts had crossed the frontier, and an invasion was beginning against which Porto Quaglia was defenseless. The French would be mowed down as by a Panzer division. The local inconveniences that had protected Porto Quaglia from prosperous Italians and Americans would make no difference to the Germans, who never seemed to take baths while travelling and were not particular about iced drinks. Porto Quaglia, in fact, would yield without a murmur to the German soul, which vacationed with quotation marks in its rucksack ready to fasten around "*ein kleines Fischerdorf*."

"*Ja, ja, wunderschön!*" savagely mimicked François in his cracking voice, hoarse as a crow's from the onset of puberty.

The grownups nodded. They agreed that it was just a question of time till the dread signs "*Zimmer*" would be posted outside the homes of the simple fisherfolk of Porto Quaglia. "*Zimmer und Frühstück*," "*Lebensmittel*"—they had seen these signs move up the coast, as though the Angel of Death had passed by marking the villages, one by one, for liquidation.

Mike's wife spoke up. "I think you're setting your kids a very bad example. You should teach them to judge Germans as individuals." Hélène whirled around. "Do they come here as individuals or as a mass? With a map from headquarters like an army? Do you meet German tourists as individuals or in busloads?"

"*Écoute, Hélène*," chided her husband. "*Frank vient de rencontrer deux individus à Sarzana.*"

"The first swallows, though," observed O'Hare. "We've got them in Killarney—all the old Nazi boyos. The new landed gentry. Hitler's chief of protocol. They've closed off the beaches to the Irish poor."

"*Tu vois?*" exclaimed Hélène. "*Franchement, je les déteste*," said the engineer's wife calmly. "If Germans come here, I will not come back."

"Do you mean that seriously?" asked Mike. "You mean if one German comes here you won't come back? Supposing Mayor Brandt comes here next year for his vacation?"

"*Soyez sérieux, Mike*," interposed Arturo. "Mayor Brandt is not the question. *Vous le savez bien. Nous*

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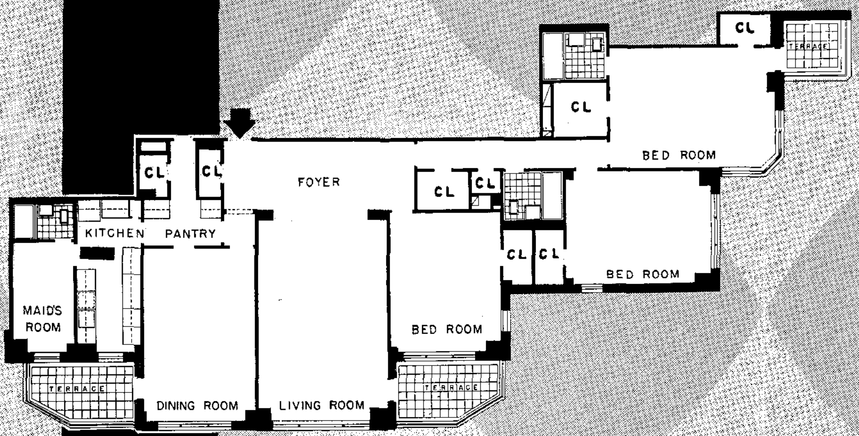

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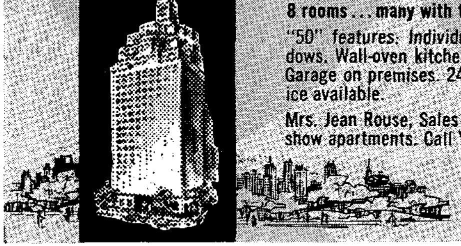

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parlons du touriste moyen. The ordinary tourist."

"Let them go to Pisa!" burst out Hélène. "Let them go to Florence! *Là il y a l'histoire, les monuments! L'histoire, les monuments appartiennent à tout le monde.* To everybody. *Mais Porto Quaglia nous appartient à nous.*"

"So it belongs to you. How interesting," said the British lawyer in a courtroom manner. "I should think it belonged to the fishing people."

"It belongs to the fishing people first," said Hélène. "Next it belongs to us." "By what right?" said the lawyer. "By the right of use," said Hélène. "Is that not a right in English law? We have been coming here now for ten years; our children have grown up here. We have rights here; we belong here. Why should Germans come and push us aside? As they do always in queues. I have seen them in Paris. Because I am small, they try to push me aside."

"You should see them in Killarney," eagerly put in the poet, and everyone began to recount some personal experience of German effrontery.

The lawyer raised his voice. "And if the fishing people want their trade? Will you forbid Pierino or Romeo to take them to Rocca Bianca? Perhaps you'd like to institute some racial laws here to prevent that?" "Hear, hear!" said Irene.

Hélène raised her small tanned face anxiously to her tall husband. "*Aide-moi, Arturo.*"

"*Il a raison, Hélène,*" Arturo said mildly. "*Sur le plan légal.*"

"Hell," said Mike suddenly. "Can't Hélène say what she thinks about German tourists without being attacked as a racist? I'm on her side. Lafayette, we are here!" He laughed at his own weak joke to break the tension.

Spots of color appeared in the Englishman's cheeks; he and Mike were not congenial, having already had disputes about prizefights and the execution of Caryl Chessman. "And what about the Americans?" he said to Hélène in a trembling voice. "Personally, if we must speak in these terms, I prefer the Germans to the Americans."

"No!" said Hélène, with violence. "The Americans do not come where they are not wanted. They are more sensitive, even the worst. They go where there are other Americans. To Harry's Bar."

"What they do as tourists doesn't interest me," retorted the lawyer. "Unlike you, Mme. Buonsanti, I try to think politically. On that level, I can assure

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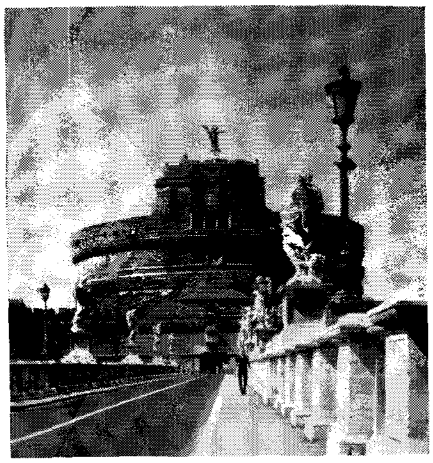

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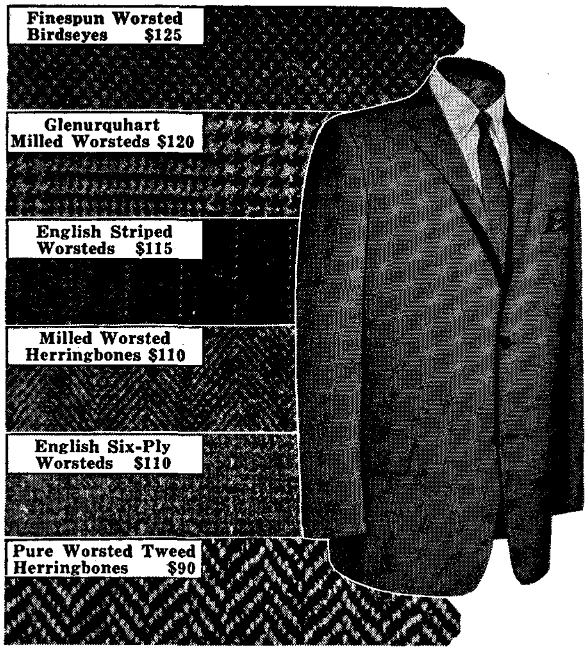

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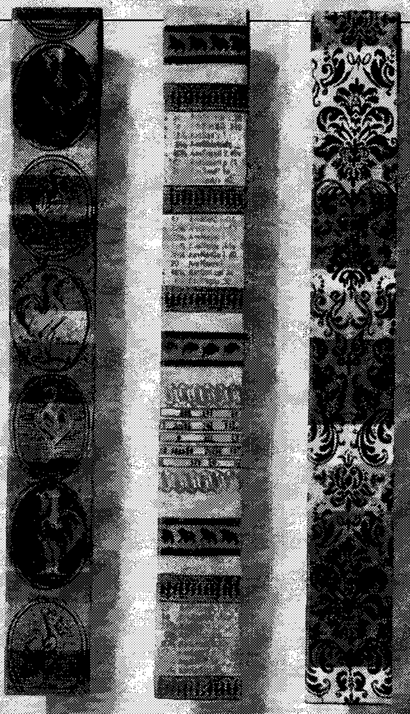

the life that holds no surprises: probably holds no roosters.

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you, the Americans are not wanted in Europe. I can't speak for the keepers of public houses, but I can promise you that the English people don't want the sensitive Americans with their nuclear toys. Nor the Scots, nor the French, nor the Italians, nor even the Germans—if their governments consulted them. 'Go home, Yankee,' is what the Europeans really feel. Try talking to the fishing people here. If your American friends"—he glanced around him—"were sensitive, they'd clear out. No wonder the Germans are welcomed by the plain folk. At least there are no German military bases outside Germany!"

Irene was the first to speak. "You can thank the Americans for that!" "I prefer to thank the Russians," said the lawyer.

"You are so rude," said Hélène, wheeling on him, "that I would think you were probably a German. You look like a German." Her blazing eyes surveyed his mountain-climbing costume. "I do not believe you are an Englishman."

"*Ma fille*," said her father warningly. "*Calme-toi*." And he rose, small and peaceable in his open-throated tan sports shirt, to put his arm around her and lead her to a chair. As he did so, they all saw the blue tattoo, like a laundry mark, on his plump sunburned forearm: his number at Auschwitz. Everyone drew a sharp breath. Nearly all of them had at least glimpsed it before—on the White Rock, while the doctor lay sunning, at table, during a chess session. But generally they tried not to look at it, even the smaller children, out of courtesy to the doctor, as if it were a deformity, and the doctor himself made this easier by his habitual meditative posture, chin sunk, arms folded on his lap. Now they stared at the number, at the lawyer, at Hélène.

"Here," said the Irish poet suddenly to the children, reaching into the pocket of his bathing trunks. "Go get yourselves ice creams." He treated children to ice creams with the same absent abandon that he treated or tried to treat grownups to drinks. "Have a whiskey" or "Have an ice cream" was his customary greeting, according to age. But the children this time refused to budge; instead, the lawyer turned, picked up his stick, and marched down the walk without speaking.

At once Hélène was remorseful. "*J'ai trop bu à déjeuner*," she confessed.

O'Hare and Arturo began to play chess at one end of the table, while the

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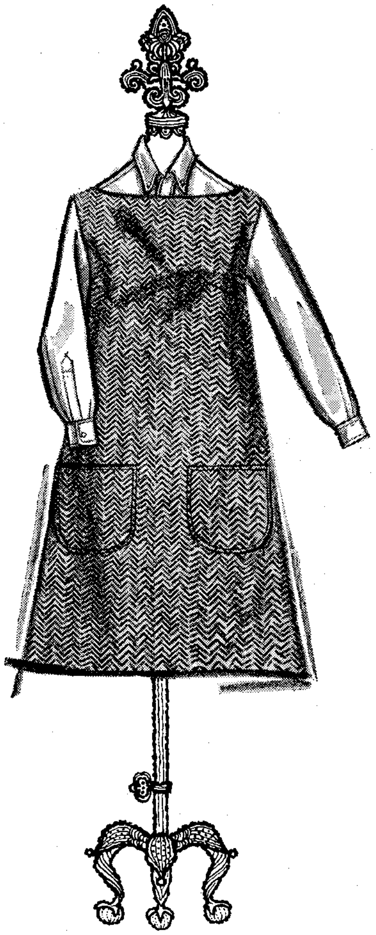

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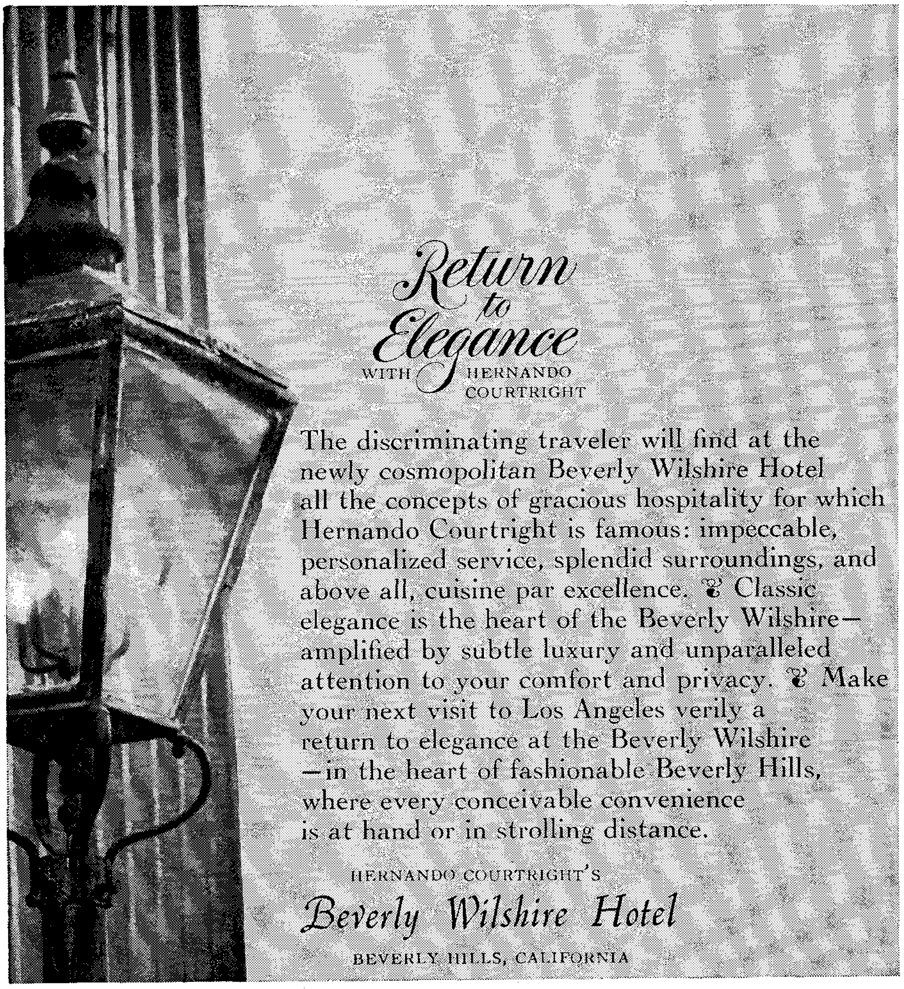

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doctor watched; he had learned the game in Auschwitz. The children lingered round the table, as if feeling cheated at the way the discussion had been terminated by the unexpected appearance of Dr. Bernheim's "number," like a card produced from his sleeve. Everyone was silent, pursuing his own train of thought.

"*Tu l'as fait exprès, Maurice,*" Arturo declared suddenly to his father-in-law, looking up from the board with a chuckle. "He did it on purpose, O'Hare."

"What?" said the poet.

"Showing his number. To help his daughter."

The old man indicated a chess move with a silent finger. "*Peut-être,*" he said imperturbably.

"You know, *maman,*" exclaimed Laure, raising her head, "I think you were right. I think he *is* a German."

"*Mais oui, mais oui!*" shouted François, his eyes sparkling. "*Maman a parfaitement raison!*" And the little boy assured them that the Englishman had paled when the word "spy" was mentioned. "*C'est lui, j'en suis sûr, qui a dénoncé Porto Quaglia aux allemands. Il a pâli, comme ça.*" He gave a wild start, shuddered, and tried to make his small brown face blanch. The other children watched this performance agog. The adults, impressed for a minute by the boy's conviction, quickly regained their balance. "*Mais non, mais non!*" they cried soothingly.

"It's just that he doesn't like Americans, François," Mike explained. "You can understand that, can't you?" And he made a funny face. "He thinks they eat with their atom bombs on the table."

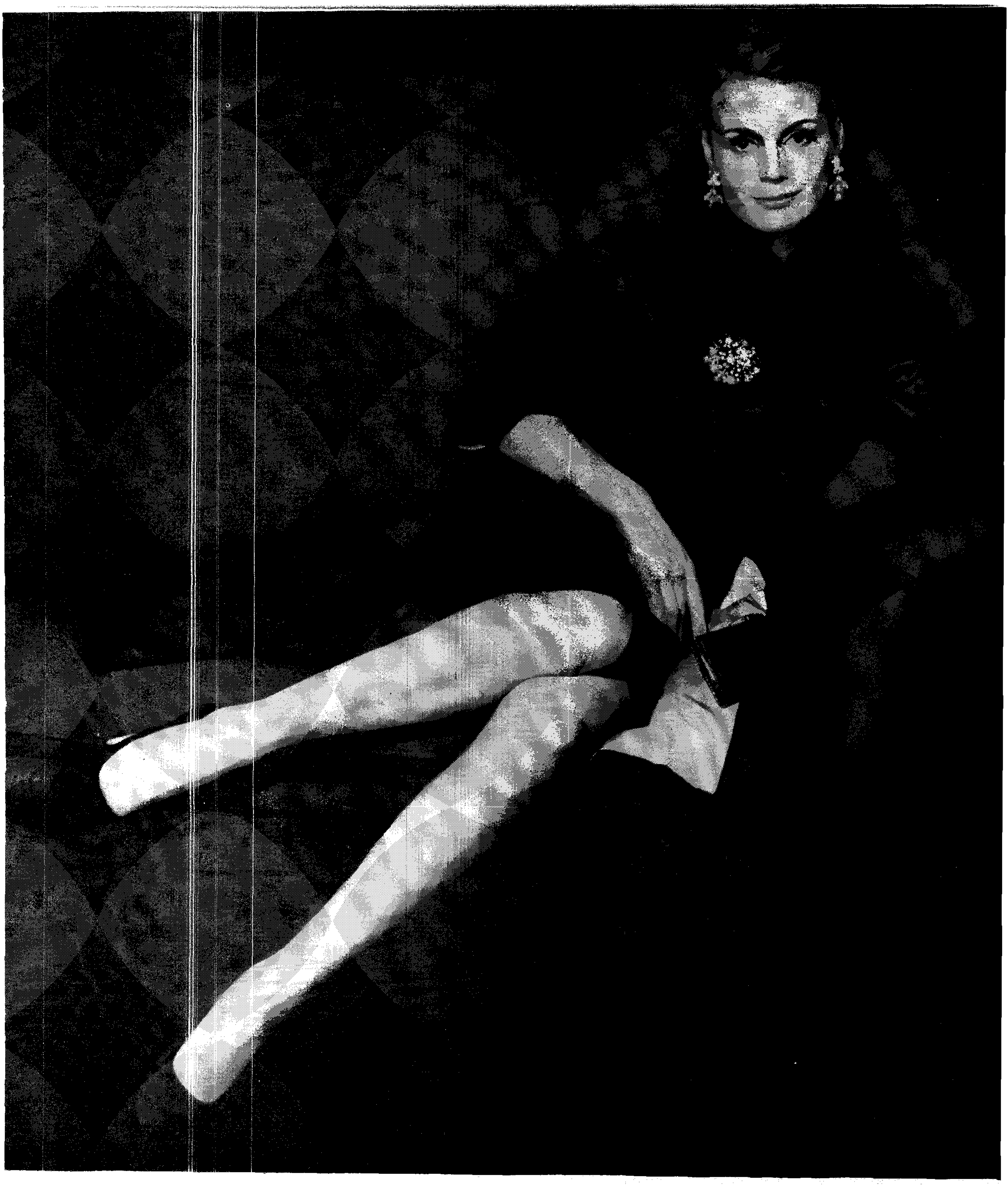
"What are you trying to cover up?" demanded Irene. "François is old enough to know that that man's a Communist!"

The "French" protruded their lower lips and doubtfully shrugged their brows; Arturo glanced up from the chessboard. "*Je ne crois pas,*" he said soberly.

"*La Voix de la Raison a parlé,*" announced the editor, clapping his friend on the shoulder.

"*Mais en tout cas ce n'est pas une injure,*" mildly pursued Arturo. And the others began to argue as to whether it was an insult to call a person a Communist.

"Anyway, he's not a Communist, honey," said Mike, intervening. "It's not that simple. He's an overexcited unilateral disarmer." "But why should that make him pro-German?" someone demanded. "*Mais il n'était pas*



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pro-allemand," objected someone else.

The Irishman had been concentrating on the chessboard, ignoring the conversation. He captured a rook with his knight. "I'll tell ye what it is," he said abruptly, tilting back in his chair. "This fellow is a German who passed for English during the war years in England to keep on the good side of his neighbors. Get him to show ye his passport. I'll wager he was born in Hamburg."

"*C'est plutôt un juif allemand qui s'est fait anglais*," murmured the doctor. "*Mais tu es fou, papa!*" cried Hélène.

"*Favole!*" said the editor. "You are telling each other fairy stories. The truth is simple. This Englishman would like to be unprejudiced, but he is not, unfortunately. Hélène would like to be prejudiced, but she is not, fortunately." He rose to leave. "Meanwhile," he added, with a grimace, "the real Germans are advancing." Mike and Irene rose too.

Irene approached Hélène. "I'm sorry I attacked you about the Germans coming here. I forgot about your father."

Hélène started to reply hotly, "*Ce n'est pas à cause de mon père*," but then she gave it up, realizing that she could not explain in English to Irene what she felt toward these new Germans, and that if she were able to explain it in French, Irene would not understand. "*Merci*," she said simply, instead.

THE summer, after this, was not the same. The only immediate consequence was that for a few days Hélène and the English lawyer stopped speaking when they met. But Hélène would not allow this to continue, for it would have ended in the creation of factions. There had never been factions in Porto Quaglia, and Hélène, therefore, when the time came, invited the lawyer and his family as usual to François' birthday party—the great social event of the season, for which cakes were baked in Parma and sent over the mountains by bus. The English accepted, and the quarrel was patched up.

The party was just like the parties of other years, except that it was too much like them—too defiant of change. The littlest girls dressed up in costumes representing, this year, the great sirens—the Queen of Sheba, Cleopatra, the Lorelei, Brigitte Bardot—and were made up by one of the painters; François shinned up a palm tree; everyone came, old and young, maids and nurses. As usual, the first goodbyes of the season

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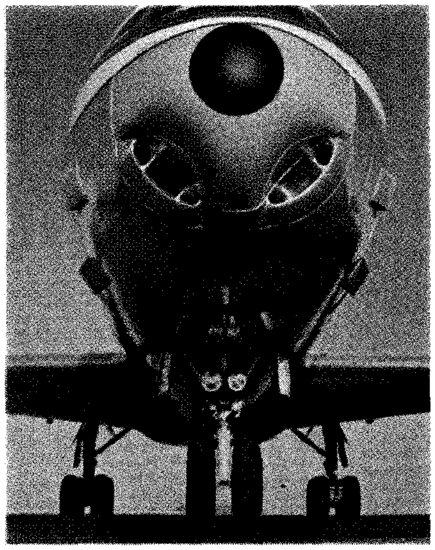

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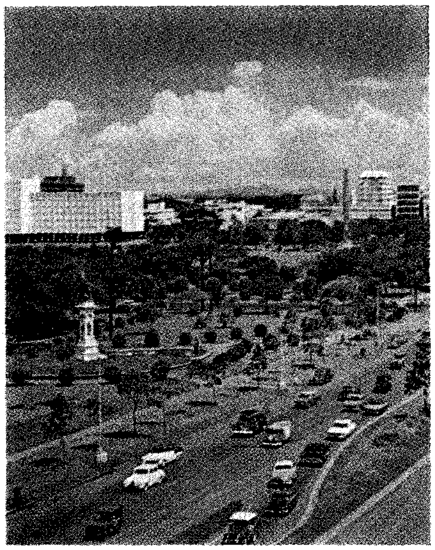

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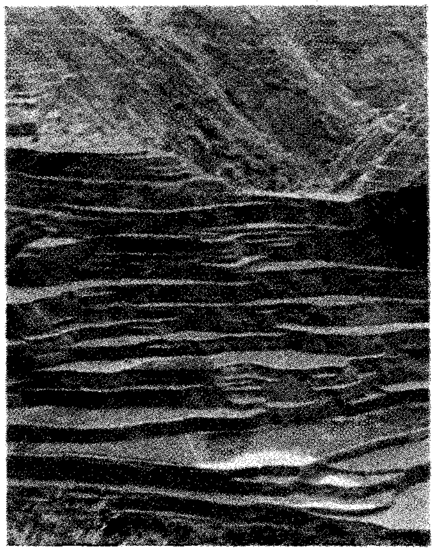

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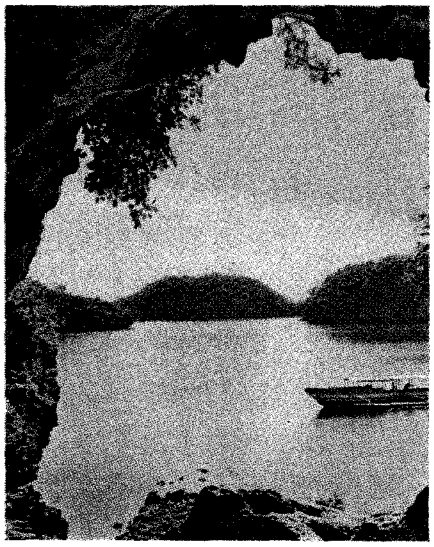

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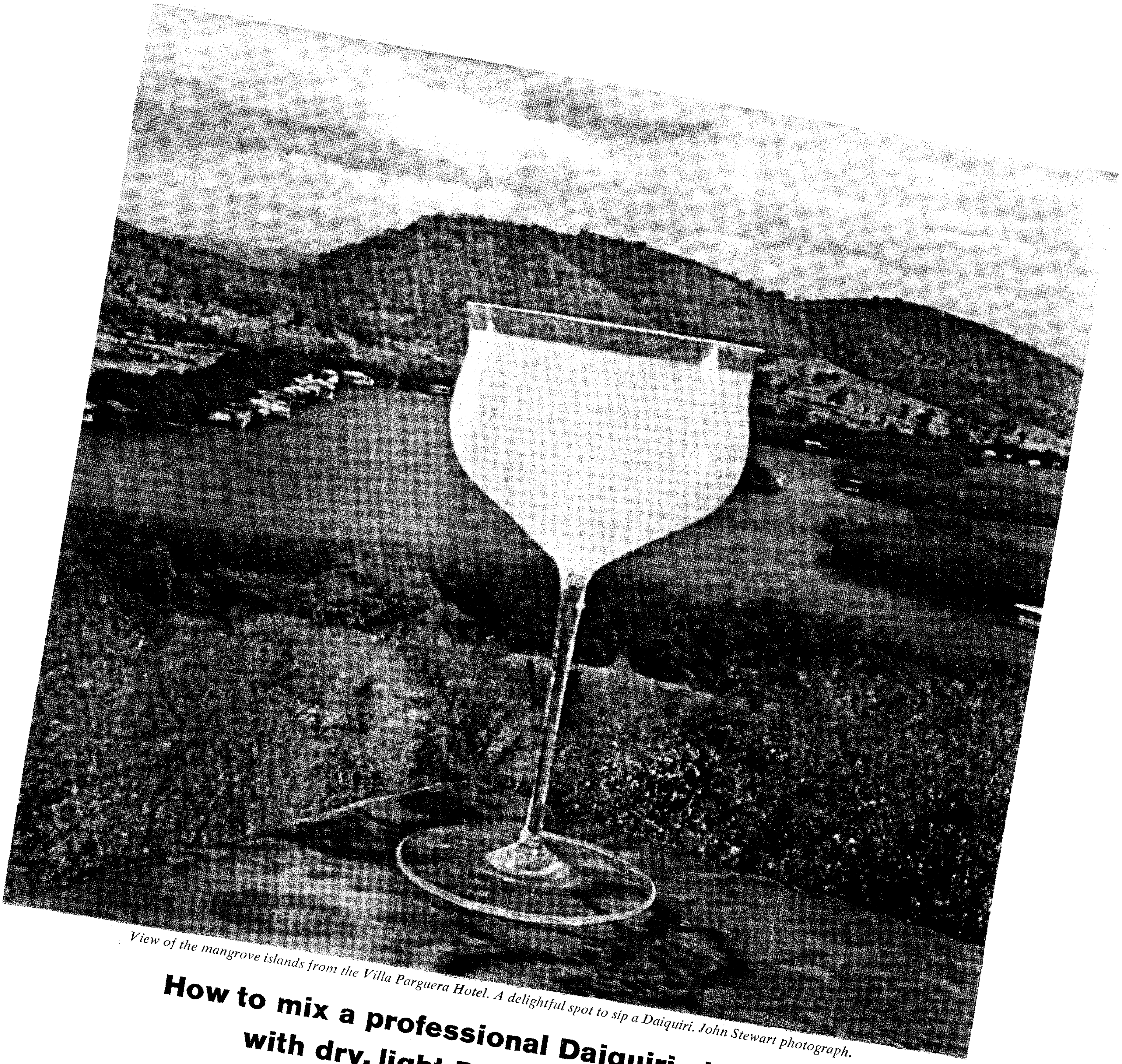


View of the mangrove islands from the Villa Parguera Hotel. A delightful spot to sip a Daiquiri. John Stewart photograph.

How to mix a professional Daiquiri at home with dry, light Puerto Rican rum

—a tip from the Daiquiri experts at Puerto Rico's Villa Parguera Hotel

"ANYONE can make a *professional* Daiquiri on the first try," say the experts. "But you must use Puerto Rican rum.

"You see, a perfect Daiquiri is a *dry* Daiquiri. And only Puerto Rican rums are distilled at high proof for *maximum* dryness, then aged in oak. It's the law."

Now, mixing a Daiquiri is simplicity itself. You can do it *in 30 seconds flat.* All you need, besides Puerto Rican rum, is Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix.

This new mix saves you the time and bother of squeezing limes. And its 100 percent pure tropical lime juice gives you *true* Daiquiri flavor.

Become a Daiquiri expert yourself. Just follow the simple recipe below.

30-second recipe: ½ oz. Daiquiri Mix, 1½ oz. of white Puerto Rican rum in shaker filled with cracked ice. Shake 15-20 seconds and serve in chilled cocktail glass. NOTE: If Daiquiri Mix isn't available in your area, use ½ oz. of fresh lime juice plus scant tsp. of sugar.

ISLAND INN
Daiquiri
MIX

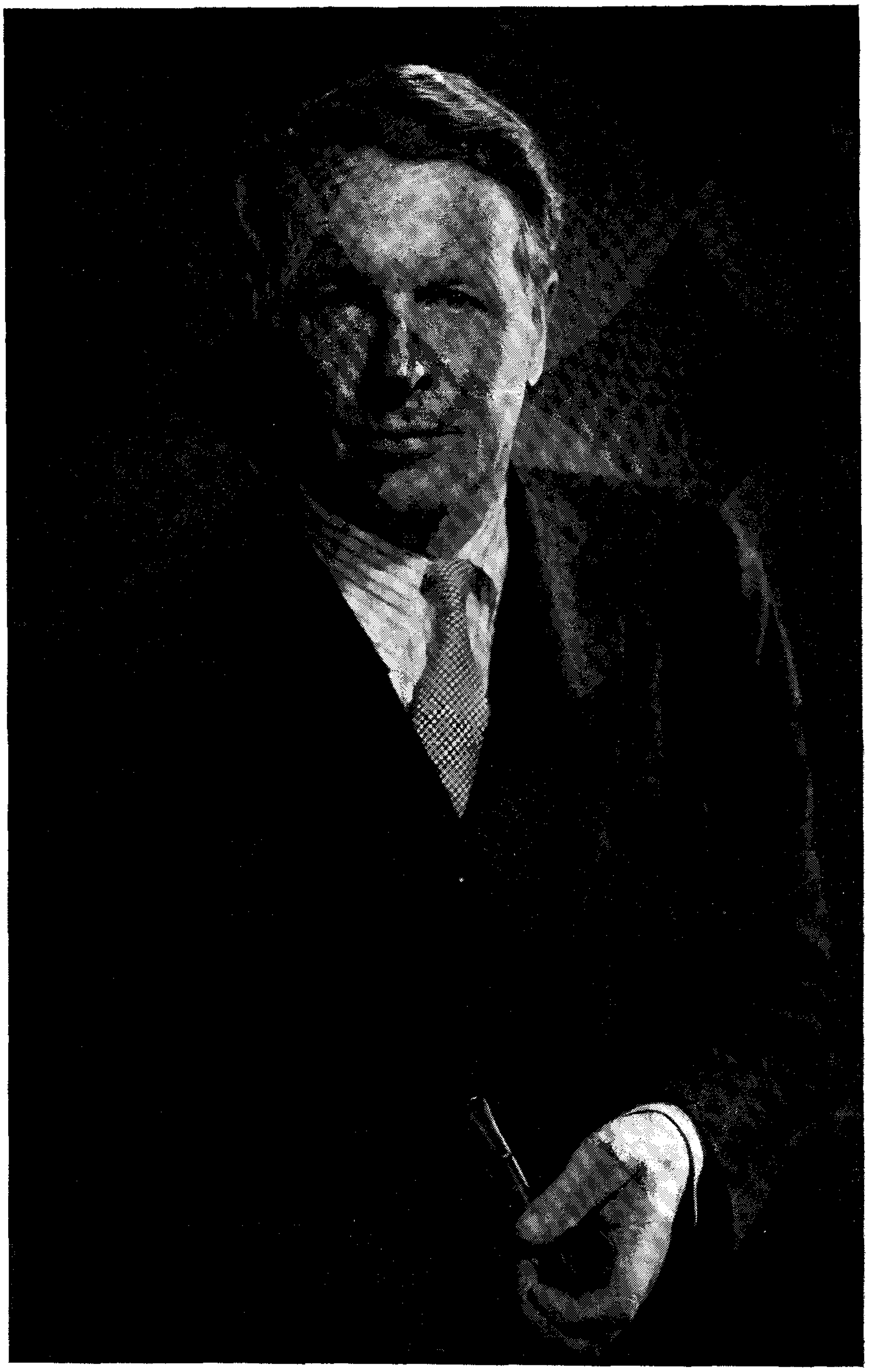
NEW: Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix—for foolproof Daiquiris in 30 seconds. At food or liquor stores. Daiquiri Mix is distributed by Wilbur-Ellis Co., 800 Second Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

FREE: 20-page color booklet with 31 rum recipes. Write: Puerto Rico Rum Recipe Booklet, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 19.

were said, for François' party was in the middle of August—after that, traditionally, the first departures took place. Yet the fact was these gay promises—"See you next year," "*All' anno prossimo*," "*À bientôt*"—were tinged this year with uncertainty, wan like the flickering light of the Chinese lanterns hung from the trumpet vines and fir trees. Everyone looked at everyone else, wondering which would be the defector, which family would send postcards next year with "*auguri*" for François and love to everyone from Provence or Elba.

From the day of O'Hare's discovery, the "French" had been living in a state of apprehension, which they tried not to show to each other. The blue buses that came nearly every hour from Sarzana and La Spezia were covertly watched, and no one went into Sarzana without casting a supervisory glance over the main square, to note what strangers were about. At the sound of an unfamiliar horn along the road, walkers would stop to listen anxiously, expecting a big German tourist bus to appear around the next curve. The yearly expedition to Portovenere, which included a swim from the boat in a blue grotto and lunch outdoors on an island under a tree with a swing, was repeatedly postponed on various excuses, as though the "French" were afraid to leave Porto Quaglia unguarded, lest they come back and find it violated. None of these actions was planned; no one watched on purpose stationed in the café. It was just that now automatically even the chess players glanced up at the sound of a car or a bus braking, whereas before nobody had paid any attention unless waiting for a friend or a package. The effect of the alert was most noticeable on the children, who roamed about the village in bands, were reluctant to go blackberrying on Monte Morello, and swam in expeditionary forces beyond Raven Point to reconnoitre the coves and grottoes. As if enlisted by this *esprit de corps*, Mike and his wife had stayed on.

The only person not privately on the watch for Germans was their herald, O'Hare, who again was invisible in the daytime and was said to be writing a verse play on Marlowe and the School of Night. And at night peace returned to Porto Quaglia. Just before dusk the old ladies, mothers of the Italians among the "French," appeared on the road, walking with sticks, in pairs or leaning on the arm of a servant or a daughter-in-law. The emergence of *le mamme*, white-haired, talcum-dusted, woolly-shawled,



David Ogilvy, Chairman of the Board, Ogilvy, Benson and Mather, Inc.

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Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
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(Advertisement)

what no eiffel tower?

No.

Isn't the picture called In The French Style?

Yes.

And doesn't it take place in Paris?

For the most part, yes.

And still *no Eiffel Tower?*

Still.

Are you sure?

Absolutely.

Why not?

Do you go to the movies?

From time to time.

Have you seen any pictures with Paris as a background?

Too many.

Aren't you tired of the Eiffel Tower?

Frankly, yes.

Aren't you tired of a lot of other things that you've seen over and over again in movies about Paris?

Fervently. After the first ten minutes, I turn to my wife and say, "Here comes the old oo, la, la, again."

Now, do you understand why there's no Eiffel Tower in our movie?

I begin to see your point.

Are you interested in knowing what other things are *not* in our movie?

Yes. What else will not be on the screen when I go to see In The French Style? How about the Seine, for example?

We have a confession to make. You *will* see the Seine. We would have liked to spare you this, but because of the way the Seine winds through Paris, it is almost impossible to avoid showing it *somewhere* during the course of nearly two hours of film.

Aha!

Don't Aha us. You may see the Seine, but among the things you will *not* see are Sacre Coeur, or the steep rows of steps in Montmartre or lovers walking hand-in-hand along the river.

Bully for you! Do go on.

There are several other novelties in our movie. For example, there is not a single fountain, either lit or unlit, in all eleven reels, and there is no shot of Maxim's, and not a single frame of film of the Place de la Concorde.

That I must see with my own eyes.

We sincerely hope you will.

Anything else?

Yes. There are no charming *flics* in the movie. There is one policeman in our film and he looks dour and menacing in the five seconds he is on screen.

Bully for you again!

What's more, search as you may, you will not find a single beret in our film and there is no Frenchman who suffers from what might be called the Nancy Mitford syndrome—suffocating with charm. The Frenchmen in the film are, we're afraid, less charming than the Americans and Englishmen in the film.

How could you do such a thing?

Because the story demanded it.

What a strange way to make movies.

This is the first movie Mr. Shaw, who wrote the screenplay, and Mr. Parrish, who directed it, have produced, so they still have the blind courage of amateurs.

Even so, you must have done something *wrong.*

We are mortal. We did.

Aha, again.

We hesitate to tell you this, but we're afraid we must. The Arch of Triumph is at one moment seen in the distance.

I knew it, instinctively.

But it is seen only briefly, at the finish of the picture. You can be standing up and putting on your coat while it is on the screen.

Thank you for the warning.

Don't go yet. We've been saving the most brilliant omission for last.

I'm all ears. My wife, too, is all ears. What is it?

Against dreadful odds, we have managed to keep the Place de Furstenberg out of the picture.

By Jove!

Now that we've told you what is *not* in the picture, are you interested in hearing what is *in* the picture?

Only academically. I'm wild with impatience to see the picture purely on the basis of the omissions you have mentioned. Still, if it gives you pleasure, do *tell me what's in it.*

Jean Seberg.

Is that good?

Incomparable. She has become one of the most beautiful women anybody has ever seen and her talent has flowered so that her performance matches her

(continued on next page)

Columbia
Pictures presents
a Casanna Films production
Jean Seberg / Stanley Baker
IN THE FRENCH STYLE
with ADDISON POWELL, JACK HEDLEY
JAMES HERLIHY, PHILIPPE FORQUET
Screenplay by IRWIN SHAW
Produced by
IRWIN SHAW & ROBERT PARRISH
Directed by ROBERT PARRISH

(*Advertisement*)

(Advt. continued from preceding page)
beauty. She is in turn childish, womanly, funny, pathetic, clever, artful, poignant...
I think I understand what your feelings are about Miss Seberg. What else?
Stanley Baker. He is very highly regarded in England and we are certain he will be highly regarded here once the picture opens.
Will I laugh when I see In The French Style?
Uproariously.
My wife cried when she read the story several years ago in this magazine. Will she cry at the film?
Guaranteed. And you, too.
What kind of story is it?
A love story.
Is that possible, in this day and age?
We think so.
Where and when can I see this curious piece of work?
At the Baronet Theatre on Third Ave. and at the Victoria Theatre on Broadway, anytime from September nineteenth on.
I only go to the movies once a month. I was thinking of taking my wife to see Cleopatra. I understand it's almost twice as long as your film. And in color.
Call us up and tell us how you liked it.
We're too busy to take the time to see it.
We're working on another picture.
What's the title of your movie, again?
In The French Style.
A Columbia Picture.
Ah.

like soft, powdery moths heading for the café, was the sign that traffic had stilled and Porto Quaglia was safe for the night; the buses had stopped running, and few cars passed. Across the river, the last rays of the sun, already hidden from the village behind Monte Morello, touched the windows of the golden hill towns, which sparkled and beaconed like fireflies or as though they had been turned into quartz or mica embedded in the green hills. After this, O'Hare, the owl, cruised into the café.

At night Mamma Nature took possession of Porto Quaglia. After supper the children thronged up and down the waterfront picking out the stars, which seemed very near and bright. Sometimes the poet would join them in front of the café and teach them the English names—a game that caused much laughter, incredulity, and wonder. To think that what little Anne's star book called the Great She Bear was known as the Big Dipper to the English, and La Chaise was Cassiopeia's Chair.

"There's Orion's Belt, Frankie," O'Hare would say to François.

"*Ah oui, c'est Le Bâton de Jacob.*"

"Jacob's Rod, is it?"

"*Mais non, c'est Les Trois Rois!*"

"*Mais si,*" Catherine would speak up. "*Le Bâton de Jacob et Les Trois Rois sont la même constellation, n'est-ce pas, Monsieur O'Hare?*"

"Here's a good one," the poet would interject. "Do ye know what the English call Sirius? Orion's Hound." This pleased the children in the same way as penetrating the foreign disguises of the pieces on their fathers' chessboard: was it true, they would ask the poet, that the English called the *fou* the "bishop"? And the Italians called him "*l'alfiere.*" The chessboard had its own constellations, said the Irishman, and the fixed moves of the pieces were like the fixed courses of the stars; it was a very old game—as old as the hills.

When the children had gone to bed, the moonlit village was still, except for the faint sound of dance music coming from across the river, from the restaurant Il Pilota, near the house of Romeo, the boatman. The honky-tonk sound floating across the river seemed bathed in frontier innocence, and the menace of Punta Sabbia, just beyond, was reduced to the melody of an old jazz tune. In former years the "French" would have themselves rowed across on a Friday or a Saturday to dance, but now no one went, not even the young people, but the music still continued, as old as the hills itself, as if nothing had changed.

In the daytime this illusion could not

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be maintained. The sighting of the Germans in Sarzana had served to call attention to a fact that had been half escaping notice: the White Rock was filling up with bathers. Each day there were new ones. Arriving in their boats, the "French" would discern dark figures, tiny in the distance in the white glare of the cliff, which made them look like people in an overexposed photograph; disembarking, the "French" would often find their places preempted: Dr. Bernheim's special shady corner under an overhanging cliff, François' lookout post on the highest rock, Hélène's hollow. Another umbrella would be standing in the crevice where the engineer's wife had always planted hers; in the cave where they were in the habit of changing they would find a fat man asleep or a couple embracing. Romeo, Pierino, and Paolo were continually chugging back and forth with strangers aboard whom they deposited—strangers from no one knew where, since they were not staying at the inn or at either of the two boarding houses. And as if this were not enough, new motorboats and even small cruisers began appearing from the other direction and discharging passengers.

All these people, materializing seemingly from thin air, behaved as if they belonged here, as if they had "always" been coming to the White Rock, which they treated in cursory fashion, like a row of *cabine* with showers. They did not exclaim over the beauty of the spot but at once put on diving masks and flippers and began to swim. Or launched their children in tubes and themselves on surf mattresses. Or slung cameras round their necks and started photographing—"action" shots of a group splashing each other in the water. This matter-of-fact behavior and the way they ignored the "French," who outnumbered them, gave the August mornings the quality of a dream sequence. It was as if the "French" collectively had become invisible; the others crossed by them, climbed over them, talked past them, as if they were not there at all in reality but were only figments of their own imagination. If they spoke, they felt they would be inaudible, like someone trying to shout in a dream, and in fact they became remarkably silent. Only their eyes spoke. Some of the strangers, who for the most part were extremely ugly, brought food with them and ate lunch at midday, scattering grape skins and peach pits and salami rind and crusts of bread on the marble and throwing empty Chinotto bottles into the sea. Large horseflies appeared on the White

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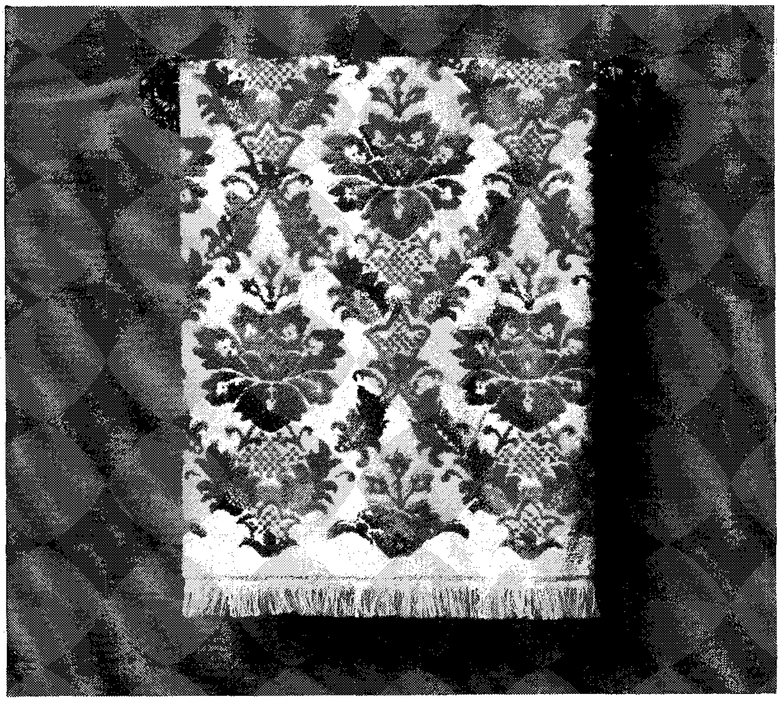

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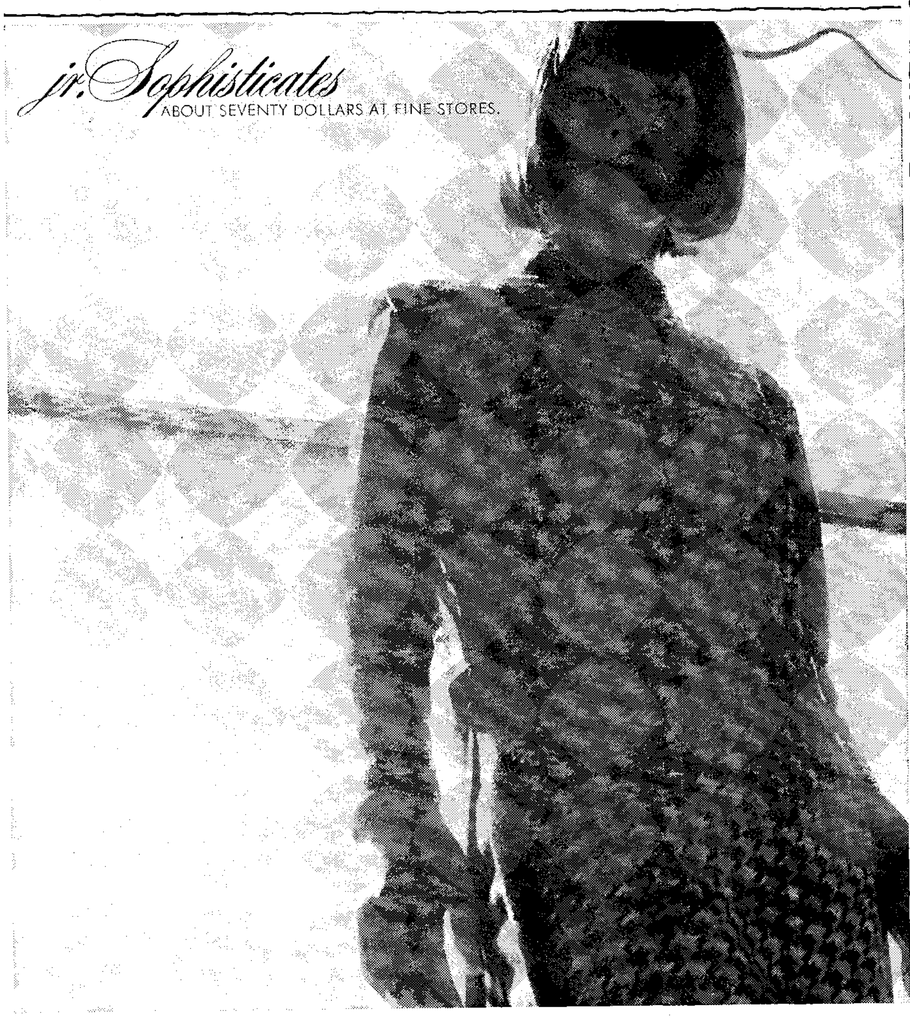

jr. Sophisticates
ABOUT SEVENTY DOLLARS AT FINE STORES.

Rock. On the green water there was an iridescent film of gasoline.

These strangers varied from day to day, but they did not have a marked individuality; rather, they seemed a species whose children, summoned in raucous authoritarian voices, were all named "Umberto" or "Massimo." "They will go away after Ferragosto," the editor prophesied, but the fifteenth of August passed and the shriek "Umberto!" "Massimo!" was still heard on the White Rock like the perpetual crying of gulls.

And one day, at last, Germans came; Romeo had brought them from the Camping at Punta Sabbia. First there were two, then four, then a whole boatload, many of them middle-aged—the men old enough to have been in the S.S. or, to judge them more charitably, to have manned those very pillboxes just around the point that had cowed the area with their artillery till the Americans took Viareggio. Yet now that they were here, in the too too solid flesh, the "French" banished these memories, just as they tried not to look at the number on Dr. Bernheim's arm. In actuality, the Germans from the Camping, it was admitted, were no worse than the invaders who had preceded them; the invaders were all "Germans," in the sense of a foreign species with the power of rapid multiplication, as the invaded were all "French."

But as if to illustrate the complexity of the subject, Irene was accosted one morning toward the end of the month by an Italian crone, the grandmother of some Umberto or Massimo and their little sister (never summoned) Marisa or Silvana. "*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*" said the old woman, seizing Irene by the skirt of her beach gown as she tried to pass on the rocks. And when Irene refused angrily to answer her, she continued to gabble at her in German, eager, no doubt, said the editor, to renew conversations she had enjoyed in the old times with the Nazis. Soon afterward Hélène had a similar wounding experience in the post office when she went to buy stamps. "*Francobolli, per favore,*" she said, pushing her postcards through the window and starting to make a remark about the weather.

"*Per la Germania?*" interrupted the employee. "*Deutschland?*"

Hélène was outraged. The woman had not even troubled to *look* at the postcards. Or at her. They were for France, Hélène pointed out. She was not German; she was the Signora Buonsanti. But the employee, who was new, it seemed, did not recognize her. "*Cento*

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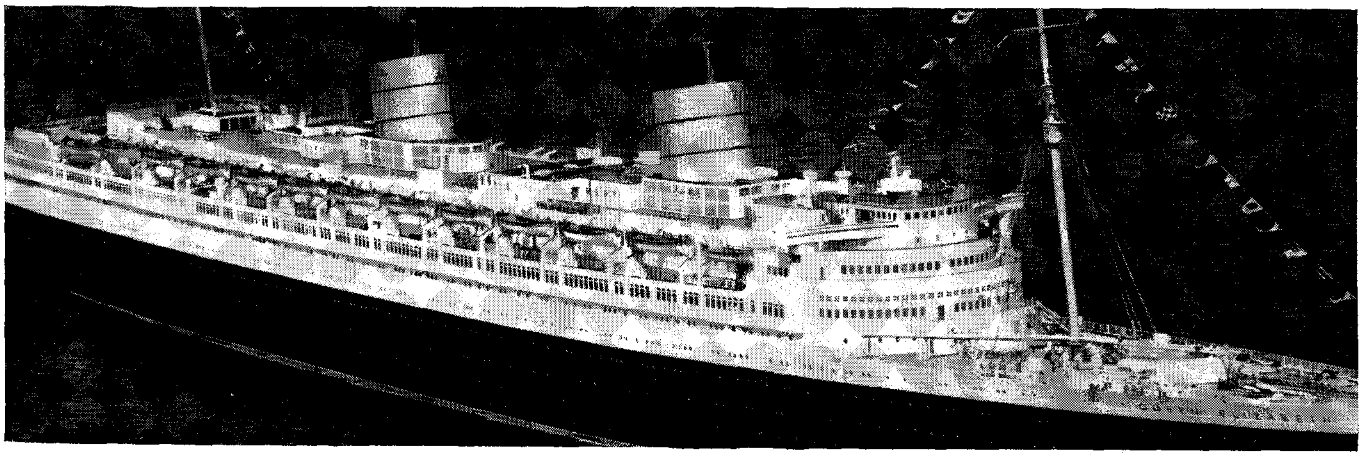

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CUNARD CRUISE CALENDAR

1963

MEDITERRANEAN

Oct. 3—Mediterranean and Black Sea—*Caronia* from New York to 25 ports including Odessa, Russia . . . 56 days, 21 countries, 15,182 miles, $1,100 up.

NASSAU

Nov. 16—*Mauretania* from New York; 5 days, $125 up.

Nov. 21 and Nov. 27—*Queen Elizabeth* from New York; 5 days, $185 up.

WEST INDIES

Ports you'll visit on these exciting Caribbean cruises include Nassau, San Juan, St. Thomas, Santo Domingo, Kingston, Montego Bay, Martinique, Barbados, Antigua, Curacao, Aruba, La Guaira.

Oct. 5, 19, Nov. 2—*Mauretania* from New York; 12 days, five ports, $300 up.

Nov. 23—*Franconia* from New York (Thanksgiving cruise); 12 days, five ports, $335 up.

Dec. 7—*Franconia* from New York; 12 days, five ports, $320 up.

Dec. 21—*Franconia* from New York (Christmas & New Year's cruise); 15 days, six ports, $460 up.

Dec. 23—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla. (Christmas & New Year's cruise); 13 days, eight ports, $400 up.

1964

GREAT WORLD CRUISE

Jan. 28—*Caronia* from New York around the world via South America, South Africa, India, and the Orient; 95 days, 20 ports, 14 lands, 31,400 miles, $2,875 up.

NASSAU

Feb. 5, Feb. 11, Feb. 19, March 26—*Queen Elizabeth* from New York; 5 days, $185 up.

WEST INDIES

In addition to the ports listed in 1963 West Indies cruises, 1964 ports of call *also* include Trinidad, Grenada, Cartagena and Cristobal.

Jan. 6—*Franconia* from New York; 11 days, three ports, $290 up.

Jan. 6—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 12 days, six ports, $335 up.

Jan. 21—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 13 days, eight ports, $400 up.

Feb. 3—*Franconia* from New York; 20 days, eleven ports, $615 up.

Feb. 4—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 14 days, seven ports, $430 up.

Feb. 19—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 14 days, eight ports, $430 up.

Feb. 24—*Franconia* from New York; 17 days, nine ports, $520 up.

March 7—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 12 days, six ports, $335 up.

March 14—*Franconia* from New York; 15 days, six ports, $420 up.

March 30—*Franconia* from New York; 11 days, three ports, $305 up.

April 11—*Franconia* from New York; 12 days, four ports, $320 up.

MEDITERRANEAN

Feb. 27—*Queen Elizabeth* from New York; 25 days, 7 lands, 10,224 miles, $1,125 up.

May 5—*Caronia* Spring cruise from New York to Alexandria, Haifa, Beirut, Athens, and 14 other ports . . . 43 days, 14 countries, 12,351 miles, $1,125 up.

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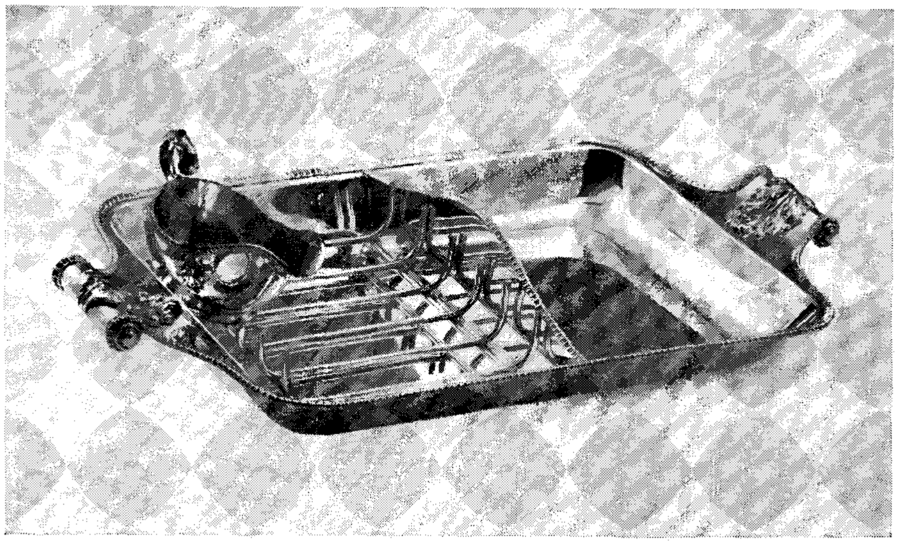

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lire," she said, counting out stamps for the postcards and handing them back for Hélène to lick.

"*Après dix ans c'est un peu fort,*" declared Hélène, seating herself with a thump in the café.

Arturo gave his genial laugh. "*Comme c'est beau!*" he said. "*Per loro adesso siamo tutti quanti tedeschi.*"

Seriously, put in the professor's pretty daughter, this must mean that there were Germans actually in the village.

O'Hare got up from a chess game at the next table. "Haven't you heard?" he said. "They're at the Pensione La Perla. Have a whiskey."

The following morning, the Germans from La Perla were in the boat that came to fetch the group from the Buonsantis' landing. The "French" behaved politely, helping the Germans land their equipment as they helped everyone else, and the English lawyer, already sunning, was particularly assiduous in holding the boat's painter to steady it for the fat women's descent. But Laure, usually coöperative, refused to lend a hand.

"*Mais qu'est-ce que tu as, ma petite?*" chided her father. Laure would not reply and sat stubbornly at the water's edge, brooding and casting dark looks at the Englishman, who was chatting in German with the newcomers. Finally, when the others were in swimming, she explained.

In the boat she had seen the Germans staring pointedly at the number on Dr. Bernheim's arm. And to bear her out, that morning they all noticed still other Germans, from the Camping, eying the number too, passing and repassing the old man as he sat reading a volume of Stendhal, and actually stopping to get a better view. If Dr. Bernheim was aware of this, he gave no definite sign, but after his second dip he moved his place farther along the rocks, and before the boats came he asked François to row him back—he had taken too much sun.

"*Mais c'est inouï!*" burst out Hélène, when her father was gone. "*Que mon père ne puisse pas se montrer en public, à cause des allemands! C'est eux qui auraient dû se cacher!*"

No one could say she exaggerated; it was the Germans, not her father, who had something to be ashamed of, but it was the Germans who were making it impossible for him to appear in public. Because of the Germans ought he to wear a long-sleeved shirt? Or Covermark, as Mike sarcastically proposed?

This was the turning point. The next day, despite the children's protests, the "French" set out for Judgment Day

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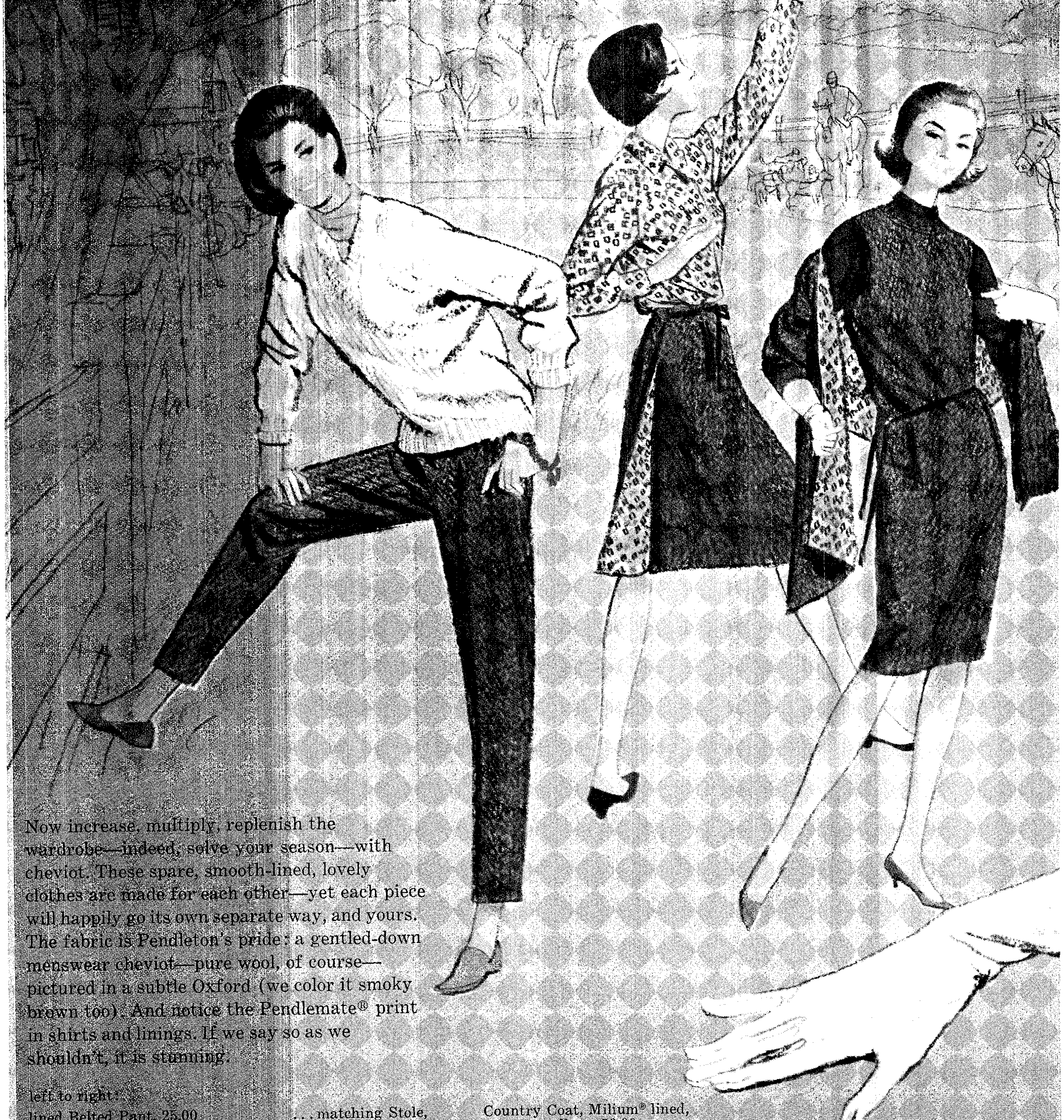

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Beach. The White Rock had been abandoned to the enemy.

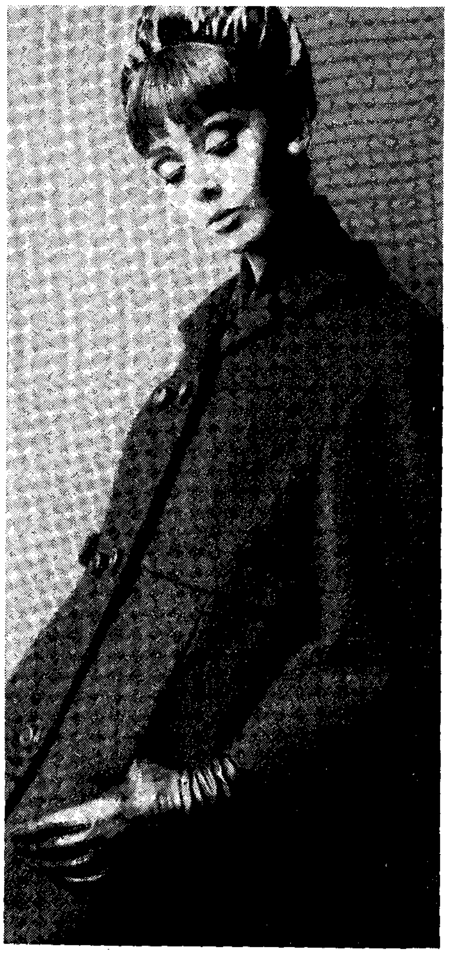
JUDGMENT DAY BEACH, like Raven Point, though pleasant for an excursion was not really a substitute for the White Rock. It was a pebbly beach, and the sharp stones hurt the tender feet of the younger children, who were not quite consoled by the stone collections made for them. Moreover, there was no shade—no protective cliffs, no cool caves. The small children sat in their straw hats in a row and demanded to know when Romeo was coming back for them. This was another difficulty. On calm days the boatmen did not like to go to Judgment Day; it was farther than the White Rock, but the price per head, fixed early in the summer, was the same. The advantage to the boatmen was that it was easier to land there, but when the sea was quiet this did not matter, and the boatmen, with the trade they now had, did not care to make the longer trip simply for the "*francesi*." Hence, every morning Pierino or Paolo or Romeo, pretending not to have understood the wishes of the "French," would try to take them to the Rocca Bianca, as if as a matter of course.

"*No, Paolo, niente Rocca Bianca*," some strong will among the passengers would have to interpose. "*C'è troppa gente. All'altra spiaggia.*" Paolo, muttering, would yield, and they would sail past the marble rocks, as though past a siren, watching the British lawyer and his wife, who had declined to join in the exodus (they had met some lovely couples among the new folk at Rocca Bianca), wave to them cheerily from the marshmallowy cliffs. The boatmen showed their dissatisfaction by arriving late to pick up the "*francesi*" at lunchtime, with the excuse that they had first to pick up the various parties at the White Rock. Sometimes it was three o'clock before the boats returned to Porto Quaglia, and as they neared the landing, the Buonsantis would see tall Anna standing there, her hand shading her eyes, waiting to make sure they were aboard before putting on the spaghetti. Lunch, with a spoiled roast, would be served at three-fifteen. Those who were *in pensione* at the inn would find the day's specialty "*finito*" or sitting in tepid grease. Anna was cross; the waiters in the inn were cross; the lesser family cooks up and down the main street were cross. The "French" were being punished by the boatmen, and this punishment, like some Biblical malediction, spread over the whole village.

Only the old man with the rowboat and his grandson remained faithful to

FRANK GALLANT, NEW YORK 18

unmistakably



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Ah!
AUSTIN-HILL

the "French," but it was a long row to Judgment Day, and the boat could not go back and forth many times in a morning. Soon another old man, with Garibaldi mustaches and an ancient dinghy, turned up at the pier; then a third, an octogenarian with a rakishly worn sailor's cap, a cheroot, and a leaky outboard motor. But this created further bad blood with the "regular" boatmen, who would sometimes decline to take a group they had seen patronizing the old men and the boy. In short, the balance of Nature at Porto Quaglia was upset. Some days it would happen that most of the "French" did not go to swim at all. After a family dispute, the sulking children would take their bathing suits and walk down to the *plage modeste* at the end of the village, while their parents sat at home fuming and declaring that they might as well be in Paris, Rome, or London. One morning the Brées and the Livios quietly crossed to Punta Sabbia—on the theory that the "Germans" encamped there had all gone to the Rocca Bianca. But this attempted "castling," as Arturo Buonsanti called it, did not work out either. The position was deadlocked: the "French," having surrendered Rocca Bianca, refused to be returned there under duress; the boatmen continued to lay siege to them by the device of marooning them at Judgment Day Beach. The Milanese publisher took to going late and bringing a cold lunch; Elisabeth, the American, brought steaks one day for twenty and cooked them on the beach. But the absence of shade at Judgment Day, as well as the absence of wood, discouraged these solutions.

By September, the "French" were talking of buying outboard motors for the children's rowboats; the engineer went to look at a sailboat that was for sale across the river. "Make yourselves independent of the boatmen," Mike counselled. But if every family had a boat, what then? Who was to promise them that next year the "Germans" would not push on to Judgment Day?

"You could sell them your boats," said Mike shrewdly, waggling his beard. But the "French" were cold to this idea and cold to the idea of acquiring shore property—another notion Mike broached. Though he was receiving cables telling him to get back to work from his editor nearly every day (with a two-hundred-lire delivery charge), he lingered, feeling it his duty as an American to exercise his ingenuity on a problem that the "French" by themselves could not solve.

"Why don't you get together and

buy the Rocca Bianca?" he said to Hélène one morning as they were swimming. Far off to the right, they could see the white point jutting into the sea; from here it was evident that the marble there had once been quarried—slices had been taken off. This in fact was what had suddenly given him the idea.

"It is public property," said Hélène. "The shore belongs to the *comune*."

"Are you sure?" he said. "If the shore belongs to the *comune*, how come all the bathing establishments across the river?"

"They are concessions. Leased from the *comune* by business interests." But the Belle Arti, Hélène went on, would not permit anybody to lease a landmark like the White Rock. And they would be right.

She and Mike began to argue heatedly. He bet her that by bribery or influence the "French" could lease the White Rock and post it with "No Trespassing" signs. "Supposing you all got together"—he counted—"there must be at least twelve families of you, and some pretty important people, by Italian standards. You could fix the Belle Arti and the mayor—" "No," said Hélène.

"What do you mean 'no'? Assuming you could, for the sake of argument—" "No," said Hélène.

Mike took a few short exasperated strokes toward shore. Then he turned back. "I'll bet you," he said patiently, "that within ten years—no, five—somebody buys that whole cliff, leases the Rocca Bianca for ninety years, and builds a hotel. With a bar and a terrace."

"And dressing rooms cut into the rock," concurred Hélène. "And showers and toilets for *signore* and *signori*. And a night club over the water—why not? They would make a road and sell off plots of land for villas and *villini*. After that, a shopping center. It will happen. You are right. *Arturo pense la même chose*."

Mike's jaw dropped. He swallowed water. "Well, then," he said, spluttering, "if you see it coming so clearly, why don't you get in there first?" "Preventive war," commented Hélène.

Mike ignored this. "Between you, you could raise the money for the necessary bribes."

"It would not be cheap."

Mike floated. "You'd buy the land above of course, too. You'd have to, to protect yourselves. And if you had the land, you'd build—the whole group of you. Why pay rent in Porto Quaglia? Say twelve houses." He narrowed his eyes, thinking. "You could build twelve

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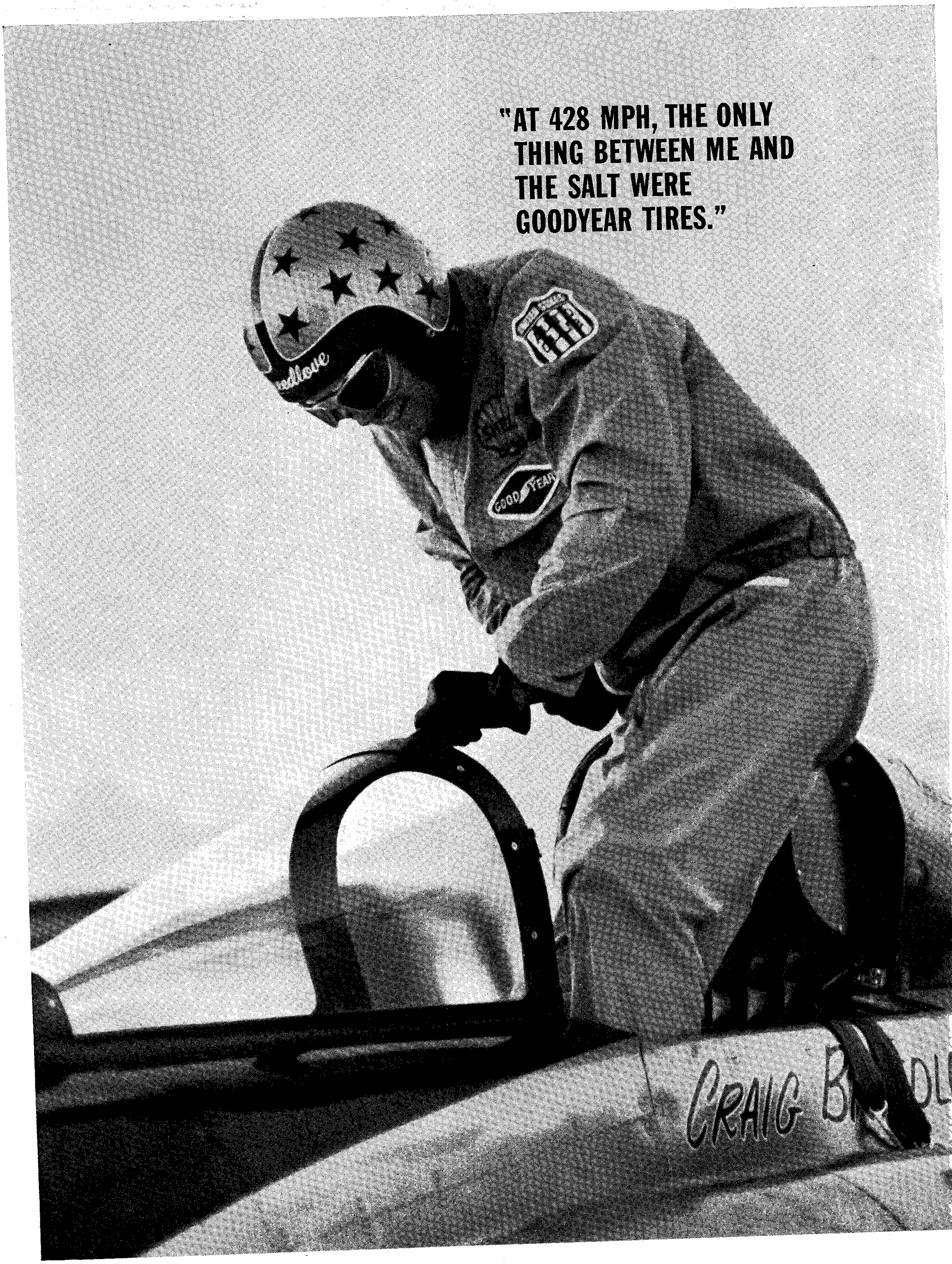
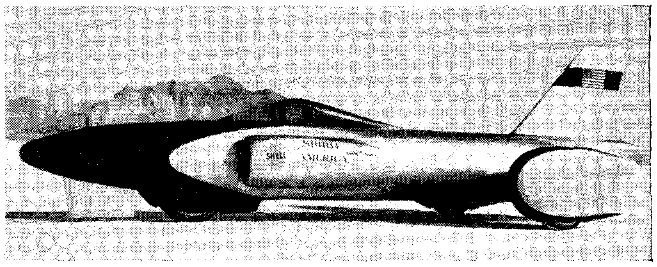

"AT 428 MPH, THE ONLY THING BETWEEN ME AND THE SALT WERE GOODYEAR TIRES."
GOOD YEAR
CRAIG B

In his own words, this is the story of Craig Breedlove. The man who brought the Land Speed Record back to America. It is also the story of Breedlove's faith in Goodyear. A trust Breedlove staked his life on.



A CAR OR A COFFIN

"Take it from me, when I started building my racer, The Spirit of America, I didn't know if I was building a car or a coffin. At speeds I was thinking of going, there was a good chance my trip to the Salt Flats would be one-way. But I was just determined enough not to think about it too much.

"It was three years ago, in Costa Mesa, California, when the work really began. I had saved a few dollars so I bought a war surplus J-47 engine. I moved it into my garage.

IT TAKES CASH TO BUILD A RACER

"To build a Bonneville racer it takes money. Lots of it. You can know all there is about cars, design and engineering . . . but the real problem is money.

"Every nut and bolt must be paid for. And to cut corners on a racer is like cutting your own throat.

"So I contacted several large corporations I thought would be interested in my project. I had drawings of the Spirit plus a model. I also had a detailed flip-chart to present the facts as clearly as possible. Guess I sounded a little naive to some of the executives. Here I was, twenty-three years old with a dream to drive a car over four hundred miles an hour... and I was asking them to invest a lot of money.

GOODYEAR AND SHELL COME THROUGH

"Finally, after traveling over half the country, two breaks came. First, Shell Oil Company decided to help me. Then Goodyear said they would make the tires!

"Tires to a racer are like feet to a runner. Without them, you just sit there. Goodyear knew tires better than anyone in the business . . . and best of all, they knew Bonneville racing. In 1960 Mickey Thompson was driving on Goodyear tires when he pushed his Challenger I to the fastest one-way speed ever recorded on the salt until now.

"But I needed more than just tires. Let me explain. The jet car I was building would, I hoped, move across the flats at speeds two or three times faster than anything at Daytona or Indianapolis. Also, my car would weigh more than 3 tons. With that weight at those speeds, each pound of tire would have to take about 12,000 pounds of centrifugal force. A tire failure under those conditions could scatter me and my car over half the state of Utah.

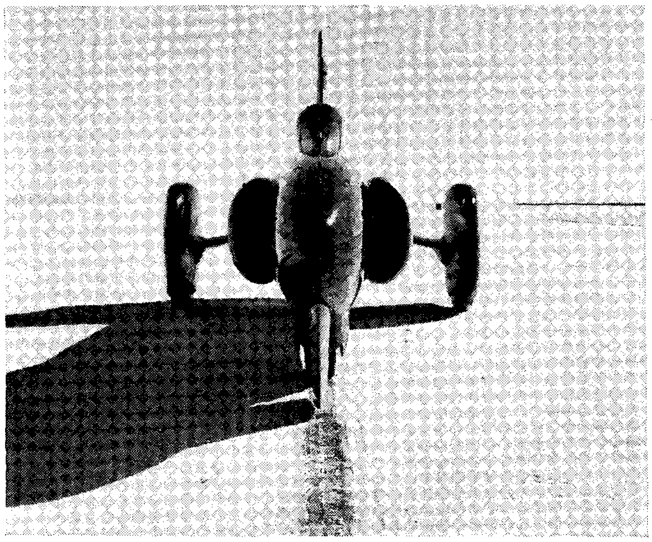
THE FASTEST TIRES ON EARTH

"The Goodyear engineers were great. They threw themselves into the project like men possessed. Meanwhile the Spirit was starting to take shape.

"In the summer of 1962 we took the car to the Salt. I was the happiest guy in the world.

"The trip was a complete failure. The car would not steer properly. The fastest man on wheels was still John Cobb, of England. His two-way average speed of 394.2 mph was still the world record.

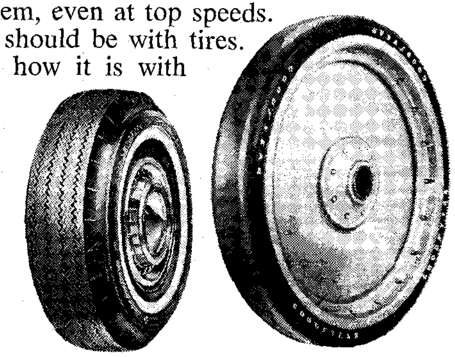
"So we took it back to the garage for a long winter of changes and checks. Even the tires, perfect as they were, went back to Goodyear for more testing. Goodyear has a high-speed dynamometer. With this machine they ran my tires at more than 600 mph—fastest speed any land tires have traveled. Not one failed. Plenty safe for me.



SHOWDOWN ON THE SALT

"August of 1963 found us up on the Salt again. This time the car was performing like a jewel. Then on the morning of August 5th, at 7:15 a.m. to be exact, I sat in the Spirit at the far end of the long black line that marks the 10-mile course. The wind was right. The official timers were in place. The car checked out. This was the precise moment that all my work and plans and dreams had led me to. I pushed the throttle forward. Moments later my drag chute popped. I had gone through the measured mile at 388.49 mph. We turned the car around and, again, I followed the black line to its end. Before I knew what had happened there were people swarming all over the car. My crew was yelling and shouting. I had made the second run at 428.37 mph. An average of 407.45 mph. A win.

"It's all over now. And looking back I know I have many people to thank. Goodyear for being there when I needed them. For the tires only they could build . . . so perfect . . . so right . . . that I never thought about them . . . or worried about them, even at top speeds. Which is how it should be with tires. And it's exactly how it is with Goodyear tires."



GOODYEAR

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houses in those trees if you kept them inconspicuous. In good taste. Blending with the landscape. Leaving green areas. You'd form a syndicate—incorporate. Get a good modern architect from Milan. Use native building materials."

"*C'est-à-dire le marbre,*" said Hélène.

"Why, yes!" Mike ejaculated. "Yes. Come to think of it, you'd have a free marble supply. That'd be something to leave Laure and François. A marble house. How about it, Hélène?" If he could have nudged her in the water, he would have done so. "Don't laugh. I'm serious. They laughed at Columbus. How about it?"

"*Non, merci,*" she answered, striking out for shore. "What do you mean, '*non, merci*'?" he called after her.

Hélène swung around in the water. Seeing the American's plaintive expression, she was angry. "*J'ai dit non,*" she said. "*Mon père n'a pas été cinq ans à Auschwitz pour devenir propriétaire d'une villa en marbre sur la côte ligurienne.*" "I can't understand you," yelled Mike. "You're talking too fast." "I said my father has not spent five years in Auschwitz to become the owner of a marble villa in Italy."

"I don't see the connection," called Mike.

"We are plain people," shouted Hélène. "What do you call it—wandering Jews."

Mike reflected for a minute. "I don't get it," he said. "Are you against owning property?"

"Yes," shouted Hélène, though this was not the truth—she was against being the kind of person who would preempt a natural marvel like some common piece of shore property, but she did not know how to express this in English, least of all to Mike, whose relentless American logic made it impossible, she said to herself, to have a reasonable conversation with him. Moreover, she had never known how to answer the insane argument that one ought to do something bad because if one did not someone else would do it instead. She struck out for shore again.

"You French have no vision!" Mike's voice roared after her indignantly. He backstroked a few moments, to cool off, not sure himself whether he had been joking about the marble villas and she had taken him seriously, in which case he would have a right to feel injured, or whether he had been serious and would have a right to feel injured at not having been taken seriously enough.

On the shingle they found another argument going on—one party assert-

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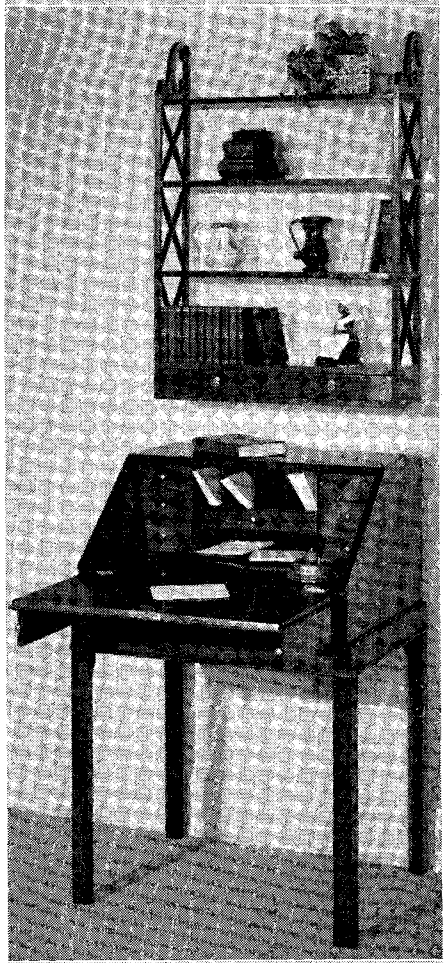

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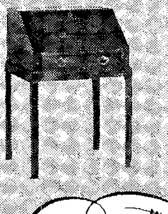

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ing that the source of beauty was in Nature and the other claiming that Nature was simply a sentimental name for tradition, the way things had "always" been. A fishing boat, Elisabeth had said, belonged to Nature, while a smart motorboat did not. But Arturo begged to differ. A fishing boat on the horizon appeared to be a part of Nature because it had "always" been there, like the sun in the sky, or the mountains, or the stars. But the stars in fact had changed; the Pole Star of the ancients was no longer the Pole Star of today. A horse or a pair of oxen in a field were viewed as a part of Nature, but when there were no horses or oxen there would be another Nature, and a tractor, to Laure's children, would be an intrinsic part of it. For that, said the painter, you would need a new Millet; it was the artists who decided what was Nature and what was not. Why then, said Elisabeth, could you paint a good picture of a carriage, while an Alfa Romeo could "sit" only for advertisements? What about a plastic dish, said a woman's voice. The engineer said there was no inherent reason that plastics should be uglier than marble; it was a question of good design. No, said the editor; plastics offered no resistance to the manufacturer, which made them inferior to marble. "Inherently," he added tartly, skipping a stone across the water.

The discussion veered to the White Rock. It had not "always" been there, said Mike. "*Si!*" objected Hélène.

"No," said Mike. "Some acquisitive group around Dante's time must have formed a corporation to exploit the marble there. Originally, the whole point must have been green, covered with trees, like the rest of these slopes. Then somebody struck marble. The White Rock is the end result of man's tampering with Nature. If he'd left Nature alone, there'd be no White Rock."

"*Il justifie le capitalisme*," observed Laure in her still childish voice.

"*Il justifie le progrès*," said François sombrely, with a malign look at the American. "*Et tu es contre le progrès?*" asked his father, smiling. "*Mais naturellement*," retorted François. "*Moi aussi*," said Laure. "*Moi non*," said Catherine.

"*Regarde-moi ça, papa!*" bitterly exclaimed Hélène. "*Mes enfants sont devenus conservateurs, grace aux allemands.*"

It was a fact, as already had been noticed, that the coming of the "Germans" was bringing out the worst in the community.

The doctor looked up from his Stendhal. She would not, he said tranquilly,

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FROM "ADVENTURES IN WILLIAMSBURG"

Autumn Dance

The swirling leaves of autumn typify the eighteenth century, for this was the age of graceful minuets. It was also the time of powdered wigs, farthingales and knee breeches. Today the spirit of colonial times lives on in Williamsburg. Incidentally, you can stay next to the historic area in the famous Williamsburg Inn or Lodge where the past is just outside your door. As an added treat there's a new Robert Trent Jones 18-hole golf course. You'll love the life in Williamsburg this autumn. *Come soon and see.*

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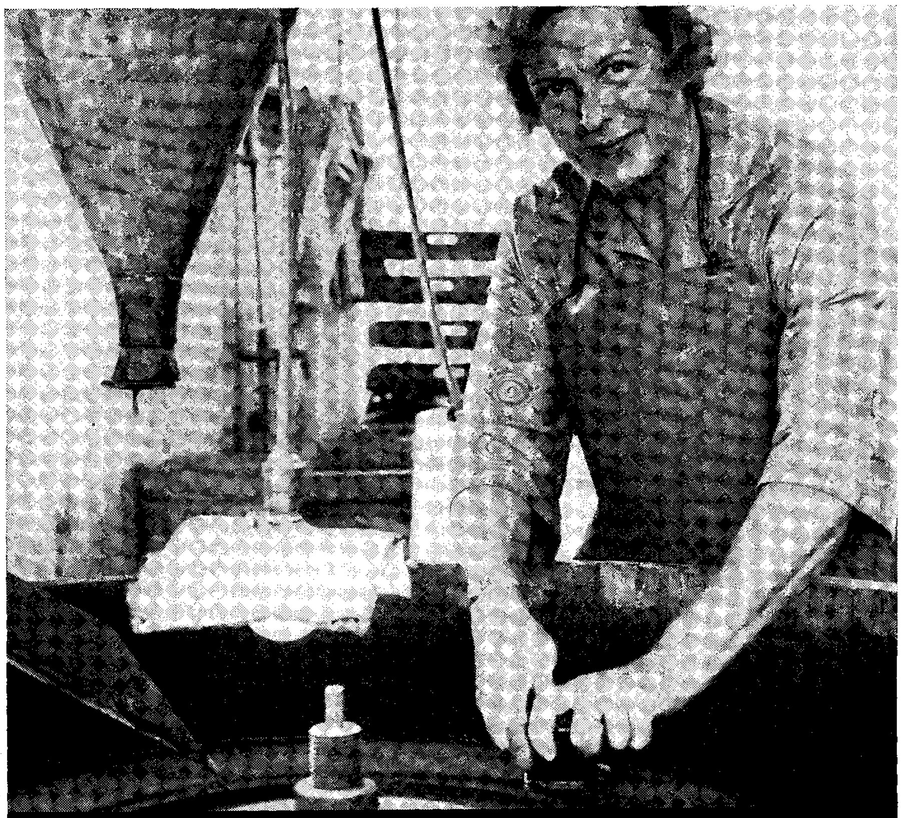

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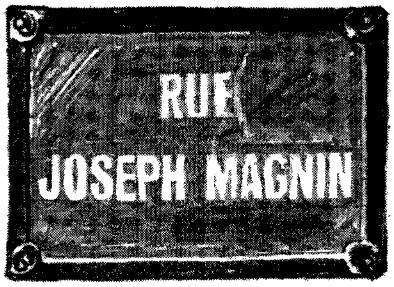

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want them to take all their views from books. They must learn from what they saw around them.

"From Nature's book, eh?" quoted Mike, with a loud laugh, clapping the old man on the shoulder.

And from what they heard, the doctor added in a lowered voice to his daughter: children, like old people, were afraid of any suggestion of change; one had to be careful how one spoke of it to them—let them see more and hear less. He looked at his watch. "*Viens, mon fils*," he said to his grandson. "*C'est l'heure.*"

It was too early, objected the others, but the old man insisted that François should take him and the younger children home. Mike and Arturo pushed the rowboat off.

"*Regarde, mon fils*," said the doctor, as the boat rounded into the harbor.

The boy at the oars briefly raised his eyes to the marble mountains in the distance.

"*Elles sont belles, les montagnes?*"

"*Oui*," admitted François.

"*Pourquoi?*" said his grandfather.

All the children gazed at the white-capped peaks.

"*Parce que le marbre ressemble à la neige*," the boy answered promptly. But it was a cheat, he added in his hoarse, angry voice. "*C'est truqué, quoi. C'est de la fausse neige. Et cela ne justifie pas le progrès.*"

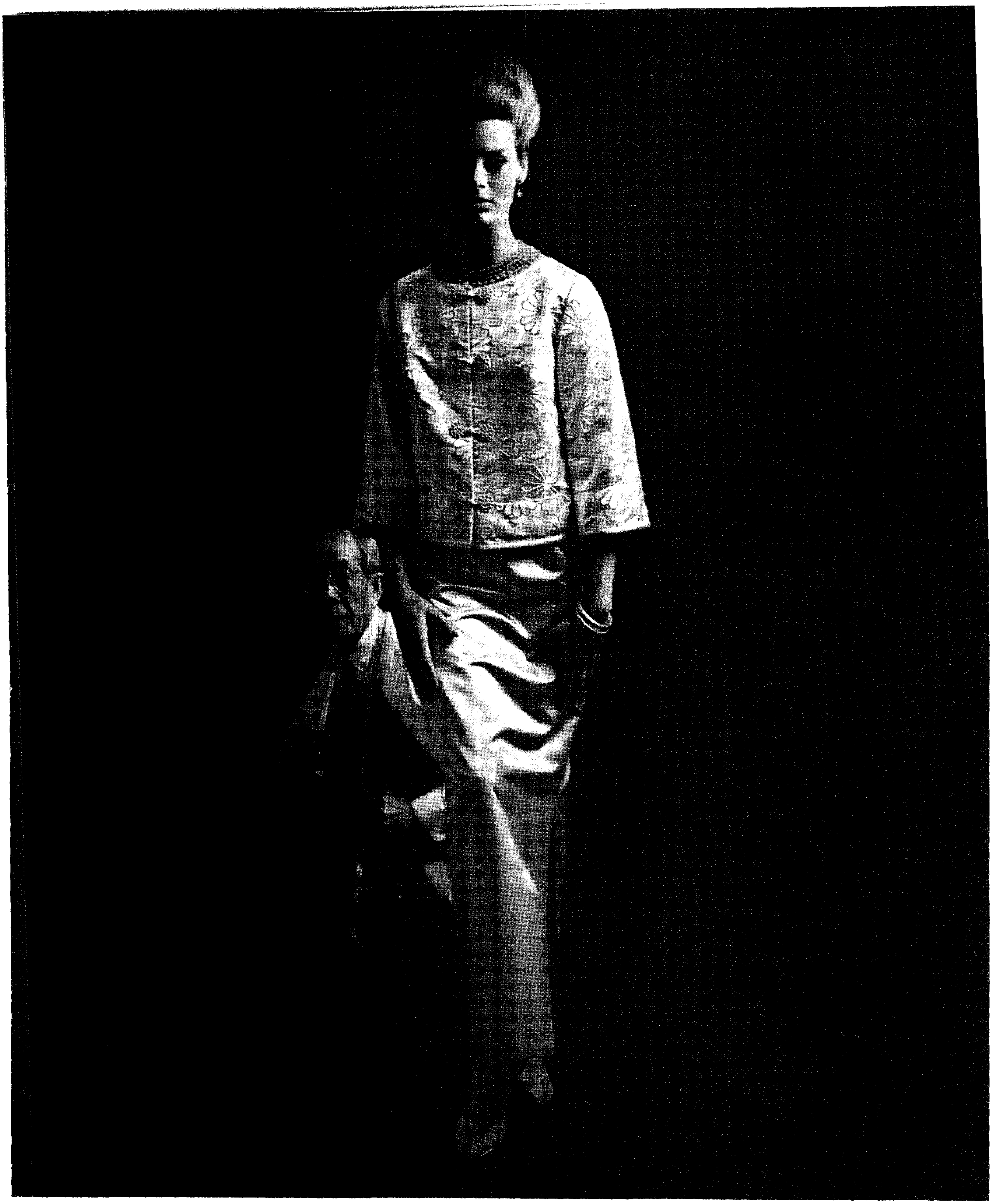
Perhaps not, the old man replied serenely, but it justified snow. This afternoon, he continued, hopping out of the boat and holding the painter for his grandson, they would all go to see the quarries.

The youngest children looked doubtful. "*Elles sont loin, les carrières.*"

Not too far, said the doctor; they would start right after lunch.

It was the first time the "French" had visited the marble quarries, though for several years a sign, "*Visitate le cave di marmo*," had been urging them to do so, on the road from Viareggio. This sign, in fact, which recently had begun reiterating its message in German, had killed their interest in the trip. But now several cars filled with "French" followed the doctor in his old Peugeot. The last car in the procession was the poet's battered Austin station wagon; having got wind of the expedition, he had brought his wife, a stroller, and four of his children—the baby had been left at home.

The first stop was at one of the quarries advertised on the road from Carrara. It was a "commercial" quarry; near the entrance was a stand selling



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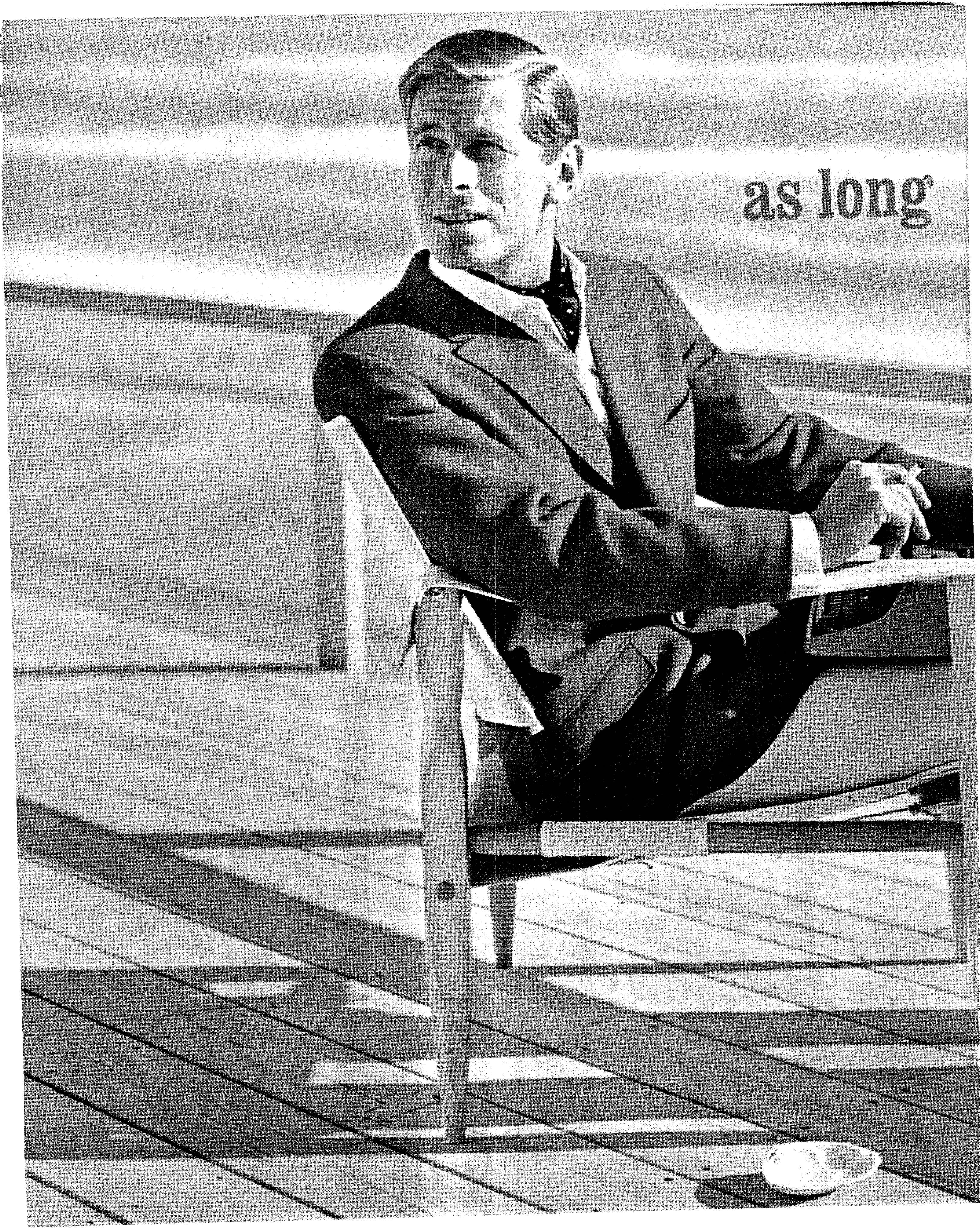

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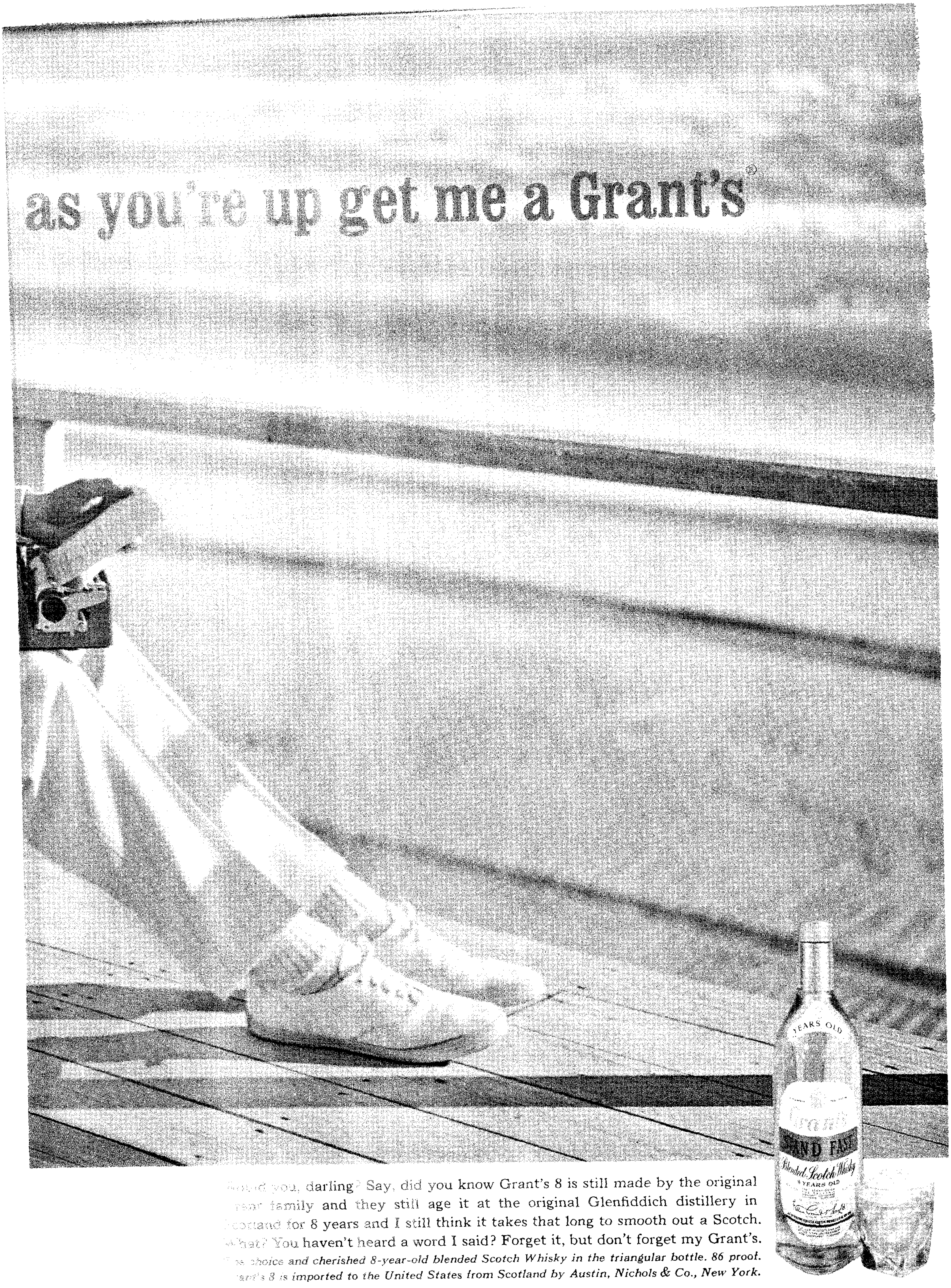
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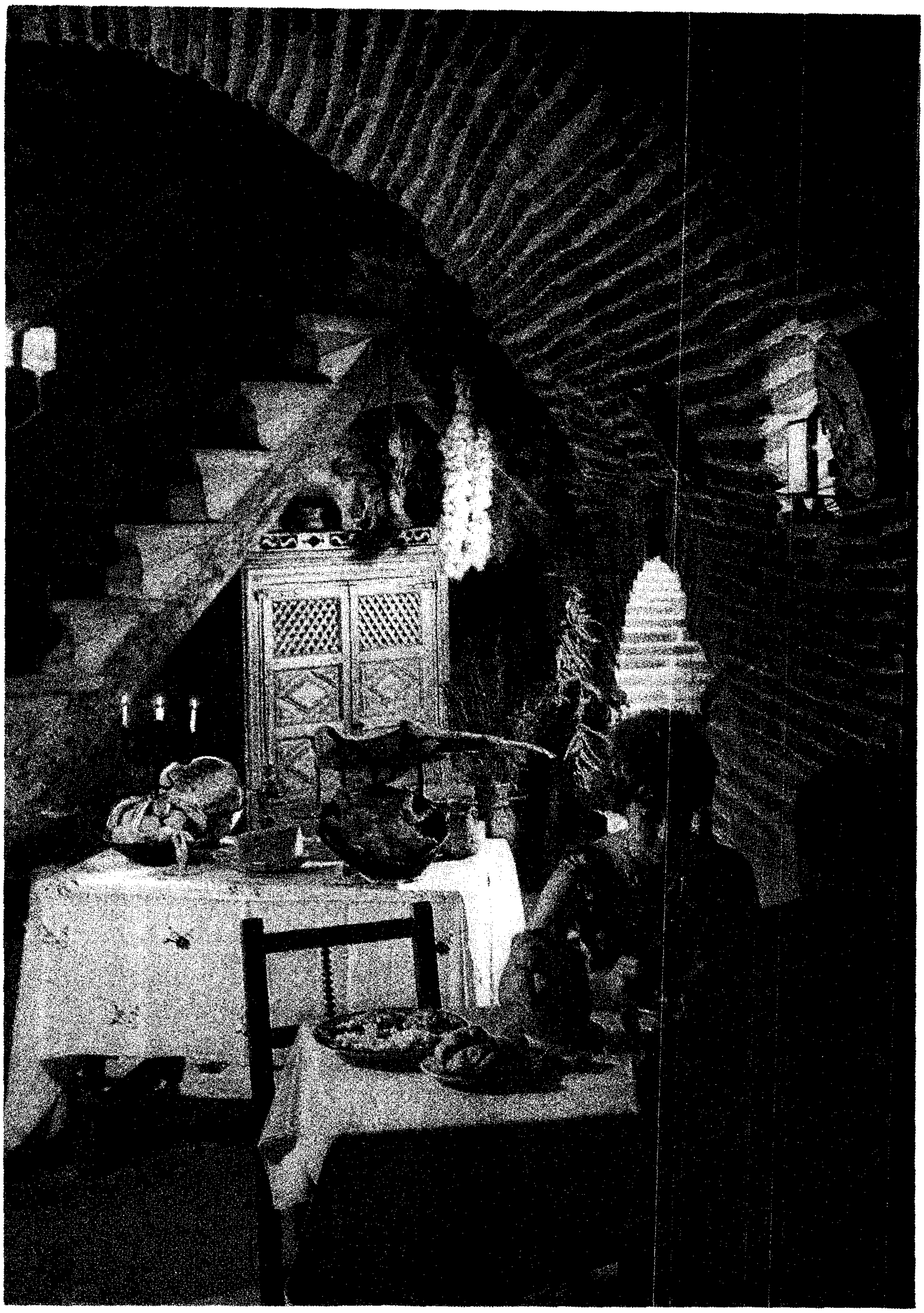

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Coca-Cola and beer and another selling marble souvenirs. Around the souvenir stand were German tourists in a group; a tourist bus stood waiting, and the cars parked along the highway were all marked with a big "D" for Deutschland. The quarry, which was not very deep, was no longer worked, and the principal attraction was a train track on which carts carrying blocks of marble shuttled back and forth. This was not the real thing, Mike protested.

"*Bien sûr*," said the doctor, but it would amuse the younger children. The real quarries lay beyond, high in the mountains; the doctor had telephoned the doctor from Carrara, who had suggested the itinerary. After the "play" quarry, they would leave the tourist area and visit the mills where the marble was cut.

The mills lay along a stream that had turned white with marble dust; they made an atrocious noise, cutting the marble into slices with big iron blades—the small children were frightened. They wanted to go back and see the little train again.

The adults glanced at each other. The poor mountain villages that straggled out from the mills were extremely dusty; everyone began to cough. The mills themselves were dismal; the water from the stream used in the cutting process splashed over the ground, creating a gray mud. The streets of the villages were caked with gray mud; there were no trees, and the air was cold and wintry, for the mountains cut off the afternoon sun.

"*Ça suffit, papa!*" exclaimed Hélène, but the doctor would not heed her, leading them from village to village, mill to mill, consulting from time to time a slip of paper. They ought to see everything, he said. In each mill, he asked questions, which Arturo translated, while the others paced restively about, the Irishman pushing the stroller; the doctor wanted to know the details of the cutting mechanism, the incidence of silicosis among the mill workers—were there many tuberculars?

"*Tu es en vacances, papa!*" irritably cried Hélène. "Yes, Doctor," said the poet. "Take it easy; you're on holiday."

Finally the cars left the melancholy mills and proceeded farther into the mountains along a narrow winding road, past chambers of smooth gray marble cut into the hillsides and heaps of marble gravel. Suddenly the doctor braked, and the "French" for the first time saw, right before their eyes, the snow fissures and gleaming glaciers they had known for so many years from

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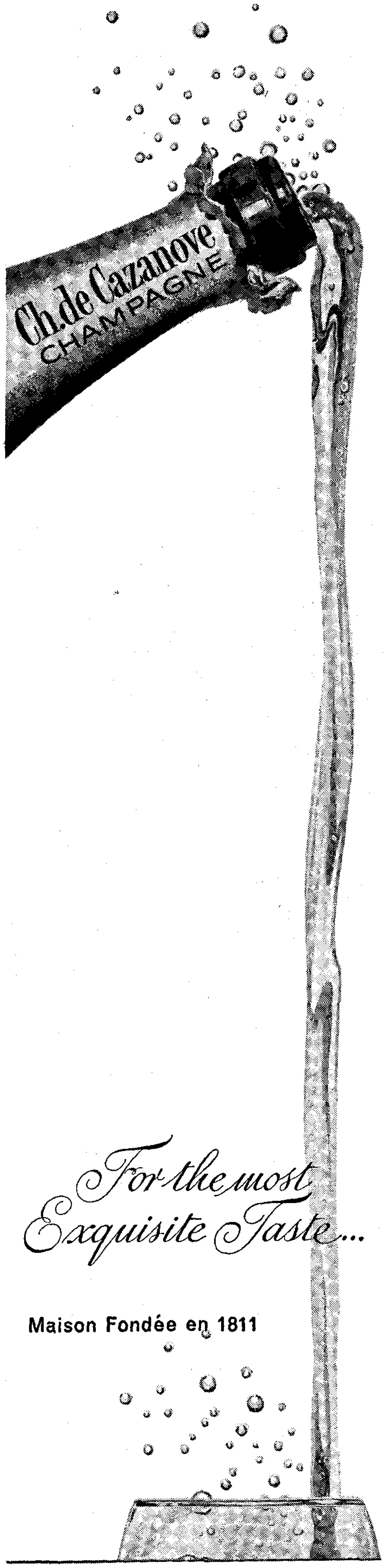
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across the river. These in fact were marble slides—avalanches of quite ordinary-looking stones that had tumbled down the mountainsides. Seen close up, they were not even white but a pale leaden gray in some places and a pale urinous yellow in others. Dr. Bernheim glanced at his slip of paper, and the cars continued upward till they arrived at a narrow bridge across a chasm; here a worker stopped them. They were at Fantiscritti, the last name on the doctor's list. It was the end of the road. Because of the dangerous marble slides, cars were not permitted to go any farther; if the *francesi* wanted to visit the quarries beyond, they would have to go on foot.

Arturo took the slip of paper from his father-in-law. "*Mais tu t'es trompé, Maurice*," he said. "*Sûrement.*" This was the conviction of everyone—that the doctor had come to the wrong place.

Looking about them, they were conscious of a fearful disappointment. The spot on which they stood, surrounded by marble slides, looking into a chasm of rubble at the bottom of which ran a dirty *torrente*, was at the farthest extreme from what they had imagined. The scenery around them, far from being alpine, was a Cyclopean desert or monstrous manufactured wilderness that resembled, more than anything else, a set for some early super-colossal film, before the day of sound or color. The absence of sun in this pocket of the mountain combined with the bleaching light diffused by the monochrome stony gravel to suggest an interior, artificially lit and yet without shadow. There was no sign of a quarry or of a village—only a sort of frontier hut with a bus placard posted on it, around which some workers were loitering. Added to this, it was dusty; everyone was thirsty.

As they stood there, uncertain, a boy approached them and offered to accompany them to the nearest quarry, which he said was two kilometres off. They were in the right place, he assured Arturo and the editor. The quarries up there—he nodded toward the farthest mountain—were very old; Michelangelo had worked there before the birth of Christ, and slaves had carved pictures of Roman soldiers on the walls, which was why the place was called Fantiscritti.

The "French" smiled dubiously at each other and looked at their watches: to go or not to go and see for themselves? Looking up at the towering mountains, the younger children refused; they were afraid of the avalanches. Finally it was decided that the

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men should go ahead with the older children, while the women could stay behind with the younger ones. "I'll take Seanie in the stroller if you like," said the poet, speaking of his six-year-old, but the boy guide protested this arrangement and Sean was left behind with his mother.

The women walked across the bridge in the direction in which the others were vanishing up a mountain track; as they chatted, Sean slipped away from them and began to sidle down a sort of path that led to the half-dry *torrente*. Suddenly the women heard cries in a dialect they did not understand; a worker came running very fast across the bridge to warn them. What the boy was doing was dangerous. At any moment he might dislodge a stone and start a slide that would bury him.

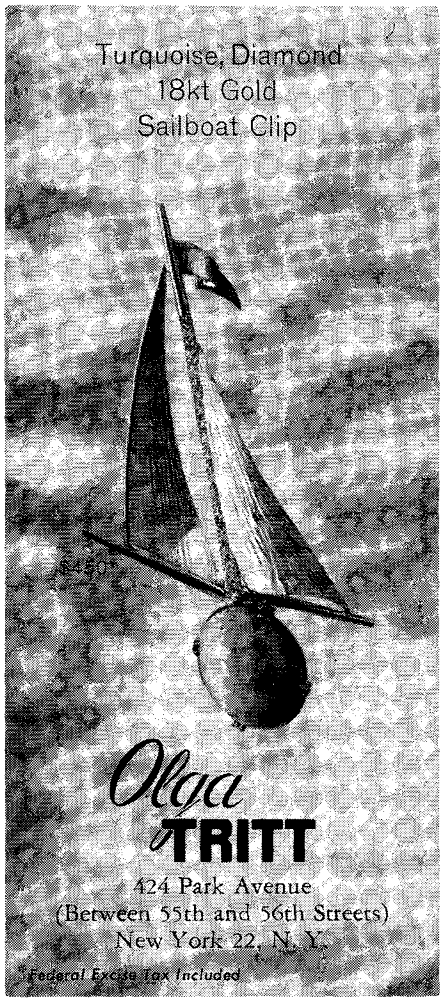
But he seemed not to hear the workers' cries or his pregnant mother's pleas to come back, and Hélène started to run down after him.

"*No, signora, no!*" the workers shouted. A few stones began falling, like flour from a sifter, in her wake. She hesitated, saw the peril for the boy in her rashness, and turned back.

Then they simply waited, holding their breath, watching the child wave to them from the abyss; in the end, he returned coolly, unconscious of his danger, carrying with him a purple flower he had picked on the edge of the stream.

This nerve-racking episode confirmed the sinister impression made by the lonely spot. A bus came and collected the workers from the other side of the bridge, turned around, and started down the mountain. There was not another human being to be seen; they had not passed a single car on the way up; the women and children were alone.

"I don't like it here," "I want a drink of water," "I want to go home," the children whimpered, looking at the family cars, driverless, like a group of widows, on the other side of the chasm. Sean's older sister, Brigid, profited from the occasion by trying to imitate her brother's exploit; she was hauled back at once and spanked, with the approval of the child psychologist. Time passed; from the changing of the light, the women assumed that somewhere the sun had set. It grew colder, and the children were shivering in their summer clothes. The mothers fought down their hysteria, offering each other various explanations of why their husbands were so long in coming back. When the men and the older children at last returned from the quarry, they found their families hud-



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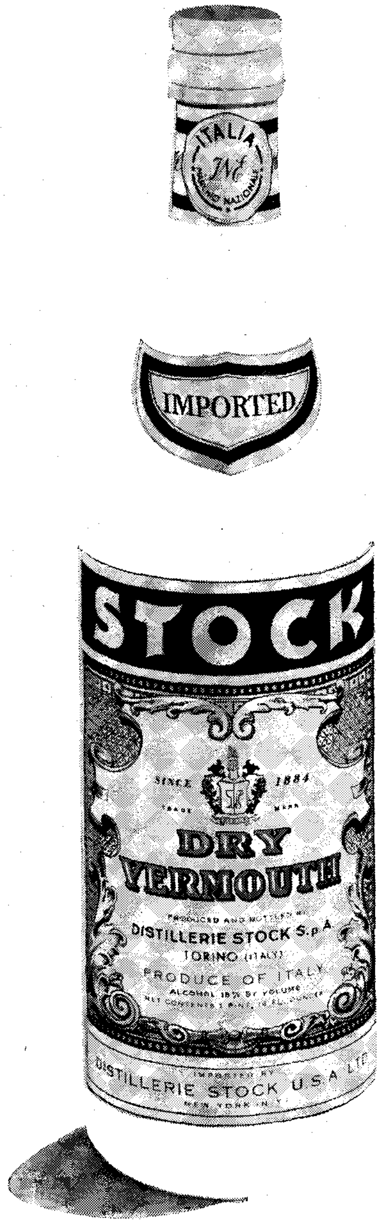

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dled, terrified, in the automobiles, with the heaters turned on.

It had not been so different from the tourist quarry, they reported—another chamber cut into the wall of the mountain. The deep quarries, where they cut the white marble, were higher up; the workers walked an hour and a half every morning to get to them.

"Did you see the soldiers?" demanded the little children.

No, they had not seen the soldiers; the old Roman quarry had been closed a long time ago and the *fanti*, the foreman had said, were in the museum in Carrara.

"*On peut visiter, maman?*" said the children, coming to life.

But again they were told no; another day perhaps—at this hour the museum would be shut.

So instead, though it was dark and nearly their suppertime when they reached the bottom of the mountains, they all had ice-cream cones at the marble counter of a *gelateria* in Carrara, and the older children and the fathers heard about Sean's adventure.

"*Qu'est-ce que tu es venu chercher ici, papa?*" Hélène said thoughtfully to her father on the way home.

"*Rien*," equably replied Dr. Bernheim. "*Une petite distraction.*"

Hélène shook her head. It was not just for amusement, she told her husband, that her father had brought them here. He wanted to tell them something. She knew her father, she said.

THAT night Arturo did not play chess. He and Hélène stood on the pier listening to the music coming from across the river. She was pensive, still thinking of the "scenery" they had visited, which on close view was an industrial landscape—a big gray outdoor mill. It was ugly, she said, turning to Arturo with a question in her voice. "*Très laid*," her husband agreed.

She remembered the sallow marble slides and shivered. "*François a eu raison. C'est de la fausse neige. Comme dans le théâtre. Nous l'aimons parce que nous aimons la vraie neige.*" But everything here, she went on, was slightly false. The "French" were not French; the "Germans" were Italians; the "Jews" were a little of everything. The "Englishman" was maybe a German. Or a Jew, according to her father. The "fishermen" were businessmen. Everything was in quotation marks. Even François' "birthday." His real birthday, which they had all forgotten, was today. She sighed heavily. "*C'est moi, tu le sais, qui l'a faussée.*"

She was the one, alas, who had done

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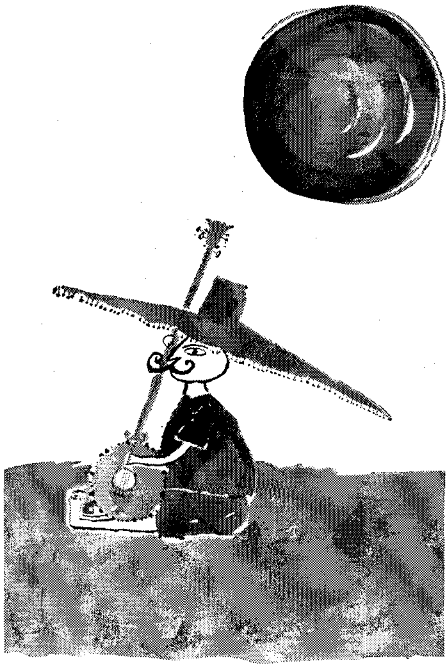

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it; she had moved his birthday ahead, two years ago, so that it would fall in the middle of the month before the first departures. And now other families had followed suit, so that every child's birthday celebrated by the summer people of Porto Quaglia was a false birthday. She gave a guilty, skittish little laugh. All was false, she repeated despondently—theatrical snow or the snow in a souvenir paperweight.

Arturo listened. "*Ce qui est vrai, Hélène, c'est le travail.*" The work of the fishermen, the work of the miners in that fearful dust. It was work that joined man to Nature. Not vacations, despite what people thought.

"*J'aime les vacances. Je déteste le travail,*" Hélène flung out. And it was true that she loved vacations and was already hating the day they would pack up and leave for the winter's work. After a pause, she asked in a different voice, diffident and stealthily curious, "*Et comment c'était, dans la carrière?*"

Bad, Arturo answered; the work conditions were hard. Every other day, according to the workers, a miner lost a thumb, an arm, a leg. "*C'est pas joli,*" he added, grimacing. The work was unhealthy and badly paid; the less-skilled miners got a thousand lire a day.

"*Mille lire!*"

Arturo nodded. François, he said, had been very much struck by that; Laure too. There were many strikes, and many of the miners were Anarchists. "*C'est drôle que c'est la première fois que nous y sommes allés.*"

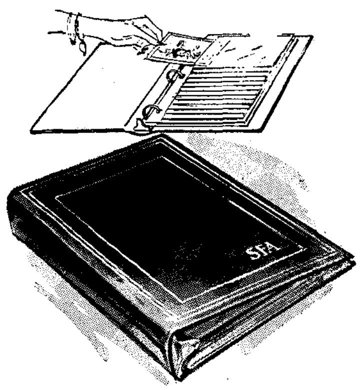
Yes, agreed Hélène; it *was* funny that they had never gone there before, in all their years at Porto Quaglia. "*Les 'intellectuels de gauche'!*" she burst out after a minute. Another set of quotation marks, another cheat. Good, she went on bitterly, it was finished. They would not come back to Porto Quaglia another summer. She refused to live another summer with such trite illusions and echoes. " '*Ah, comme elles sont belles, les montagnes de marbre!*' '*Que j'adore la Nature!*' " Mimicking her own voice, she stamped her foot on the pier.

But it was the same everywhere, replied Arturo, smiling. All the desirable vacation spots were like that. All vacationers "adored" the poverty of the natives. "*Surtout les âmes sensibles.*"

"*C'est vrai,*" muttered Hélène.

Why not be honest, said Arturo. If they never came back to Porto Quaglia, what would be the reason? "*Je ne sais pas,*" said Hélène.

The true reason, declared her husband, was very simple: "*les vacances*



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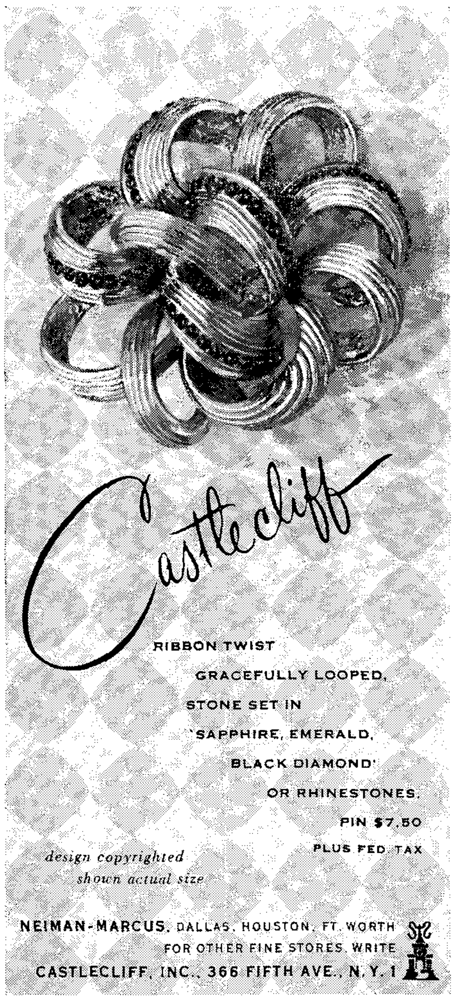

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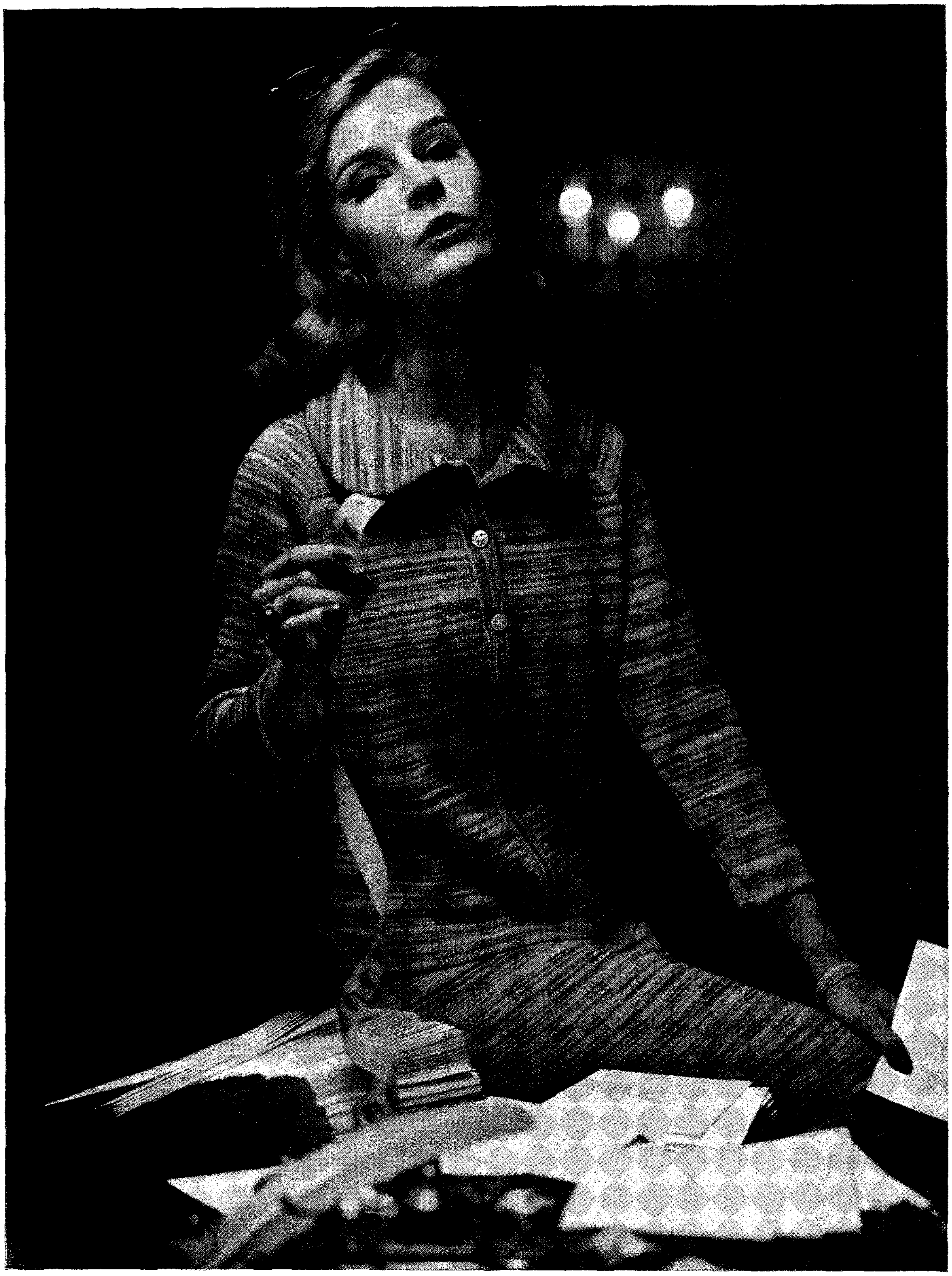

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payées." When they had first come to Porto Quaglia, only a few—professional people, artists, and salaried intellectuals like themselves—had a month off in the summer and a car or the price of railroad tickets to take them far from home. Now the many had it, especially the Germans. It was the "higher standard of living"—he quoted the words in English—of the European workers and small employees that had put Porto Quaglia on the map. The vacations of the masses were necessarily mass-produced. There was no escape from the "Germans" except for the very rich. Next summer the same problem would present itself. What would Hélène say when her *coiffeur* asked her where she was going for her holidays?

"*Il faut avoir une réponse, Hélène. C'est une question très importante. Tout le monde a le droit de savoir.*" The whole world had a right to an answer—the concierge, the grocer, the mailman, her editor at Gallimard. What was she going to tell them? An undiscovered Greek island? A woodcutters' hamlet in the Alps? A hotel in Turkey? A cliff on the Dalmatian coast? "*Un château en Espagne?*"

Hélène did not respond to her husband's raillery. There were Germans everywhere, she agreed morosely. "*Bon, donc. Au travail.*" She leaned her head against his chest. "*Mais comme j'aimais Porto Quaglia!*" Hearing the past tense of the verb that meant love, Arturo stared stiffly ahead of him into the dark.

"*Oui, c'était beau,*" he said.

—Mary McCarthy

•

Archibald MacLeish, in a heroic but futile effort to define the teaching of English, recently said — "It hink English always stands with a foot int het ext and a foot in the world, and that what it undertakest ot each is neither the one nor the other but the rela- Chalk Dust editor, Frederick Moffitt, notes that MacLeish probably updated the old definition of foot and mouth disease with that statement.—*Taunton (Mass.) Daily Gazette.*

Updated or downgraded, one or the other.

•

HQ AAC—Operation Mona Lisa—To the thousands of men assigned to duty at remote Alaskan Air Command Aircraft Control and Warning (AC&W) sites throughout the vast reaches of Alaska, the term, "Mona Lisa" doesn't bring to mind a masterpiece by Rembrandt.—*Press release from Headquarters Alaskan Air Command.*

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Japanese Jocosity

HAVING successfully imitated practically all our artifacts, from Mickey Mouse watches to totem poles, the Japanese have now tried their hand at duplicating Hollywood slapstick comedy, in a film called "Walleyed Nippon," and they've come up with a pretty good spoof about the way things are in Japan now that the natives have been firmly induced to run their lives according to a more or less American-style democratic scheme of government. As written by Nagaharu Okuyama and directed by Hideo Suzuki, "Walleyed Nippon" cocks a snook at everything from the awful tumult of existence in Tokyo to a Buddhist hierarchy that is as devoted to golf as Eisenhower is. The satire is admittedly as broad as the Ginza, but there is a jolly air about the piece even when the actors are mugging all over the place, and it pleased me to sit through a Japanese film in which, for once, no groans and grunts from the far-off Hairy Ainu days disturbed the sound track. Mr. Okuyama's screenplay revolves in large part around an American-born Japanese (Jerry Itoh) who goes to the old country to visit his father's grave and to introduce himself to a girl whom relatives have selected to be his bride. Although he is a physicist, and presumably as up to date as anyone else in his line, he has a hankering for the old traditional days, but what he plunges into in Tokyo is a melee as frantic as anything Manhattan has to offer. The traffic, the night life, the building and subway construction—in fact, all aspects of the metropolis—are unnerving, and so are the customs of the inhabitants, who, as represented here, jump, jive, twist, and blow bubble gum when they ought to be home arranging chrysanthemums.

In exposing our hero to modern Japan, Mr. Suzuki does a fine job in travelogue style, giving us some handsome shots of Fujiyama, with no lovers taking headers from its heights. While most of "Walleyed Nippon" has no more subtlety than a Sumo wrestler, it is nevertheless a blow struck at nationalistic complacency, which is, I guess, the next-to-last refuge of a scoundrel. The acting in "Walleyed Nippon"—

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the title, I must say, distresses me—is up and down, but Akira Takarada, as the editor of a bouncy popular magazine; Yumi Shirakawa, as a maiden in demand; and E. H. Elick, as an American resident of Tokyo far out in his Zen convictions, are pleasant enough to have around. Mr. Elick, incidentally, goes by the name of Lafcadio Yearn. Mr. Okuyama, as you can see, likes his puns as simple-minded as his continuity. For all that, it's good to hear the Japanese having a chuckle at their own expense. And, come to think of it, ours.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

◆

Tree hyraxes can be troublesome pets, but as Mrs. Elizabeth Fitz Herbert of Kenya puts it, once you have become hyrax-minded and are under their spell, life without one can be dull indeed. She took this hyrax home, where it was named Mully, let it loose in the house and also took it for several tours of the garden to ensure it should not wander. A special enclosure was built in the garden over the stump of an old tree with a few branches remaining.

Mully soon settled down and started to eat a variety of fruits and leaves, as well as such unnatural foods as biscuit, bread, marmalade and tomato sauce. Although tree hyraxes hardly ever drink, and Mully never touches water, she will drink sweet coffee with plenty of cream, sucking it up rather like a horse. Cured of her dipsomania, she nevertheless takes ginger ale in moderation and Pepsi-Cola.

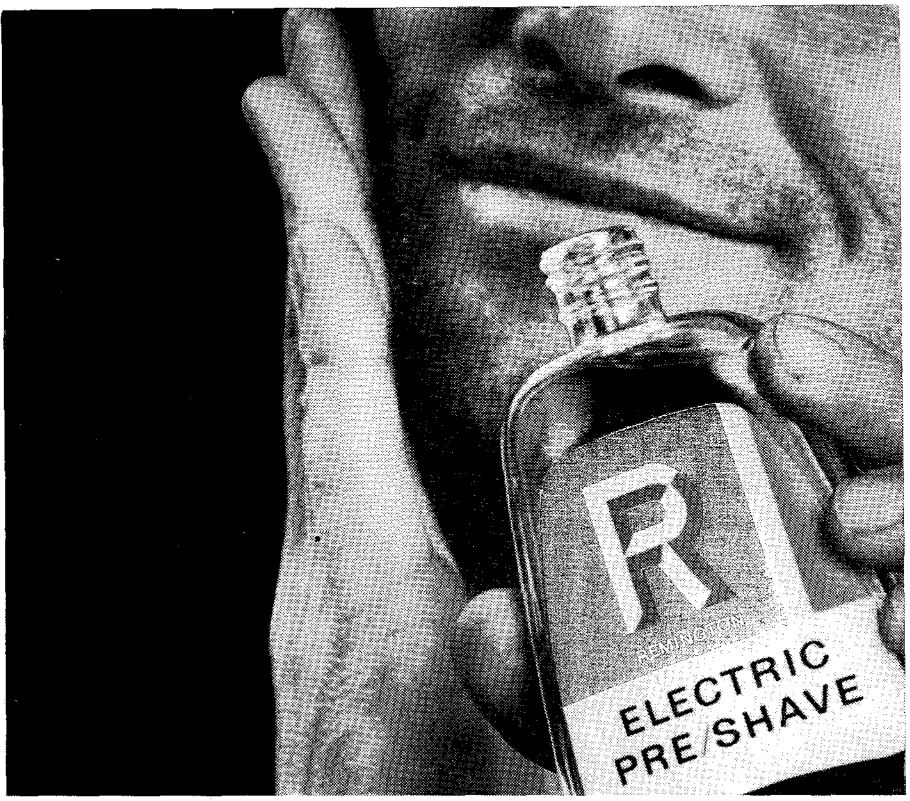
As will be seen later in the story, Mully became used to occupying Mrs. Fitz Herbert's bedroom, evidently adopting it as her territory. She attacked the elder son, biting him quite severely in the ankle as he was leaving the bedroom, although he and his brother had just been playing with her on the floor. And when the younger son was in bed with 'flu in the same room and an elderly lady living in the house came to visit him, Mully attacked her. She inflicted several deep punctures and very bad bruises on her legs and arms. After this, care was taken not to let anyone into the bedroom while Mully was there.

Mrs. Fitz Herbert continues: "I have a security transmitting set by my bed and two ladies come every Monday evening to practise on it. After they have left, I let Mully into my bedroom and she goes mad with rage and attacks the chairs, the carpet, even me. In fact, every Monday I have to go to my room in gum-boots, as she is still so furious that even I get bitten unless protected by boots. As soon as I pick her up, which is difficult as she is leaping and screaming around my feet, she calms down but makes a curious popping or hiccoughing noise for several minutes. When this stops, it is safe to put her down, but until then I have to keep a firm grip round her neck to prevent her biting me.

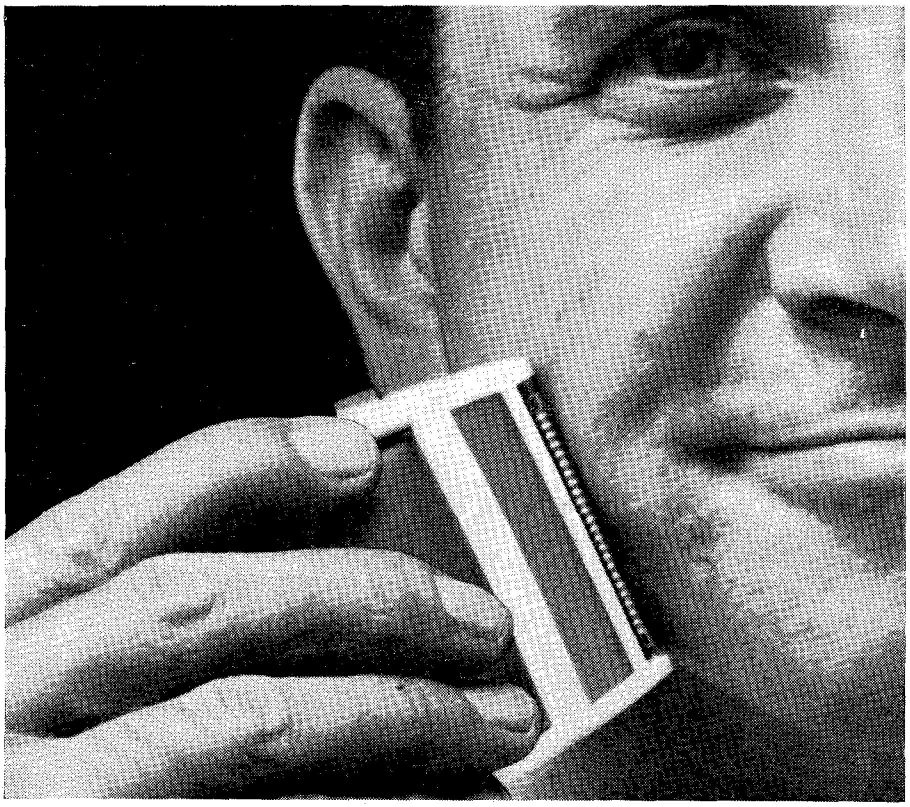
"Whether the alcohol she used to have is the cause of her violent temper or not would be difficult to say, but I believe the older a hyrax is—and Mully is now about 8 years old—the worse is its temper."

—*Illustrated London News.*

And the harder it is to keep it off the sauce.



Set 'em up



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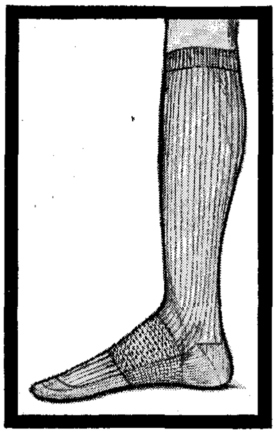

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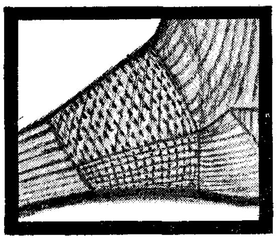

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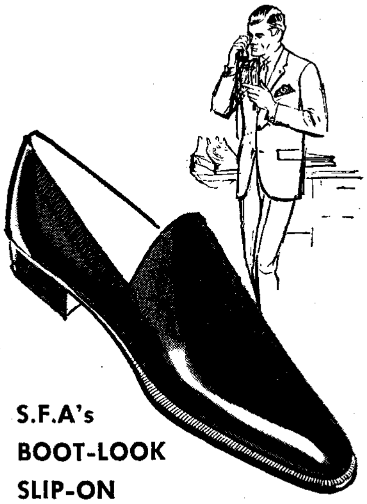
MUSICAL EVENTS

It Just Is—or Is It?

IN the summer issue of the *Hudson Review*, Leonard B. Meyer, whose book "Emotion and Meaning in Music" I discussed in these pages some time ago, has an article concerning the aesthetic of those widely publicized artists who use chance, or random means of expression, in their work. They include, of course, the composer John Cage, littérateurs and playwrights like Jackson MacLow, and a great many contemporary painters, among them Pollock and Mathieu. In attempting to explain them, Mr. Meyer is led into some pretty deep philosophical reflections, and distinguishes two opposed aesthetic attitudes: the *teleological*, in which art is supposed to have goals of one sort or another, including such goals within itself as are exemplified by cause and effect in literature, symphonic structure in music, and deliberately contrived composition in painting, and the *anti-teleological*, or *radical empiricist*, which regards art as a product of accident and as something that the onlooker perceives through fresh observation and experience, without regard to preconceived traditions. Mr. Meyer makes out a certain rationale for the anti-teleological position, relating it to Existentialism, quantum mechanics, and Zen Buddhism, but admits that anti-teleological art cannot be a form of communication (since communication depends on an understood vocabulary and a set of logical expectations on the part of the audience), and also that it cannot be subjected to criticism (since it involves no anticipations and no meanings). Anti-teleological art has no purpose, it just *is*, and though Mr. Meyer is obviously not exactly in love with it—and points out that it represents only a small segment of contemporary art—he takes it seriously, and winds up with the thought that it is a challenge. "It challenges us," he writes, "to discover and make explicit the grounds for beliefs and values which we unconsciously take for granted. . . . Can we do more than simply assert our beliefs? Can we give empirically verifiable reasons for them?" Teleological considerations have been the basis of painting from the cave painters to Picasso, of music from the Renais-



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sance to Stravinsky, of literature from Homer to the work of most of our modern novelists and playwrights. Mr. Meyer implies that anti-teleological art has been with us only since around the time of the Second World War. I am inclined to trace its origins a little further back, and to discern signs of the breakdown of teleology as early as Schoenberg and Kandinsky, finding its first symptoms (in music, at least) in Schoenberg's abolition of tonality and in his invention of serialism—a sort of arbitrary, or ersatz, teleology not backed up by musical experience. But let that pass. Anti-teleological music is, in the average man's phrase, music that "is not going anywhere." And the average man might well also ask the question "If art is the product of accident, why bother to create it?" The answer, of course, is that "bother" is a teleological concept. Some people *do* create it—if the process can be called creation—and, as I stated before, it *is*.

Armed with Mr. Meyer's rationale, and trying to put myself in a radical-empiricist mood (precluding criticism), I attended a concert of anti-teleological music at Judson Hall on Tuesday evening of last week. To my surprise, the first number on the program, something called "Composition 1960 #13," by La Monte Young, sounded suspiciously like eighteenth-century music. "Awfully teleological," I said to myself. But during the intermission I had a chat with Charlotte Moorman, the cellist who played it, and found that Mr. Young's score had consisted of the words "Play anything you like." Miss Moorman happened to like Sammartini (whether it was Giuseppe or Giovanni Battista, I failed to learn), and we had been listening to a Sammartini adagio for solo cello. Thus, it appears that teleological music can form part of an anti-teleological program, the element of chance being present in the unpredictableness of the performer's choice. (It strikes me that there is something slightly subversive of the anti-teleological position in this, but I can't quite figure it out.)

Following Mr. Young's piece by Sammartini, we heard three items for cello, with and without piano. They were, successively, Morton Feldman's "Projection 1," Ornette Coleman's "City Minds and Country Hearts," and Earle Brown's "Music for Cello and Piano." I confess, with some shame, that I was unable to tell one from another. They all seemed to be made up of various hoots and swoops on the cello, with disconnected thumpings on the piano when it was present, and they all

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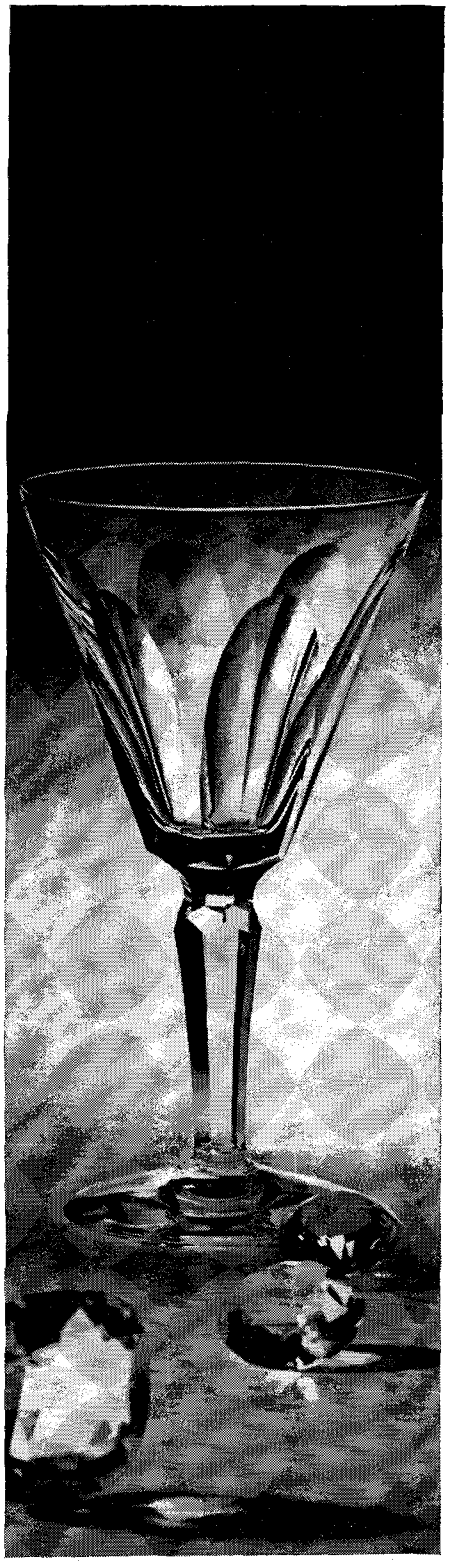

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sounded like the work of the same creative mind.

After the intermission, we had a piece of "visual music" by Philip Corner entitled "Solo with . . ." This was performed by Miss Moorman. The score consisted mainly of stage directions. Miss Moorman walked onto the stage with her cello, put it down, went back offstage, reappeared with her handbag, registered difficulty in finding her score on the music stand, gave up, went away again, came back, and tuned up. Meanwhile, ominous sounds—a little like something thought up by Edgar Varèse—issued from a loudspeaker, and continued for the rest of the time she was onstage. There was more shuffling of sheet music. Miss Moorman wiped her cello with a handkerchief, played a single pizzicato note, and began to annotate her score with a pencil. This was followed by delighted applause.

Last came an extended composition called "34′46.776″ for a Pianist and a String Player," by John Cage himself, performed by David Tudor and Miss Moorman. "I'm not entirely in sympathy with the aesthetics of *all* this stuff," Miss Moorman had told me during the intermission, "but"—unconsciously betraying a subversive penchant for teleology—"I think the Cage work is going to *live*." Technologically, like most Cage works, this one was a lulu. Mr. Tudor, reading from a score that resembled a checkbook, was equipped with fifteen or twenty varieties of drumstick, and his piano with rocks—or objects that looked like rocks—and heaven knows what else. Every once in a while, he would rise and peer into its interior, like a truck driver looking for a defective sparkplug. Both he and Miss Moorman blew whistles from time to time, and several children's balloons were burst with loud pops. At one point, Miss Moorman hurled a cymbal into the middle of the stage floor, where it landed with an imposing crash.

Well, I guess I am a confirmed believer in teleology where music is concerned, but I found Tuesday evening's concert a good deal less boring than

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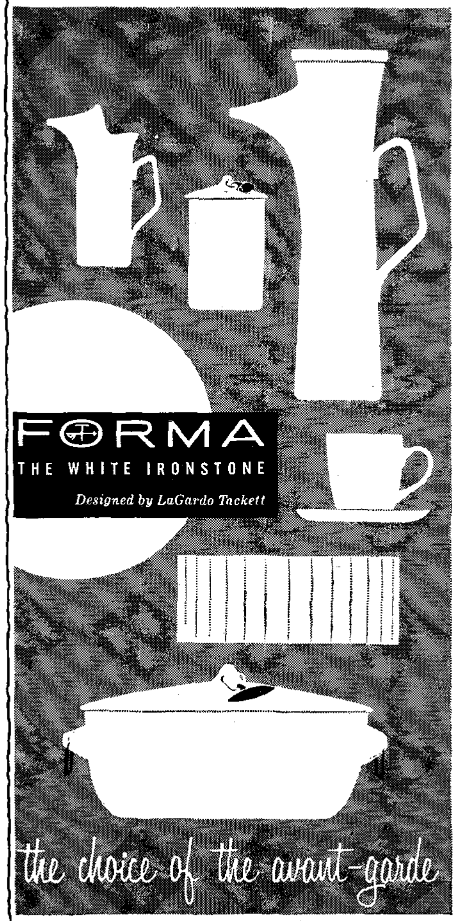

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some of the more pretentious examples of supposedly teleological music that I have heard in our larger concert halls. The means—a cello, a souped-up piano, and a loudspeaker—were modest, and nearly everything was done with them that could have been done, including producing teleological music.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ

Turnabout

FREE will is as free as the wills of others permit. Consider the exercise in initiative that Pee Wee Russell, the consummate fifty-seven-year-old clarinettist, has been bent on for the past couple of years. Russell, at an age when memory begins to usurp the place of action, has turned his back on his past—or, rather, on a past constructed for him. An advanced swing musician by 1930, he has not changed, but he is attempting to erase the image of Pee Wee Russell, Picturesque Dixieland Clarinettist, that was fashioned by his admirers (and detractors) twenty-five years ago. He has done this by loosening his associations with the remnants of the Eddie Condon group and by forming a quartet whose textures, attack, instrumentation (clarinet, valve trombone or bass trumpet, bass, and drums), and repertory (John Coltrane, Billy Strayhorn, Ornette Coleman, Count Basie, Tadd Dameron, Bix Beiderbecke, and Thelonious Monk) fit in between the present and the still fresh cool strain of Lester Young and Charlie Christian. But this turnabout has not been smooth. Russell tires more easily than he used to; the clarinet itself is out of fashion as a jazz instrument; his style is less extrovert than ever; the picturesque is a nearly shatterproof stereotype; and the economic bottom seems to be again dropping out of jazz. Even Russell's recording début with his quartet, some months ago, went against him ("New Groove: The Pee Wee Russell Quartet," Columbia CL 1985). Despite some faultless solos, Russell is overpowered on this record by the resonance of Marshall Brown, his trombonist-trumpeter-arranger, as well as by a busy, over-recorded bassist and drummer. Nonetheless, the gist of what Russell is trying to do is clear throughout, and it was even clearer last week at the Village Vanguard, where he appeared for a brief stand with a reorganized quartet, mysteriously augmented by a piano.

The group included Marshall Brown, Bob Hammer on piano, Joe Six on bass, and Ron Bedford on drums. Perhaps because of the personnel changes and

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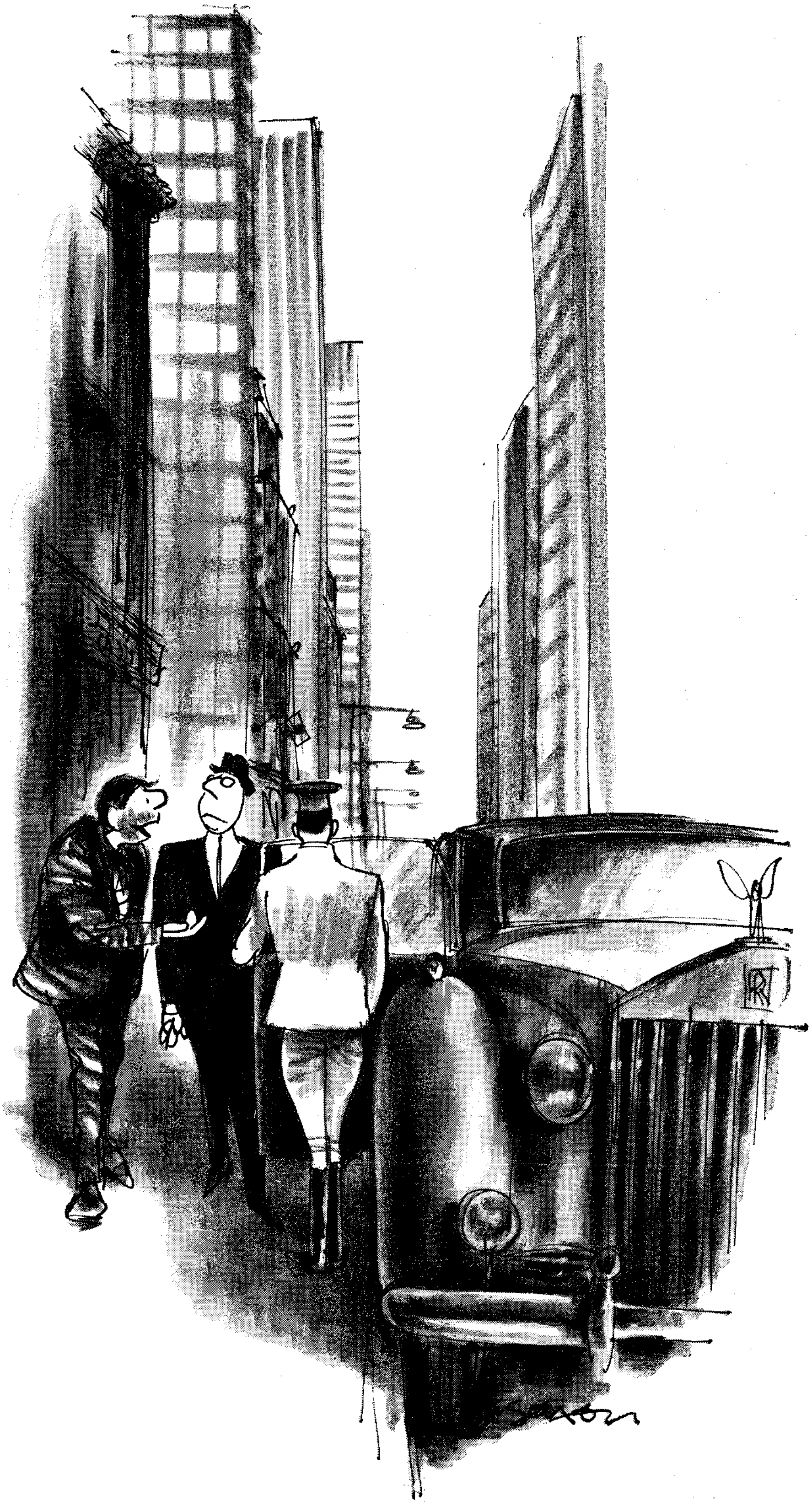

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the good acoustics of the Vanguard, the imbalances of the recording were absent. Russell dominated the eleven numbers played during the evening, and here and there he offered the eloquence he has long used to transform pap into originality and the worthy into the unique. His style, a kind of unfinished rococo, has in recent years grown increasingly devious and intense. He no longer wails (as he had to in Dixieland ensembles), he no longer growls in self-derision, he no longer sounds stiff and stilted. Oblique, lower-register murmurs that are more innuendo than identifiable statements have replaced these devices, as have ingenious figures in which he glances off some notes, bangs the heads of others softly together, and drops in long, catch-me-if-you-can runs that suggest someone racing through a labyrinth he knows by heart. Chins-out phrases abruptly recede into gentle, middle-distance ones, and barely audible patterns explode into staccato efflorescences. Against-the-grain "wrong" notes abound. Thus, in "My Mother's Eyes," Russell gave the singular impression in his first chorus that he was tunnelling his way out of a secret deep corner in himself and, once in the air (his second chorus), that he was heading down a mountain in long, bent-backed Groucho Marx strides. He was poignant, then quickly funny. In "Goose Pimples," by Bix Beiderbecke, he played an amazing chorus with just two or three close, flatted middle-register notes placed in an irregular push-the-beat, drag-the-beat sequence. He was kindly and inlooking in Monk's "Ask Me Now" and in Irving Berlin's "How About Me," and in "Red Planet" he intimated that John Coltrane's twelve-tone investigation is no more challenging than beanbags. Hammer, a pastiche pianist, was simply superfluous, and Brown, a Brad Gowans-Bobby Brookmeyer admirer, revealed that even when he plays quietly he is basically a blow-man-blow instrumentalist. Six and Bedford were precise. Brown's arrangements are clever and attractive, and they serve, despite his playing, to set Russell off in the manner he should be accustomed to. May Russell's will be steel.

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•

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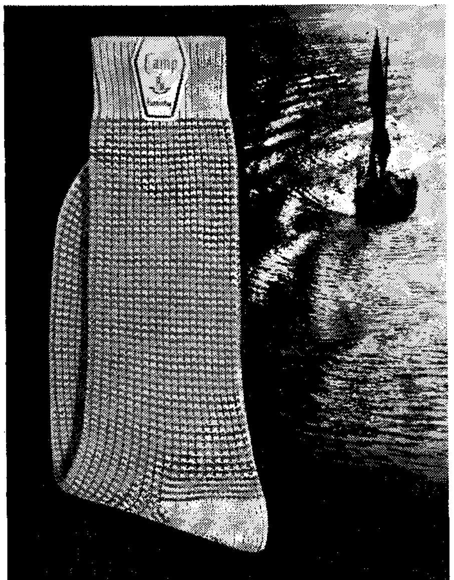

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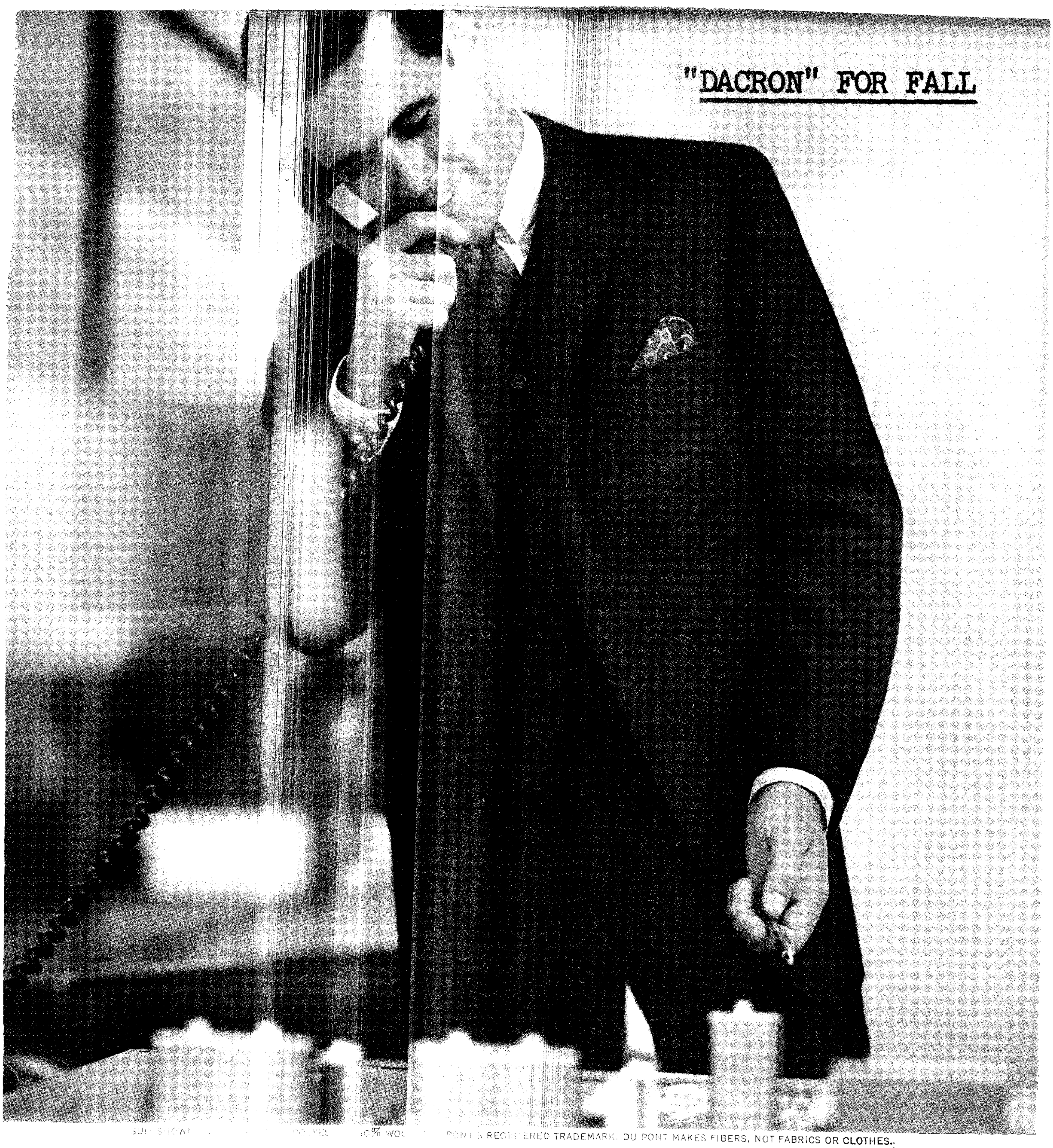

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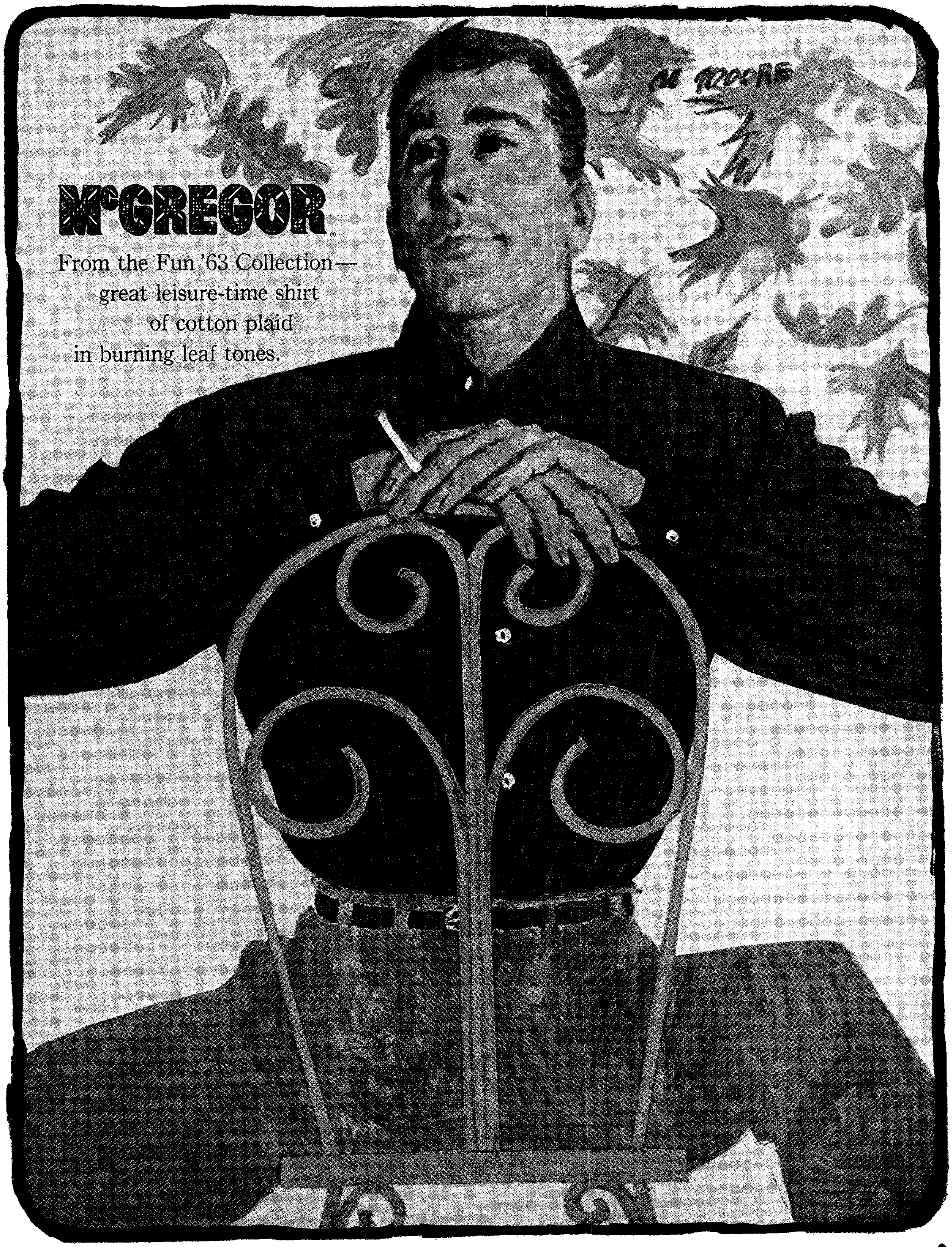

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THE LAST SKILL ACQUIRED

FOUR years ago last spring, the principal of a good suburban public school told Mrs. Charles Palmer that her nine-year-old son Chris, a pupil at the school, needed immediate and intensive psychiatric help. "I can remember the look on his face when he told me," Mrs. Palmer said recently. "He was pained and perplexed. I could see that he really *liked* Chris, and hated to have to admit that the school wasn't up to coping with his problem. I was heartsick, but I felt terribly sorry for him, too, because I knew he was under pressure. There had obviously been complaints about Chris, from other parents as well as from the teachers. He had become a terribly disrupting influence in the classroom. Nobody could do anything with him, and his sudden, explosive rages and tantrums were sometimes actually dangerous, because he was such a big boy even then—bigger and stronger than any of his classmates. The day before, out on the playground, he had thrown a stone and hit another boy on the head; the boy had to be taken to the hospital and have seven stitches. That was the last straw. And nobody—not even his father or I—could get Chris to say why he had done it. So I suppose I wasn't altogether surprised when the principal told me that all his troubles were caused by a 'severe emotional block.' "

How such a block could have arisen Chris's parents could not imagine. They were intelligent, responsible, and loving parents, who had been able to give Chris and his two younger sisters a good many advantages; Mr. Palmer (which is not his real name, of course) was an engineer with a large electronics firm. They had felt themselves to be on relaxed terms with all their children until they began to lose contact with Chris. The change in Chris's attitude had begun about three years earlier. About the middle of his first-grade year, Chris's teacher had sent home a note suggesting that since Chris was having a hard time learning to read, he could do with some extra work at home. Mrs. Palmer went to see the teacher, who showed her how to use the basic reading textbook. The teacher had no ready explanation for Chris's difficulty. "He seems bright enough, but it's awfully hard for him to concentrate in class," she said. "He keeps jumping up and down and running around during reading period, and I must say that his restlessness sometimes makes it difficult for the others." Mrs. Palmer explained that Chris had always been an extremely active child, even as a baby, and had never been able to sit still for very long. "Perhaps it's time he learned," the teacher suggested.

Mrs. Palmer's attempts to work on Chris's reading at home were not successful. Chris resented the sessions, fidgeted constantly, and insisted that he hated reading and could never learn it. When his father tried to work with him in the evenings, Chris's inability to concentrate usually made Mr. Palmer lose patience with him. Chris finished the school year without making any progress in learning to read, but he was advanced to second grade in the hope that he could catch up once he learned to "apply himself."

All through second grade, Chris's resistance to reading and writing was impenetrable. He seemed to have no trouble at all picking up the elements of arithmetic, and his superior physical ability and energy—he was often named the captain of this team or the leader of that class project—in the beginning made him popular and respected by his classmates. During reading periods, though, his restlessness in class became more and more of a problem. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer knew a little about the controversy over the methods of teaching children to read, and they had heard the argument that problems like Chris's were caused by reliance on the "whole-word," or "look-and-say," method instead of on the older method of teaching by phonics, or mastering the sounds of the letters before going on to join them into words. Yet, Mrs. Palmer discovered, Chris was getting a certain amount of phonics instruction at school; his unwillingness to buckle down and apply himself was his real problem, ac-

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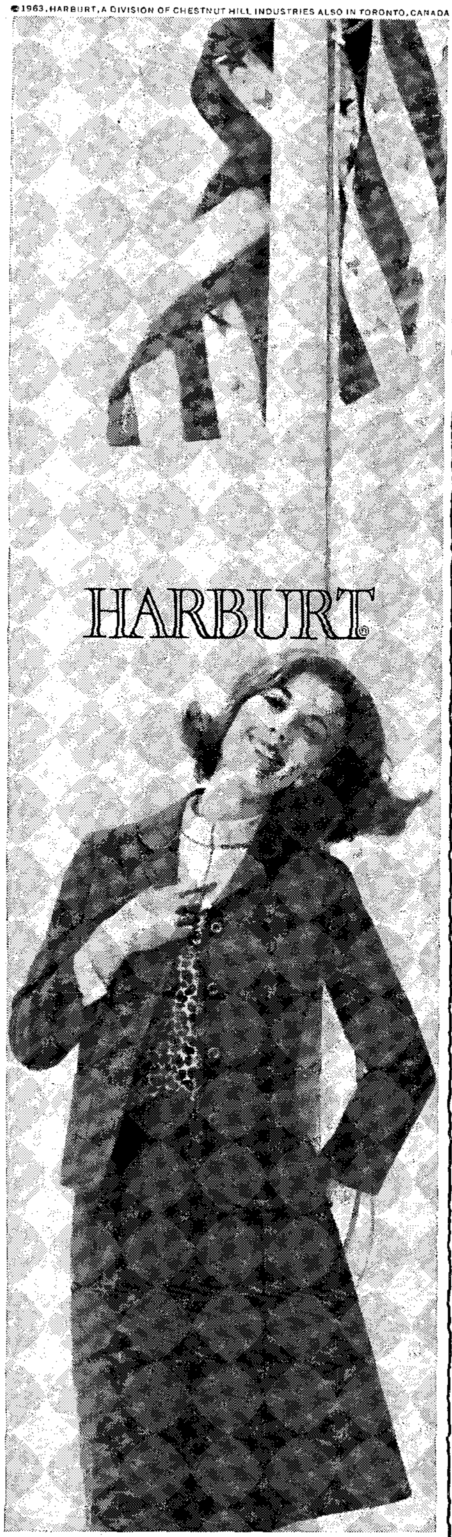

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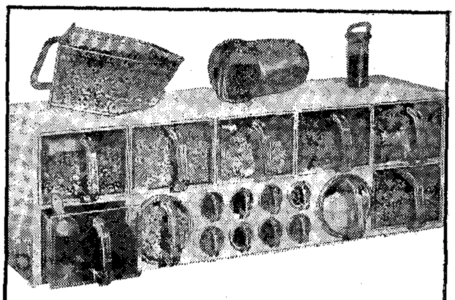
cording to his teacher, since the school had tested his eyesight and hearing and found them normal. Toward the end of the year, the second-graders were given a general intelligence and achievement test. Although Chris showed good reasoning ability, he scored nearly at the bottom of his class in the verbal section of the test. In June, it was decided that he should repeat second grade and receive special help in remedial reading at the school.

Chris had become increasingly moody and withdrawn at home, and that spring he began having terrifying nightmares. His spirits picked up during the summer, however. He went away for two weeks to a camp, and was elected captain of the baseball team. Every camper was obliged to write at least one letter home during the two weeks; Chris, ashamed to admit that he could not even write his name, sent home a blank sheet of paper in the envelope provided. That fall, his troubles descended on him in earnest. Staying back a grade was a severe blow to his pride. To make matters worse, the remedial-reading sessions—twice a week—came during the period allotted to athletics, the one area in which Chris really excelled. The sessions were punctuated by explosive outbursts of temper and hysterical tears. More and more, in the classrooms and outside, Chris flew off the handle at the slightest provocation. He could not bear teasing, and got into fist fights every week. Some afternoons, he would come home from school in despair, hurl himself, sobbing, onto his bed, and say that he wanted to throw himself out the window. He could not tell his parents what was making him so fiercely unhappy, and as often as not, when they tried to bring up the subject of reading, he would feign complete indifference and insist that it was "no problem" for him. Chris's attitude was so baffling, and his inner anguish so profound, that Mrs. Palmer actually felt some relief when the school principal told her that Chris needed psychotherapy. Shortly afterward, she made an appointment with a well-known child psychiatrist. The psychiatrist saw Chris and discussed the problem at length with Mrs. Palmer. He said that he would be glad to work with the boy, but he suggested that it might be a good idea for Chris to visit the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center and be examined by the Pediatric Language Disorder Clinic, which is associated with the department of pediatrics and psychiatry at Babies Hospital.

When Chris came into the clinic for the first time, a week later, his ex-



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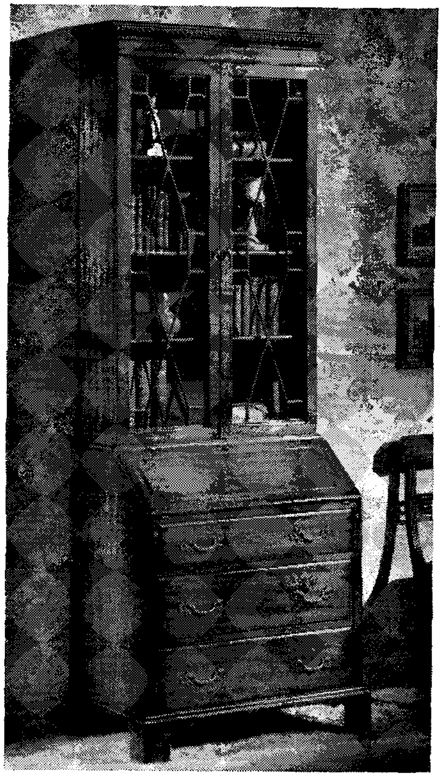

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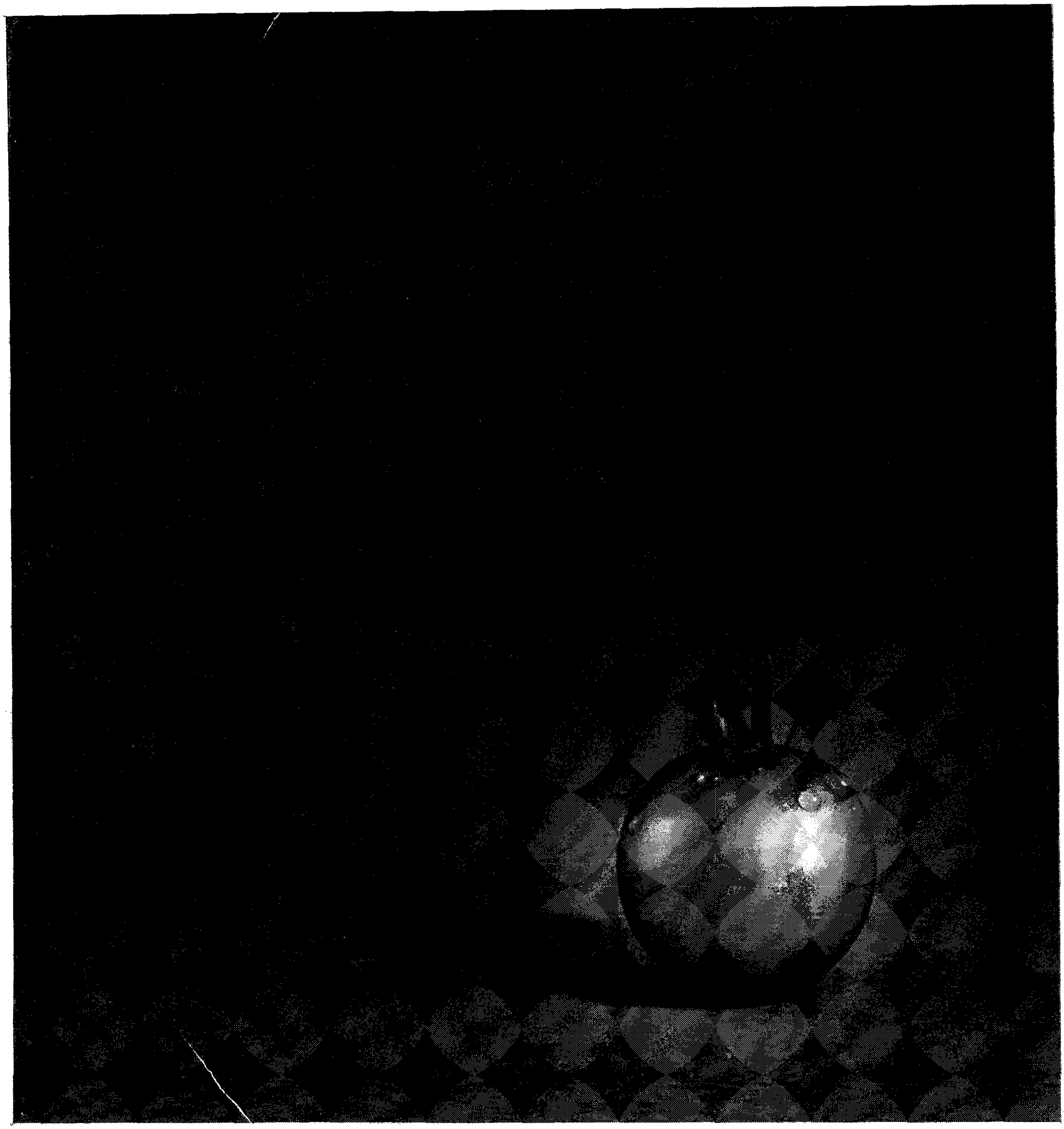

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pression was not so much frightened as grim. "He was angry—so angry that he could hardly contain himself," Katrina de Hirsch, the clinic's director and diagnostician, recalls. "It had evidently been a major undertaking to get him to come at all, and the fact that his mother was obviously afraid of his anger was not making things any easier. At the same time, though, I was struck immediately by what an attractive, vivid boy he was. He was beautifully knit, with clear blue eyes and very fair, almost white hair and—once you got to know him a little—an engaging smile. He impressed me as a very solid youngster whose anger was not entirely without justification."

Mrs. de Hirsch, a vivid, vivacious woman with a quick and engaging smile of her own, talked with Chris for about half an hour, during which she told him that a lot of intelligent boys had the same sort of problems he was having in learning to read. Just as some children had more difficulty than others in learning to ride a bicycle, she explained, some had a harder time with reading. Chris listened to this with interest, but it was not easy to hold his attention; he kept jumping up to look out the window every time a truck went past. From a clutter of toys and games on a table, Mrs. de Hirsch produced a dart board and two darts with rubber suction caps, and asked Chris if he wouldn't like to try his aim. After that, she asked him to show her how he kicked a ball and how he sighted a toy rifle. She noted that Chris used his right arm for throwing and his right leg for kicking, but that when sighting the rifle he closed his right eye and looked through the left. Keeping up a friendly conversation with him, she brought out a pegboard and a box of colored wooden pegs, which she asked him to insert in the board in a certain pattern. Chris's awkwardness with the pegs was in marked contrast to his coördination in large muscular activities. He started out using his right hand, then switched to his left. While fumbling with the pegs, he unconsciously stuck out his tongue, as a very much younger child does when concentrating on something. A number of other tests were carried out in the same friendly, seemingly haphazard manner. Mrs. de Hirsch had Chris draw a picture of a boy and a girl; his drawings were extremely primitive, and the boy was much smaller than the girl. She produced a set of white cards, each of which bore an abstract design of black dots or wavy crossing lines or geometric shapes of interlocking figures

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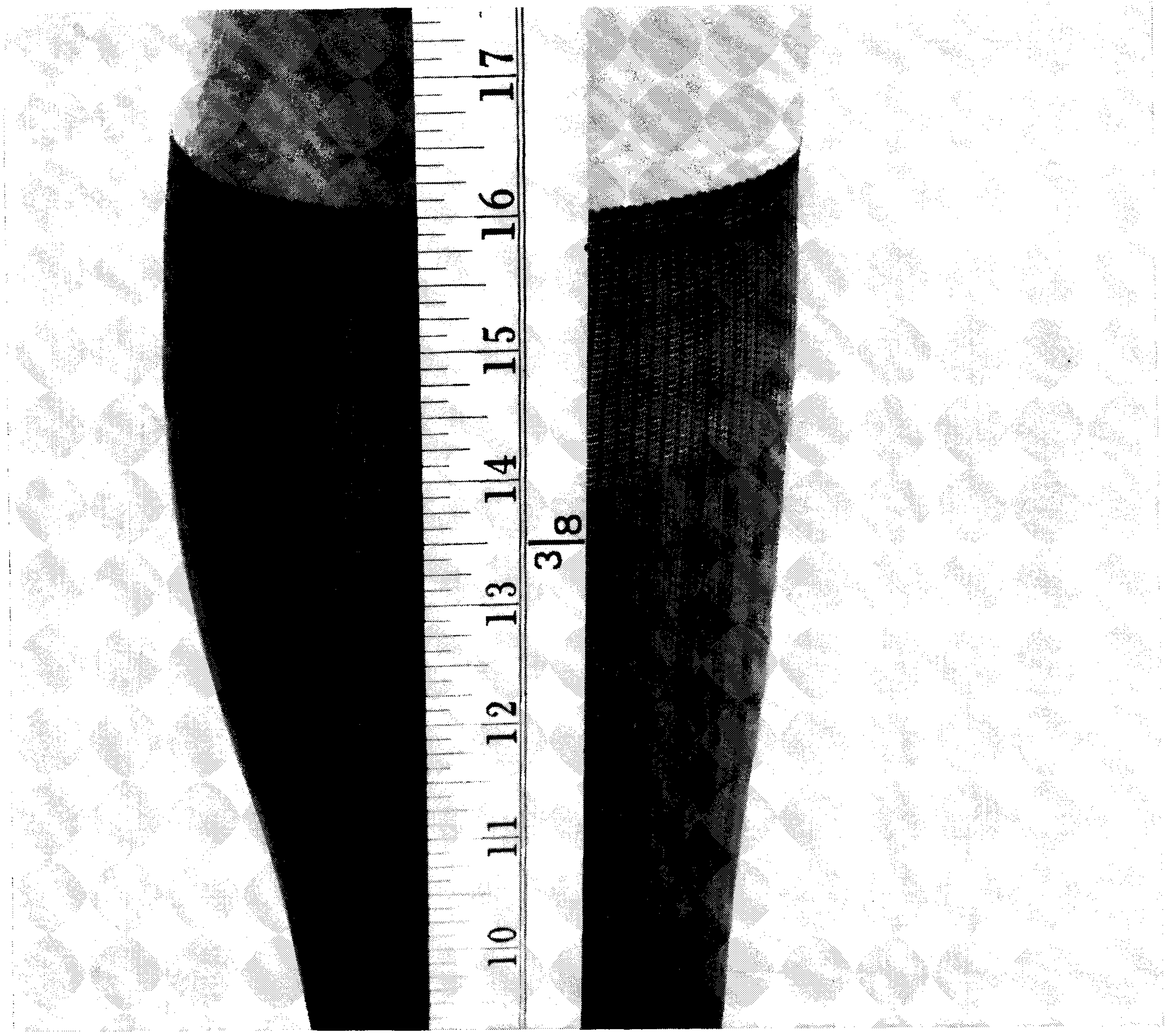

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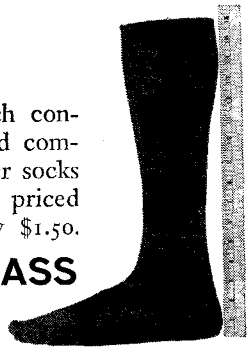

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(this was the widely used Bender Visual Motor Gestalt test for perceptual functioning), and asked Chris to copy the designs on blank paper, keeping the card in front of him as a model; several of these he reproduced accurately, but on three he was far off, and on two more he reversed the design. Asked to tell which letters of the alphabet on a large chart were correct and which were printed backward, Chris was wrong thirteen times in thirty tries. Verbally, he had a lot of trouble discriminating between words that sounded alike ("throw" and "though," "thief" and "sheath"), and often he could not immediately think of the word for a familiar object, such as a belt buckle. When Mrs. de Hirsch asked him to repeat a joke she had just told him, Chris made a long, rambling attempt at it, became confused, and lost the point. He broke off in frustration, saying angrily, "I feel like a dumb ox."

When she had finished with Chris, Mrs. de Hirsch had a talk with Mrs. Palmer. They discussed Chris's problems at school, his emotional reaction to them, and also the possibility that he was not the only member of the family with a language problem. Under questioning, Mrs. Palmer revealed that Chris's father, who was somewhat ambidextrous, had been slow in starting to talk; that Mr. Palmer's brother had a severe stutter; and that there had been a history of left-handedness in Mrs. Palmer's own family. At the close of the interview, Mrs. de Hirsch said that in her opinion his problem was not related to a sensory deficiency. Nor did she feel that it was primarily psychological, despite the school's talk of a severe emotional block. And, she added, it was certainly not the result of any lack of natural intelligence, for Chris was obviously a very bright boy; his low score on the school test was clearly related to poor verbal ability. Chris, said Mrs. de Hirsch, gave every indication of having a specific language disability—a constitutional weakness in the language area—which could probably be treated without recourse to psychiatry. "When an intelligent, ambitious boy like Chris can't learn to read in school, the emotional strain set up by his failure is terrific," she explained. "Even very young children understand that reading is the key to everything else, and most of them look forward to it with great enthusiasm. It's a deeply humiliating experience to be completely unable to grasp what the other children get with relatively little trouble." Unfortunately, she added, not all educators are aware that some children have a specific weakness in the lan-

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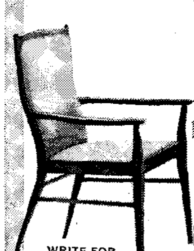

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guage area, and this sometimes adds complications to an already complicated situation.

Although the Pediatric Language Disorder Clinic is mainly a diagnostic center, with limited facilities for treatment, Mrs. de Hirsch agreed to let Chris come in for treatment, because his case was an especially difficult and challenging one. Chris dropped the remedial sessions at school and began the long and difficult struggle to overcome his fear of the written word.

THERE are, of course, a great many reasons for the trouble that any given child may have in learning to read and write, and a great deal of disagreement exists on the subject among reading experts. In recent years, much of the argument has centered on the methods by which reading is taught. Rudolf Flesch, the author of "Why Johnny Can't Read," and his followers believe that all reading problems can be traced to use of the "whole-word" method of teaching, which has been used widely in American schools since about 1925, and insist that the only solution is a return to the older phonic method. Other educators, among them Arthur I. Gates, of Columbia Teachers College, and Albert J. Harris, of the Queens College Educational Clinic, say that the Flesch argument is unscientific nonsense. But, according to such authorities as John W. Gardner, president of the Carnegie Corporation (which is putting a good deal of money into the development of better reading instruction), the controversy is now subsiding. Gardner said last year that in his opinion "the two sides in the argument over phonics are moving toward one another, and in the next few years the argument will become meaningless except for crackpots and zealots." The basis for compromise seems to be a consensus that reading is best taught by a combination of methods, in which phonic analysis plays an essential role. More and more public and private schools in the country would subscribe to this point of view today, at least in theory. But the question of method is not the only one at issue, even though the violence of the argument during the last ten or twelve years—extravagant claims and counterclaims, floods of questionable statistics and dubiously controlled experiments, pressures from textbook publishers with a stake in one camp or the other—has tended to make it appear so. Lately, the focus of criticism has been shifting from the methods of instruction to the teachers themselves. A recent study of how

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teachers learn to teach reading, carried out under the auspices of the Harvard Graduate School of Education and the Carnegie Corporation, found that instructors in the great majority of teachers' colleges "had to limit their presentation of reading instruction to less than twelve teaching hours a semester." The Harvard-Carnegie study also found that in the seventy-four teachers' colleges that were visited, "only one instructor attempted to familiarize the student with the symptoms, causes, and remediation of severe reading disabilities." Since reading is very likely the most complex and difficult achievement of the entire educational process, as well as the most important, the inadequate preparation of those who teach it strikes more and more observers as calamitous. Almost everyone does agree, at least, that the reading problem is immense and alarming. In 1961, the National Council of Teachers of English estimated that out of the thirty-three million children then in elementary school, nearly four million were seriously retarded in reading. This astonishing statistic does not necessarily imply that the percentage of retarded readers is greater today than it was fifty years ago, when non-readers simply dropped out of school and went to work, but it does reflect an increasingly ominous social dilemma. In our highly literate, technological society, the child who cannot learn to read soon realizes that he is disinherited, economically as well as socially, and it is no surprise to discover, as the New York City Children's Court discovered in 1955, that seventy-six per cent of the juvenile delinquents whose cases came before the court were two or more years retarded in reading, and over half were retarded by five or more years.

Among all the causes cited for reading failure in our schools—faulty teaching methods, poor teachers, low I.Q., sociological and economic pressures, poor motivation (too much television at home, for example), psychological "learning blocks" as a result of broken homes or other emotional traumas—the one that has received the least attention is specific dyslexia, which is the usual term for reading failure that results from a constitutional language disability. Some educators (Professor Gates, for one) question the existence of specific dyslexia, and a few appear not to have heard of it. One explanation for this state of affairs is that the medical fraternity, which has been studying specific dyslexia and other language disorders for nearly a century without reaching any clear agreement on what causes them, has done relatively little to push

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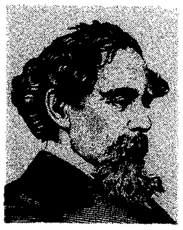

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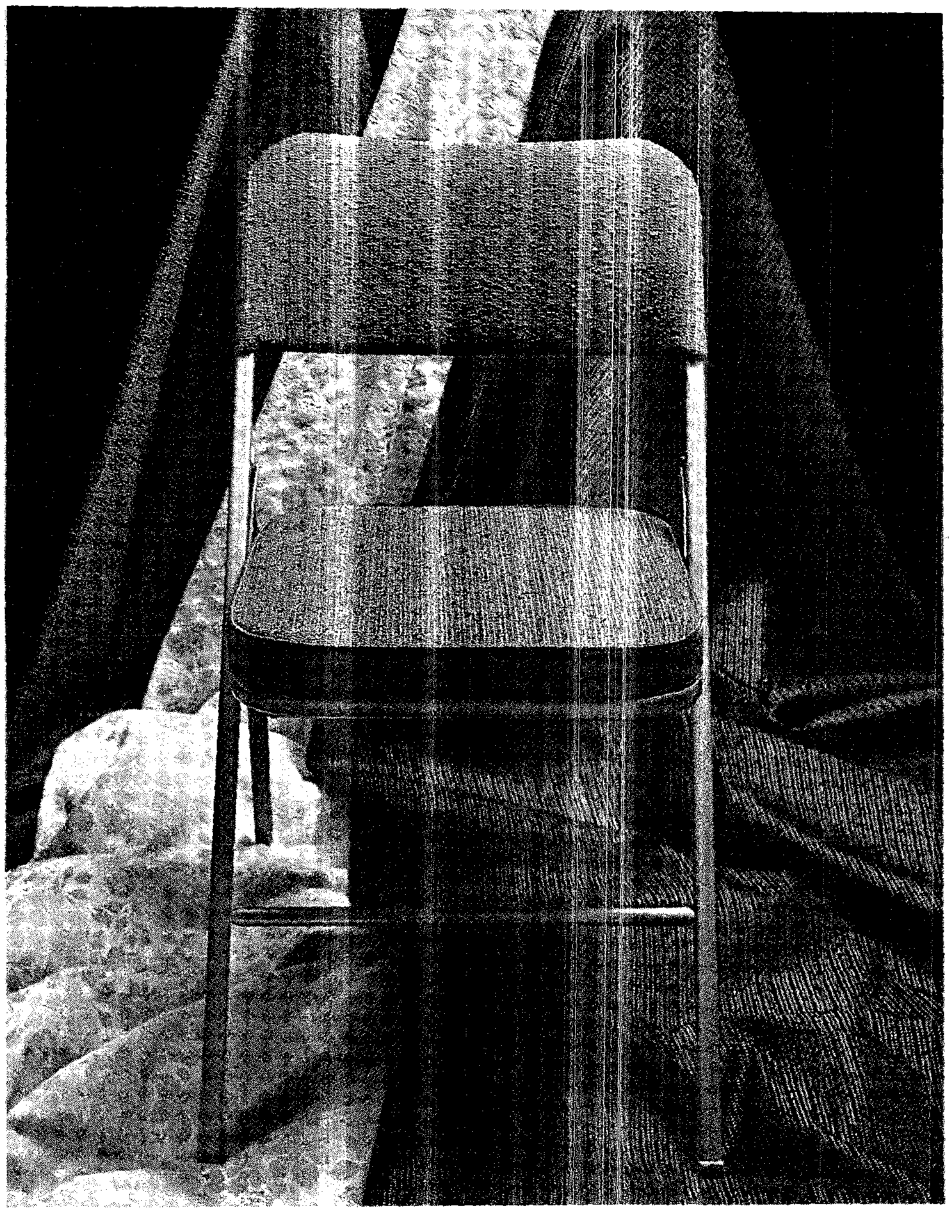

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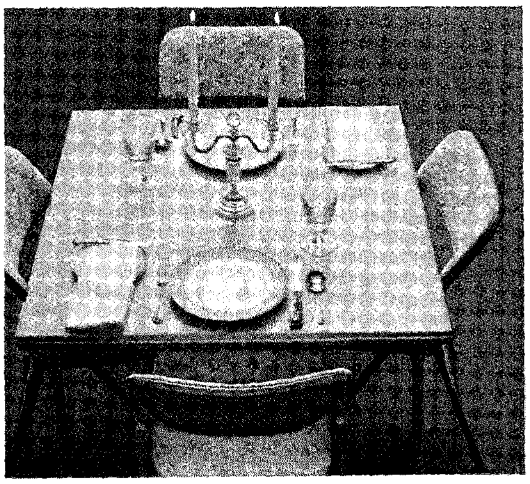

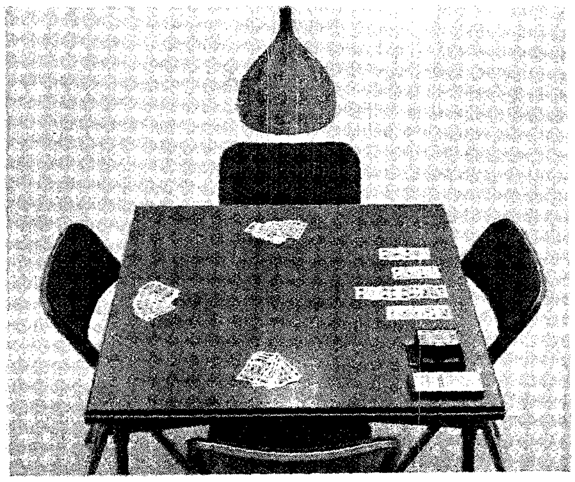

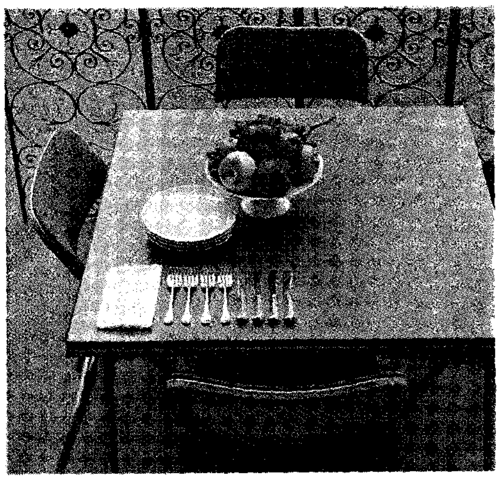

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One of the hallmarks of specific dyslexia is a tendency to reverse the order of letters in reading, writing, and spelling. While many young children reverse the order of sounds in speech, saying "Crice Rispies" for "Rice Crispies," for example—indeed, it is normal to do so up to the age of six or seven—the child with a language disability makes many more reversals, and keeps on making them long after the age of six. Although his vision and hearing may be adequate, his perception of sounds heard and letters seen is diffuse and unstable, which makes it nearly impossible for him to differentiate between reversible letters like "b" and "d," "p" and "q," or between words like "was" and "saw," "not" and "ton." He will use the letters "m," "n," and "u" interchangeably. He may twist around the letters within a word, reading "from" for "form," "gril" for "girl," "trian" for "train." There is no consistency to his reversals and twistings; in the same paragraph, he may read a word correctly at one place and incorrectly two lines farther down. His confusion is often auditory as well as visual; hearing the word "pool," he reproduces it as "loop." Spelling, of

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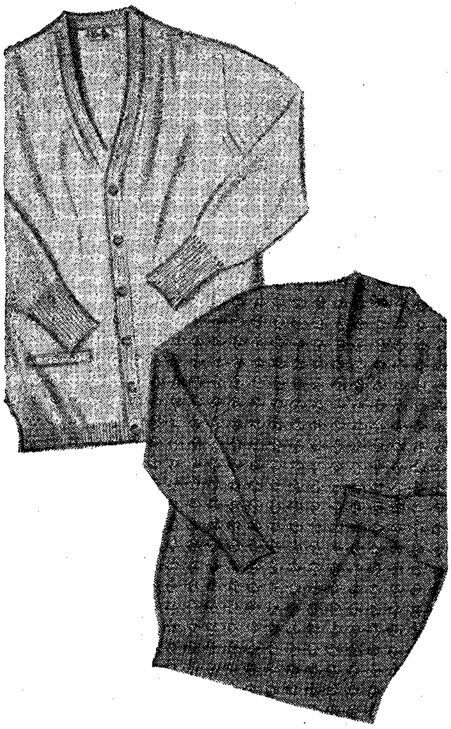

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course, is *frightfully* difficult; even when the severely dyslexic child has fully mastered reading, he usually remains a rudimentary speller. In the worst cases, the child may be unable to hear the word correctly when it is spoken, unable to perceive it properly when it is written, and then unable to read his own handwritten attempt to reproduce it (penmanship in such children is often cramped and awkward), so that he keeps losing more and more of the word at every stage. Asked to write the sentence "The boy came home," a Michigan child labored and wrote, "The doy nor house." Some children even confuse concepts, reading "floor" for "ceiling," "up" for "down," "now" for "later," "seldom" for "often." The variations and surprises are literally infinite.

Clinicians who, like Mrs. de Hirsch, have no objection to the use of the whole-word, look-and-say method with normal children are convinced that for the child with specific dyslexia an exclusive attempt to learn whole words will only increase the problem. The look-and-say method presupposes that a child who sees the word "apple" on the blackboard will be able to remember the word as a whole when he sees it next, recognizing it from its general configuration. The dyslexic child, however, may see one configuration for the word when it is on the blackboard and a totally different one the next time it appears. He may recognize a word when it appears again in the same context but lose it if the context is different. His visual memory is so unreliable, in any case, that he cannot recall the word in order to spell it even if he is able to recognize it in reading. The method by which most dyslexics *can* learn to read, it has been found, is painstaking phonetic analysis, in which words are unlocked by a thorough knowledge of the sounds of the letters and the letter combinations. Learning by phonics is no easy job for these children, but it can usually be achieved when the teacher is patient and the child is not too terrified of the printed word to make the effort. Some dyslexic children cannot even learn by phonics, though—those whose auditory perception is too weak to grasp the sounds correctly, those who are too easily frustrated by the laborious job of building up words from their letter components, those whose verbal memory is simply inadequate to cope with the fantastic irregularity of English orthography. ("How can you teach these children that you pronounce the 'ue' in 'argue' but not in 'tongue?' " asks Mrs.

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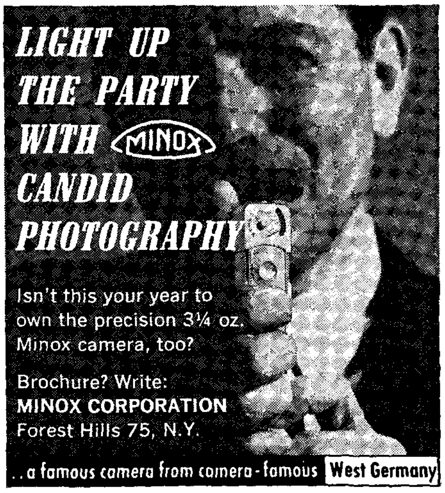

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de Hirsch.) Sometimes it helps to bring other senses into play—letting the child handle three-dimensional letters, or having him say the letter sounds while tracing the letter shapes. Each case is different, and must be dealt with by a different avenue of approach; if the relationship between child and teacher is a warm and trusting one, the right avenue can usually be found. Sometimes even the teacher does not know exactly how and why it happened, but there it is—the gate of words has miraculously opened.

ACTUALLY, the language function itself is still something of a mystery to scientists. For one thing, it is a relatively recent achievement in the evolutionary sense; of all the animals, only man has learned to communicate by symbols, and no one is quite sure how he did it. About a hundred years ago, though, a French surgeon and anthropologist named Paul Broca formulated the theory that language is controlled by the hemisphere of the brain that is opposite the more skilled hand; that is, by the left hemisphere in right-handed people, and vice versa. About the same time, it was discovered that a wound or a blow that caused only slight damage to the dominant cerebral hemisphere could cause total loss of speech or of reading comprehension, while extensive damage to the non-dominant hemisphere had no effect whatever on the language function. By the early part of this century, a Glasgow ophthalmologist named James Hinshelwood was using the term "congenital word blindness" to describe a number of children he had treated whose ordinary vision was perfectly normal but who had never been able to learn to read. Hinshelwood had found that in each of these cases there was a family history of difficulty in the language area. His theory was that word blindness came about as a result of a congenital defect in the visual centers of the brain, and this notion dominated medical thinking on the subject until the late nineteen-twenties, when Dr. Samuel Torrey Orton reopened the issue. Orton, an American neuropsychiatrist, was then director of the Iowa State Psychopathic Hospital and a professor of psychiatry at the State University of Iowa. He had previously done some work with severely wounded war veterans who suffered from loss of speech or of reading ability as a result of brain damage. One day in 1924, in a local mental-health clinic, Dr. Orton saw a sixteen-year-old boy who was as word-blind as any wounded

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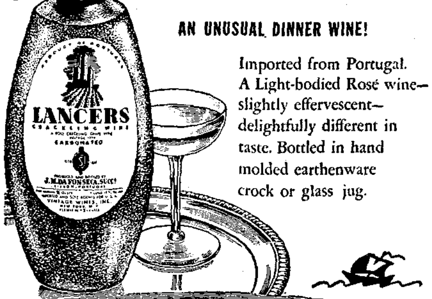

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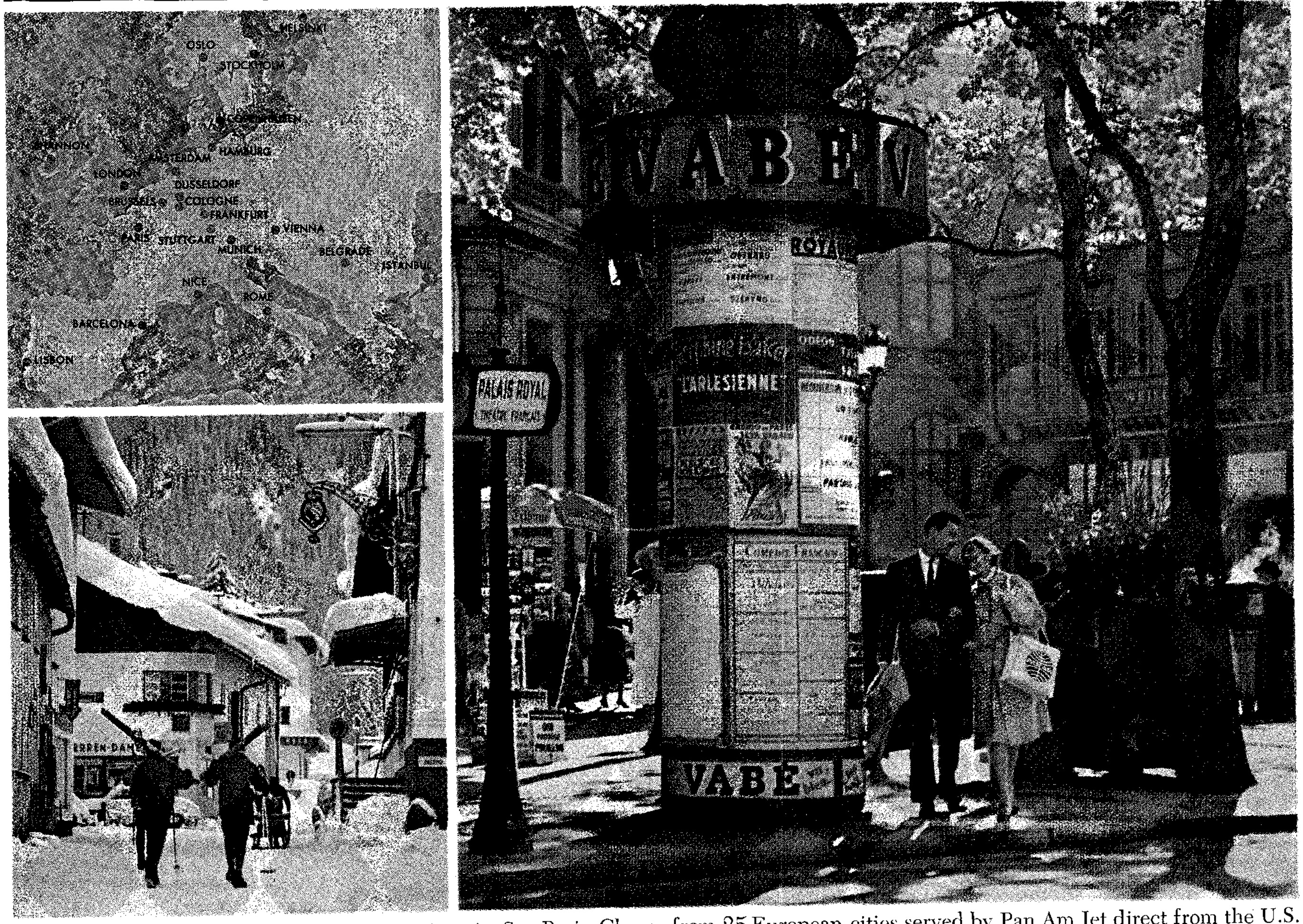
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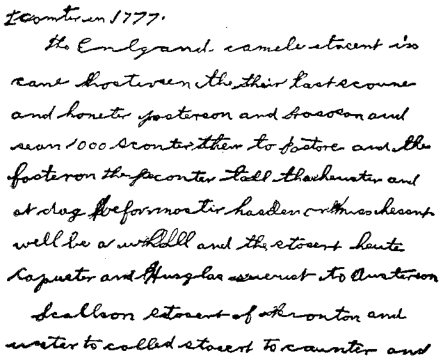
war veteran, despite the fact that in his case there was not the slightest evidence of brain damage. "He was a splendid boy," a technician who was present recalls. "A leader in his class at school, well liked and respected by everyone, a boy who did well enough on oral work but had never been able to learn to read." The boy's history teacher showed Orton a sample of his written work—a composition on the British campaign of 1777 in the American Revolution—which Orton later reproduced in a book as a classic example of language disability. It looked like this:



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Orton undertook to study the case in detail, and he soon became convinced that the boy's trouble was the result of some neurological difficulty, and that it could be treated. He also decided that the boy was by no means an isolated case. During the next decade, with the assistance of a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, he saw about a thousand cases, some in Iowa and the rest in New York, where from 1929 to 1936 he served as neuropathologist at the Neurological Institute of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center and held the chair of neurology and neuropathology at Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons. In 1937, he published his findings, and a neurological theory to explain them, in "Reading, Writing, and Speech Problems in Children." Where Hinshelwood had regarded word blindness as a congenital defect of the brain, Orton maintained that it was not a defect at all but, rather, a physiological variance related to a failure of one hemisphere of the brain to develop a distinct dominance over the other. He had noted that in almost every one of his cases there was not only a family history of language problems but a family history of left-handedness, ambidexterity, or so-called "mixed laterality"—favoring the right hand and the left foot, for example. Left-handedness or mixed laterality did not in itself mean that the individual would have trouble with language, but either was "to be looked upon as evidence of

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the absence of a sufficiently strong hereditary tendency to establish a clear-cut selective preference for one side." Wherever there was some degree of uncertainty in cerebral dominance, Orton thought, there was usually some problem in the language function. The lack of cerebral dominance could be mild or severe, and it could affect any one (or more than one) of the language forms—for it was an essential part of Orton's theory that all forms of language disorder are closely interrelated, and that stuttering, dyslexia, and mirror writing, for example, were simply different aspects of the same neurological impairment in language development. Orton coined the term "strephosymbolia" (from two Greek words meaning "twisted symbols") to describe the syndrome, and he maintained that strephosymbolic children could be trained to cope with their disability. In the case of specific reading disability, the treatment that Orton recommended was a painstaking study of the sounds of the letters—i.e., phonic analysis.

Orton made no extravagant claims. He pointed out that there were many possible causes of a delay in reading, and warned that reading failure "must not be considered a specific disability unless it is distinctly out of harmony with the child's skill in other fields—notably the ability to learn by hearing and to master arithmetical concepts." From the beginning, though, Orton's theory provoked widespread opposition among reading authorities in the education field, for it ran directly counter to two of the most powerful trends in progressive education at that time. The first of these was the whole-word method of teaching reading, which had in many cases supplanted the "obsolete" phonic method. Orton stated unequivocally that the whole-word method was "a definite obstacle to children who suffer from any measure of this disability." The other trend was the wave of enthusiasm for interpreting all educational disabilities in psychiatric terms. This trend is still with us. According to Dr. Ralph D. Rabinovitch, director of the Hawthorn Center, a children's psychiatric hospital in Michigan, and a believer in the Orton approach, too many school people and pediatricians still refer children to psychiatric clinics in the hope that their learning problem will prove to be occasioned by an emotional block, and that "through the magic of psychotherapy, perhaps limited to a few interviews, the child will be 'released' to learn adequately." Or-

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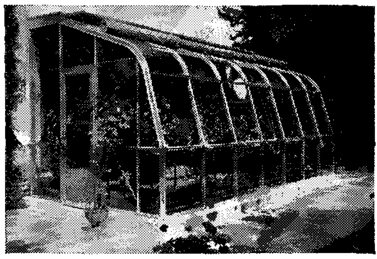

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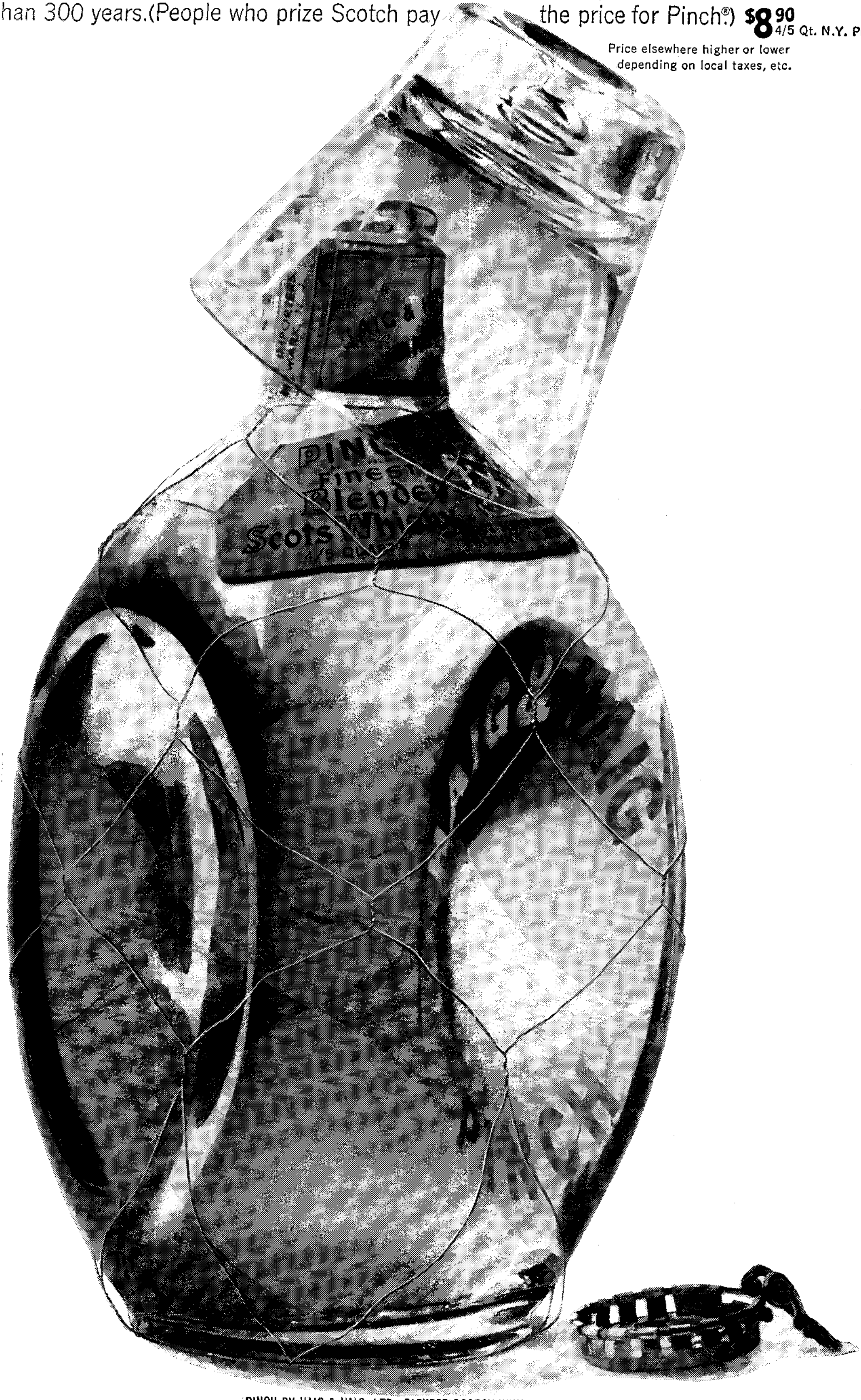

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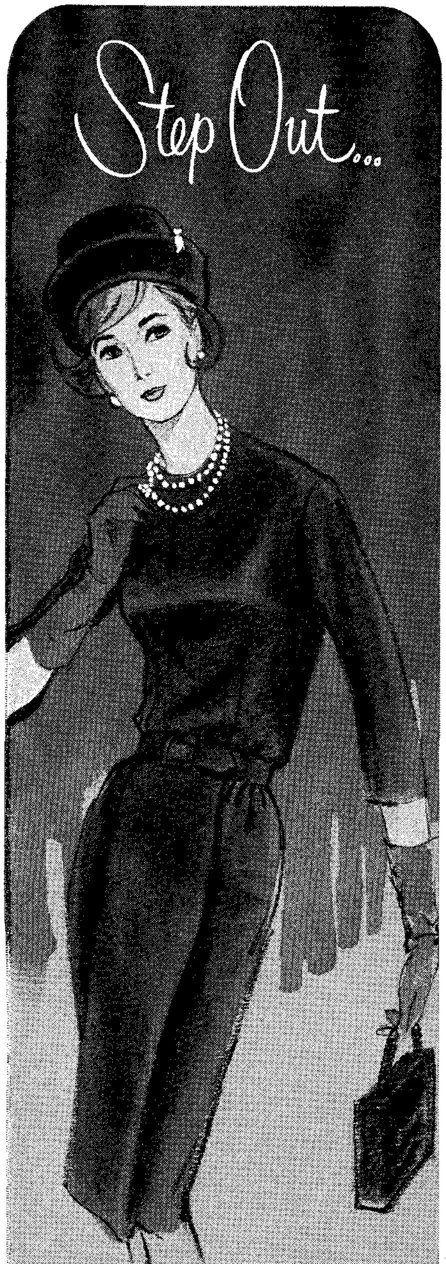

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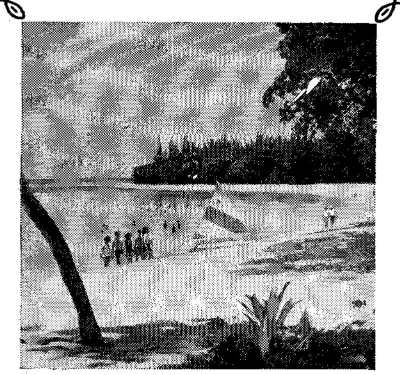
ton was one of the first to point out that when a child has failed in reading for two years or more, and has been told by his teachers and parents that he is lazy or uncoöperative, or even mentally deficient, he is almost certain to develop severe neurotic symptoms as a result. The weak point in Orton's theory was his neurological explanation of language disability. He suggested that the human brain stored up "engrams," or physiological records, of thousands and thousands of words; that these engrams were stored in both cerebral hemispheres; and that the engrams in the non-dominant hemisphere were mirror images of the engrams in the dominant hemisphere. Where cerebral dominance was firmly established, he said, the individual would usually recall a word correctly from the dominant hemisphere; where there was incomplete or confused dominance, he might recall it from either side indiscriminately. This, Orton felt, accounted for the reversals, word twistings, and other erratic confusions in reading. Orton's neurological colleagues were generally willing to go along with his thesis of a specific, constitutional language weakness related in some way to cerebral dominance, but they balked at the engram theory. This was a great boon to the anti-Orton forces in education. "Orton's theory is, in certain respects, one of the least enlightening," Arthur Gates wrote in 1933. Gates argued that it could not be proved scientifically, and that it was "an explanation that does not explain."

When Orton died, in 1948, his research in language disability was still almost entirely ignored in educational circles. There were some notable exceptions, though. At the Ethical Culture School, in New York, a remarkable and indefatigable teacher named Anna Gillingham, who had worked closely with Orton at the Neurological Institute, pioneered a program in reading for children who showed symptoms of dyslexia. Orton had given Miss Gillingham the job of working out the teaching techniques indicated by his theory. With an associate, Bessie W. Stillman, she gradually evolved over the years a basic manual, "Remedial Training," which is phenomenally complex in detail (reflecting the phenomenal complexity and irregularity of English orthography) but hews to the basic method of laborious, step-by-step phonetic analysis. Orton had thought originally that dyslexic children should be treated individually, but Miss Gillingham found that the Gillingham-Stillman technique



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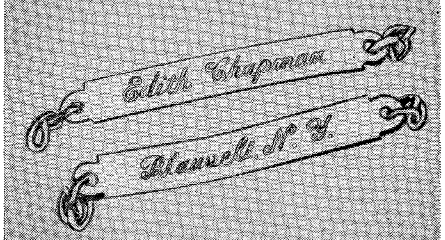

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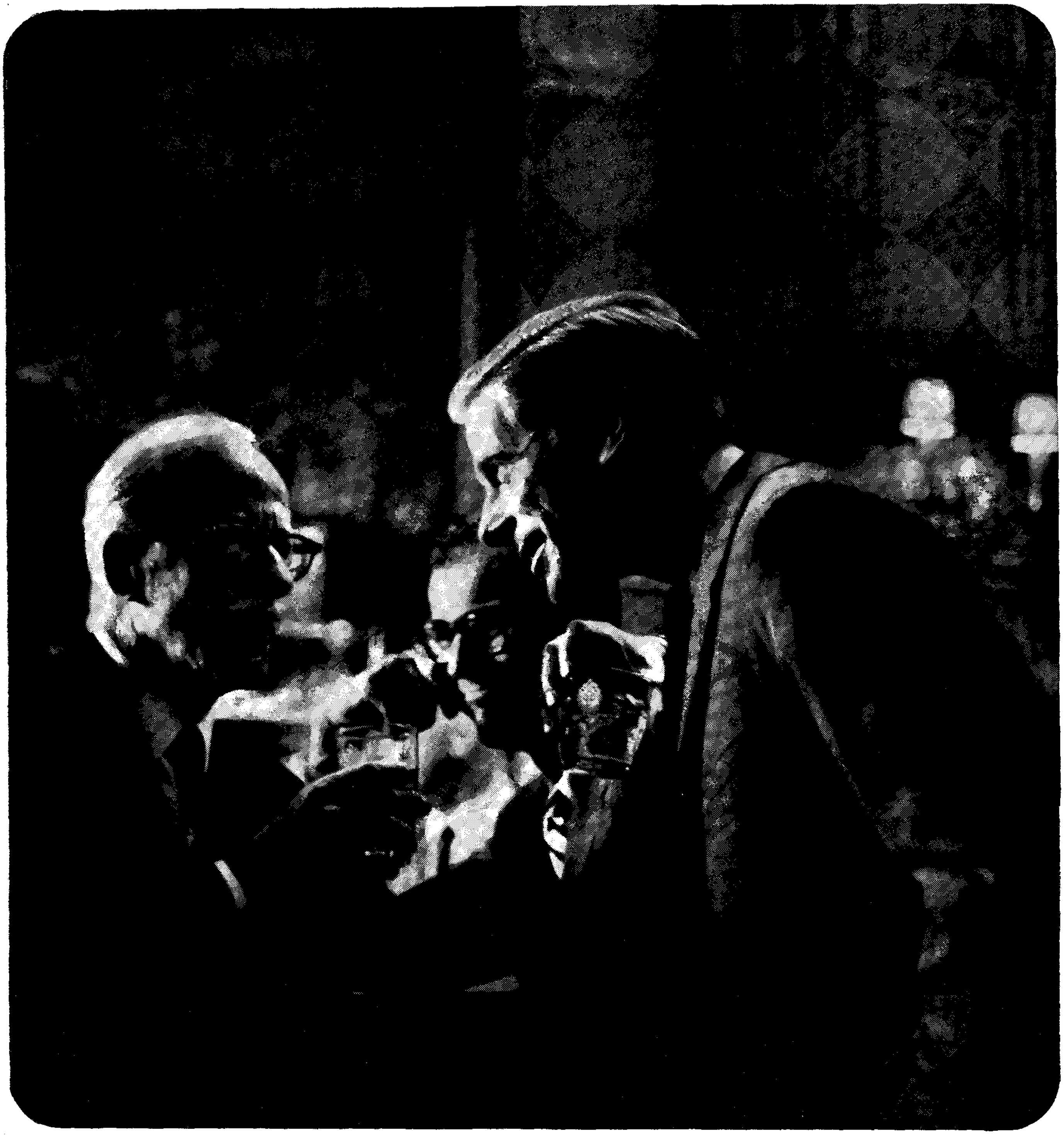

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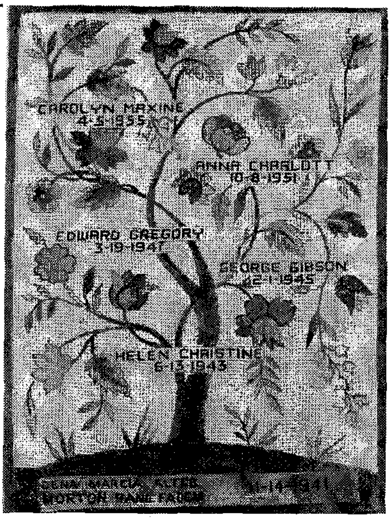
could be used successfully with small classes, and at Ethical Culture and its uptown branch—the Fieldston Lower School, in Riverdale—it has been used that way for some years now, with spectacular success. The method requires expert teaching, though, and from 1947 until her retirement, three years ago, Miss Gillingham withdrew from classroom work in order to train other teachers in her techniques. She trained over a hundred, and the Gillingham-Stillman technique is now used for remedial instruction in some forty private schools across the country and in at least twelve public-school systems, from Lincoln, Massachusetts, to Renton, Washington. At the same time, Orton's work has been continued by other neurologists and psychiatrists working in the field of language disorders, and modifications of his approach form the basis for current treatment of reading and speech disorders at the New York Infirmary, the Department of Pediatrics at Columbia-Presbyterian, the Hawthorn Center, and a good many other important clinics. The clinical evidence amassed has, on the whole, supported his theory of a specific, constitutional language disability, although the theory itself has undergone considerable revision.

Recent evidence suggests that the origin of language disorders may be far more complex than Orton suspected. Even specific dyslexia may be the product of a wide variety of causes, including slight and undetected brain damage at birth or an unexplained lag in the total process of a child's neurophysiological development. There has been no real agreement on the neurological factors involved (Orton's engram theory is in universal disrepute), and medical research is hampered by the very fact that language exists only in the human species; animal brains furnish no clues at all. Following a recent conference on dyslexia and related disorders at Johns Hopkins, the conference director, Dr. John Money, concluded ruefully, "The fact of the matter is that no one has yet devised a foolproof way of diagnosing specific dyslexia." The case for regarding language disorders as the result of a developmental lag has been put most cogently by Dr. Lauretta Bender, the eminent neuropsychiatrist and originator of the Bender Gestalt test for perceptual functioning. "Reading—language—is still a plastic function of the brain," Dr. Bender said not long ago. "It's the last skill acquired, in an evolutionary sense, and it's still not settled, not fixed. Walking, of course, is another matter. The age at which children learn



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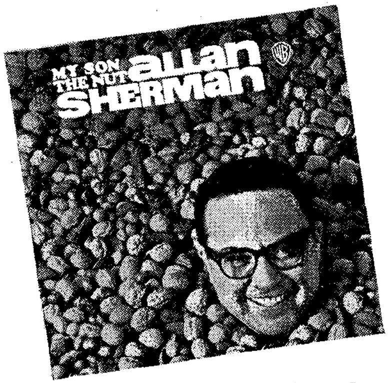

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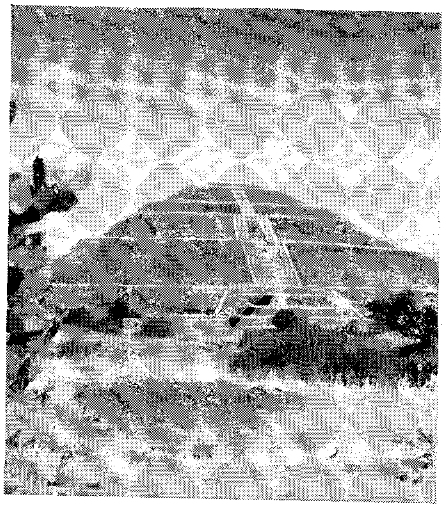

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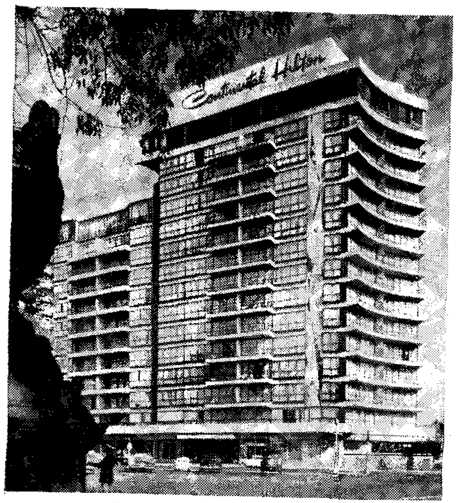

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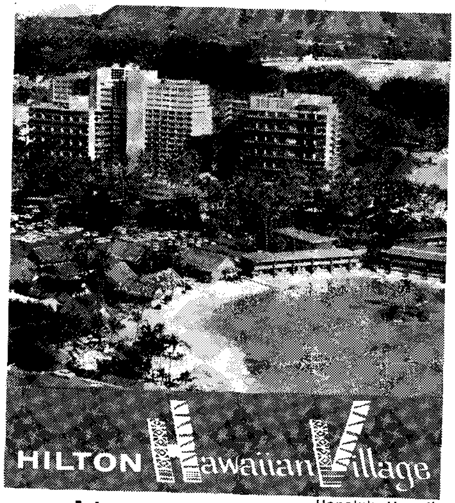

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to walk is so predictable that it forms a regular curve on a graph. Not so with speech." Like most of her colleagues, Dr. Bender gives Orton full credit for opening up the way to subsequent research, for drawing attention to the interrelation of all language forms, and for making it possible to consider reading disorders on the same clinical level that had long been accorded the disorders of speech. "But Orton's idea was much too simple," she says. "The brain is more complicated than he thought, and I'm sure he would have changed his theories if he had lived longer. The brain is really three-dimensional—not two—and the word forms aren't just mirrored in the opposite hemisphere; they're actually whirling and tumbling every which way in the brain. Orton was too strict, and so are some of his followers. The main thing now is to avoid all rigid thinking about reading problems. If a child can learn to read by the whole-word method—and most children can and do—let him. It's twice as fast, so why hold him back? Reading is not a rigid function, but the school system is, unfortunately, and that's why so many kids get into trouble."

The need for flexibility in the teaching of reading is now echoed by almost everyone in the field, with the exception of the extreme partisans of phonics. After more than twenty years of clinical experience, both Mrs. de Hirsch and Dr. William S. Langford, who is director of the children's psychiatric service at Babies Hospital, are convinced that flexibility is the one essential in working with children who have language problems. "There's no doubt about it," Mrs. de Hirsch said recently. "The great majority of children do learn to read by the whole-word method, and learn very well. The great majority will always learn to read by any method—in fact, simply by being given some organizational principles to help them unscramble printed patterns. Some people are born spellers; others, with equally high intelligence, never learn to spell very well. Actors usually have a very rich endowment in language, and if an actor is emotionally distressed he won't necessarily show it in the language area, he'll show it somewhere else. There have even been language geniuses—people like John Stuart Mill, who is supposed to have learned to read at the age of three. Conversely, it's true that a person who is weak in the language area will often show emotional stress there first. Naturally, one must make a distinction between learning

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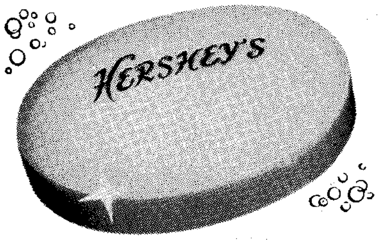

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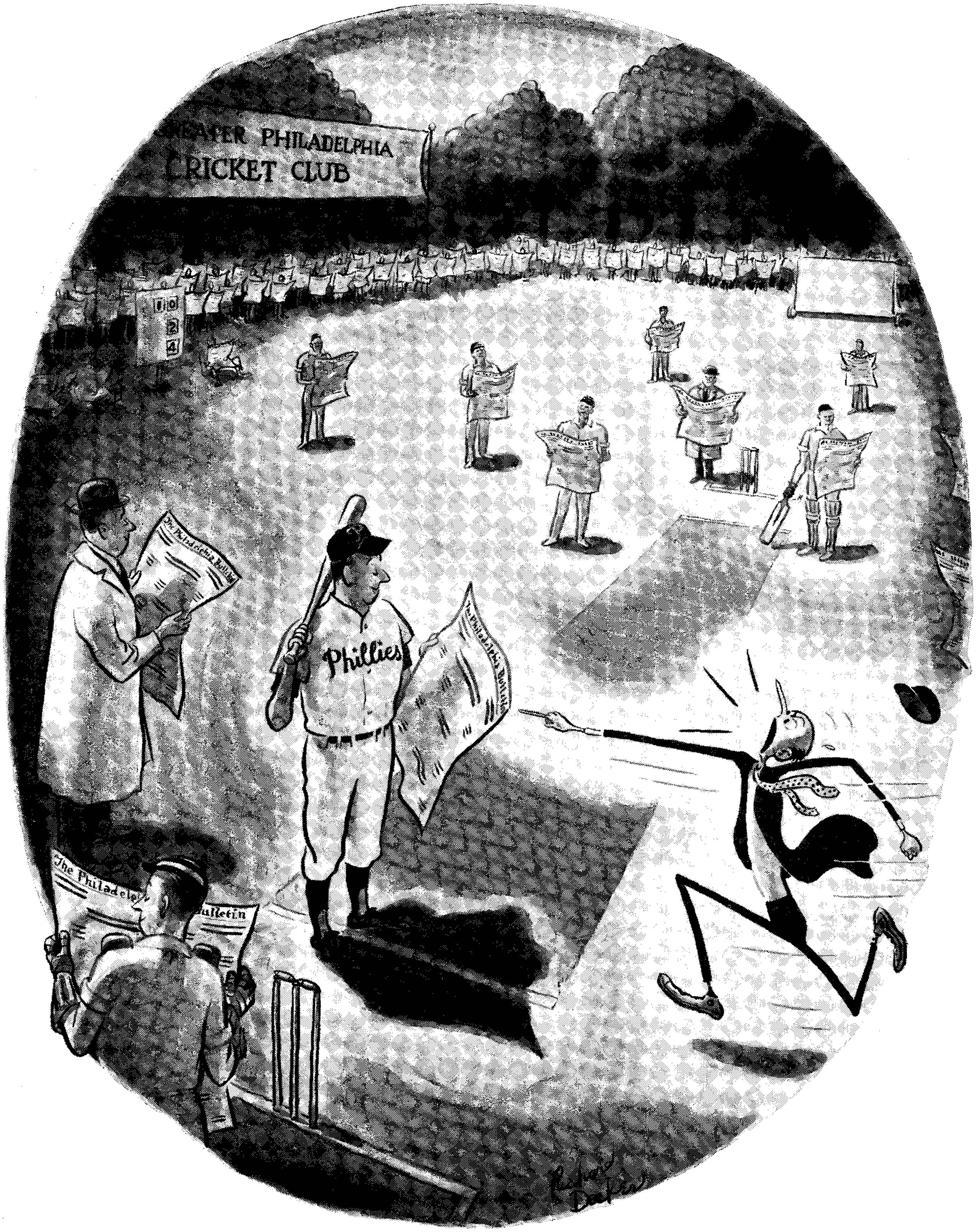
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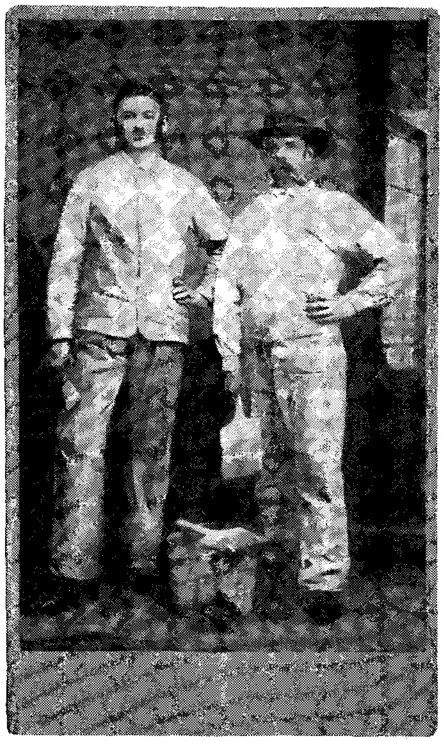

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disabilities, which may well be emotional in origin and will usually show in poor performance in *all* areas of learning, and specific reading disabilities, in which the emotional disturbance is secondary. Language is not only a bridge to other human beings and an expression of the way a person feels about himself but a tool that is easier for some people to handle than for others. In reading disabilities, both emotional and constitutional factors are usually operating. Often, of course, reading disabilities are simply a matter of maturation. Maturing is a funny business, full of plateaus and sudden jumps forward. If we think that the problem is mainly maturational, we might keep a child out of school a year longer than usual. By the same token, it would be wrong to do what so many progressive schools used to do—put off remedial help until the student is 'ready,' which often meant until he was nine or ten years old and terribly upset by his failure to keep up. The main thing is that you have to listen to and observe these children—*really* listen and observe—if you're to help them, and obviously if you have a fixed theory *you're not going to listen or observe,* you're going to make them fit into it."

One of the main obstacles in treating childhood reading disorders, apart from the grievous shortage of trained remedial teachers, has always been the fact that children rarely come for help until they have already experienced several years of humiliating failure in school. The public-school system in New York will not even refer a child for remedial help until after the third grade, and by that time he has often developed severe neurotic symptoms. This being the case, a lot of thought and study are now going into an effort to develop a practical method of predicting reading, writing, or spelling problems in very young children, before they enter school. The most thoroughgoing investigation in this field is being carried out by Mrs. de Hirsch, together with Dr. Langford and another associate, Jeannette Jansky, under the auspices of the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center and supported by the Health Research Council of the City of New York. Starting two years ago, Mrs. de Hirsch and her associates selected a hundred and fifteen children between the ages of five and six, all with average I.Q.s, and drawn from a wide variety of social and economic backgrounds. Half the children had been born at term, and the other half had been premature babies (who seem to mature at a par-

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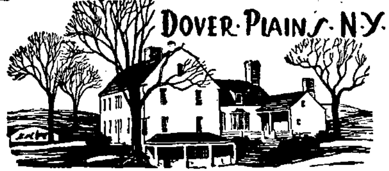

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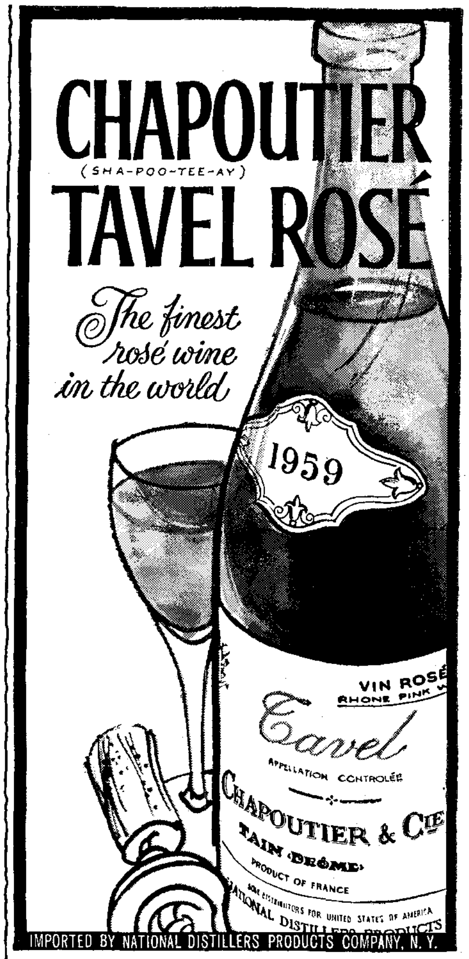
ticularly uneven rate). Each child was subjected to a battery of forty-two tests designed to measure language development and level of neurophysiological maturation (some were the same tests that Mrs. de Hirsch gave Chris Palmer on his first visit), and in each case a prediction was made as to the child's ability to cope with reading and other language skills later on. During the next three years, a series of follow-up interviews will determine how accurate the prediction was in each case, and which tests seem to correlate most consistently with difficulties in reading, writing, or spelling later on. The end product, it is hoped, will be a basic series of tests, perhaps twelve in all, simplified to the extent that they can be administered by any kindergarten teacher in the country. "If we can come up with the right set of tests," Mrs. de Hirsch says, "the kindergarten teacher will have a guide that will be enormously helpful. She will be able to tell the first-grade teacher that this child is going to be fine, that this one will probably have trouble with spelling, that this one should be given a particularly strong phonics course, that this one would be better off with another year in kindergarten, and so on. In other words, the school can take appropriate steps *before* the child's reading problem becomes insurmountable."

Whether the public-school authorities will be interested in such a prediction tool is another question. Lack of funds, lack of trained remedial teachers, lack of time, and lack of knowledge about reading disability all tend to make school boards unreceptive these days, and the bitter controversy over phonics has helped to close a lot of minds that might otherwise be open. Flexible, individualized instruction may be the best answer for the reading problem (and a lot of other school problems, too), but it is an answer that our overcrowded, teacher-short schools are finding it increasingly hard to provide. At the moment, therefore, the outlook for children with dyslexia is fairly discouraging. Some of them—those whose disability is marginal or is mainly the result of a delay in normal maturation—will always manage to pick up reading in the later grades, provided their frustration and anxiety in the meanwhile do not cause too many emotional obstacles. Some of them, like Chris Palmer, will be lucky enough to get the right sort of help in time. (But even Chris will probably be an indifferent speller for the rest of his life.) The majority will go untreated, and will probably grow



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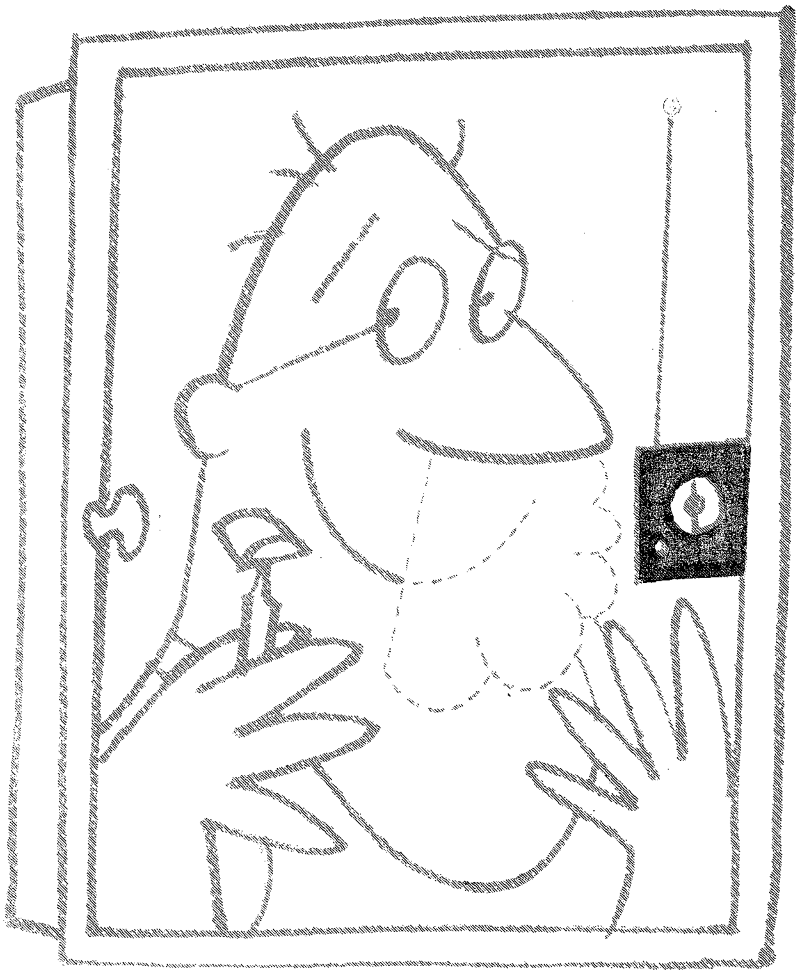

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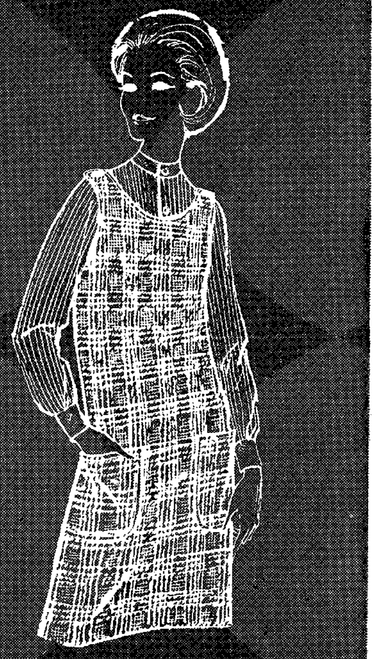
up believing that they are hopelessly dull-witted.

When Chris Palmer, on his first day at the clinic, told Mrs. de Hirsch that he felt "like a dumb ox," he was not yet reconciled to believing that he was stupid, and shame was nearly driving him wild. All through his first year of treatment, his anger was so intense that Mrs. de Hirsch could do little but reassure him and give him ample opportunity to express himself physically. She let him throw darts whenever he wanted to, and she gave him "tons" of candy. "When you're dealing with children like this, you sometimes have to resort to the most primitive levels of gratification," she explained. "I tell you, I don't *care* if they have problems with the dentist later on! Gradually, when Chris began to calm down a little, we started to work on phonics—just fifteen minutes at a stretch and then time out for dart-throwing or something else. Drawing pictures was his device for getting ready to work—he would draw for a while and then read. At this stage, he refused to discuss his problem with me; whenever I tried to get him to talk about it, he would jump up and yell and shout, or ask to go to the bathroom. And I really did have the feeling sometimes that he could not bear to look at words or letters on a page—that it was *painful* for him. Reading was so full of terrors for him that the whole subject had to be desensitized before he could start to make any progress." By the end of that year, though, Chris was picking up words and word families, learning to recognize them in isolation and sometimes even in sentences. The next year, he progressed more rapidly, although he still had a great deal of trouble with visual perception. Reading from a book, he would skip whole lines and frequently lose his place. He continued to confuse words like "left" and "felt," "aboard" and "abroad;" he saw "cl" as "ch," "st" as "sh," "sh" as "sn;" and he could read with the book held upside down almost as well as he could when it was right side up. His resistance to reading was ebbing, though, and he sometimes managed to talk frankly about his problem. "Chris's saving grace was the same warmth and passion that had kept him away from reading for so long, and that was beginning to carry him off the track socially when he came to us," Mrs. de Hirsch says. "He always had something friendly to say to me when he came in, and again when he left. He loved playing darts, and sometimes, when I played

the village store



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exceptionally badly, he would muff a couple of shots on purpose to let me catch up. Occasionally, he even let me win. He was an exceptionally solid young man. We had him for four years, and he worked very hard, and in the end he really got it—he really learned to read. The school let him stay with his class, and now, with help from a tutor, he's caught up with them in every subject, and from all I hear he's doing very well indeed. Incidentally, we now have his sister at the clinic. She was having a lot of trouble with reading and spelling in first grade, but, of course, we got her earlier than Chris, and there aren't so many other problems. My guess is that by the end of this year she will be doing very well indeed, too." —CALVIN TOMKINS

◆

ONCE A LADY ALWAYS A LADY DEPARTMENT

[*From the House of Lords Official Report*]

BARONESS SUMMERSKILL: My Lords, most noble Lords so far have addressed themselves to the pollution of the air by pesticides and other chemicals which are associated with agriculture, but I think it should be put on record here, for the sake of those who follow us in years to come and who read the report of this debate, that most people are more concerned with the pollution of the air by nuclear fall-out. Lord Douglas of Barloch's Motion is, of course, concerned with pollution generally. I am fully aware that if I now spoke on the effects of nuclear fall-out either on the health of the people now alive or on the health of future generations, a member of the Government would wind up—with due respect to the noble Lord who is to wind up, who is a most courteous man—and would say, "Pooh, pooh!"—

LORD ST. OSWALD: No, never. I should never dream of it.

BARONESS SUMMERSKILL:—and would rather adopt the attitude of the noble Viscount, Lord Hailsham, to-day, which rather surprised me, when he said, "There is no evidence of human beings suffering from any serious condition." Well, I want to put it on record again that at this stage we do not know the etiology of new diseases.

VISCOUNT HAILSHAM: My Lords, I was only—

BARONESS SUMMERSKILL: The noble Viscount must not interrupt.

VISCOUNT HAILSHAM: It is customary in this House to give way.

BARONESS SUMMERSKILL: It is an occupational disease with the noble Viscount, as a politician, and he worries me.

VISCOUNT HAILSHAM: It is customary in this House to give way.

BARONESS SUMMERSKILL: He worries me. He leaps from that side to the Box, and one day I shall have to rush across and give him medical help. He really must allow me to proceed. I do not agree with him, but at least I sit back and do not interrupt him. However, for some curious reason, I seem to provoke him.

VISCOUNT HAILSHAM: The noble Baroness always misquotes me.

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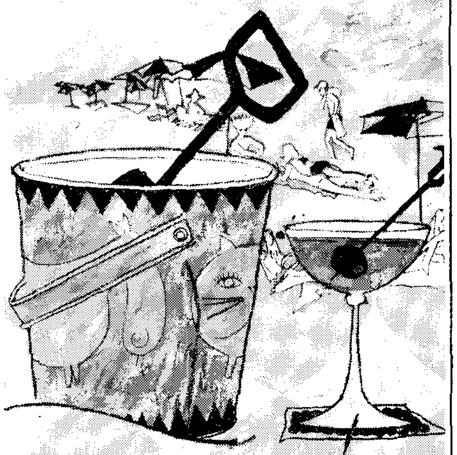

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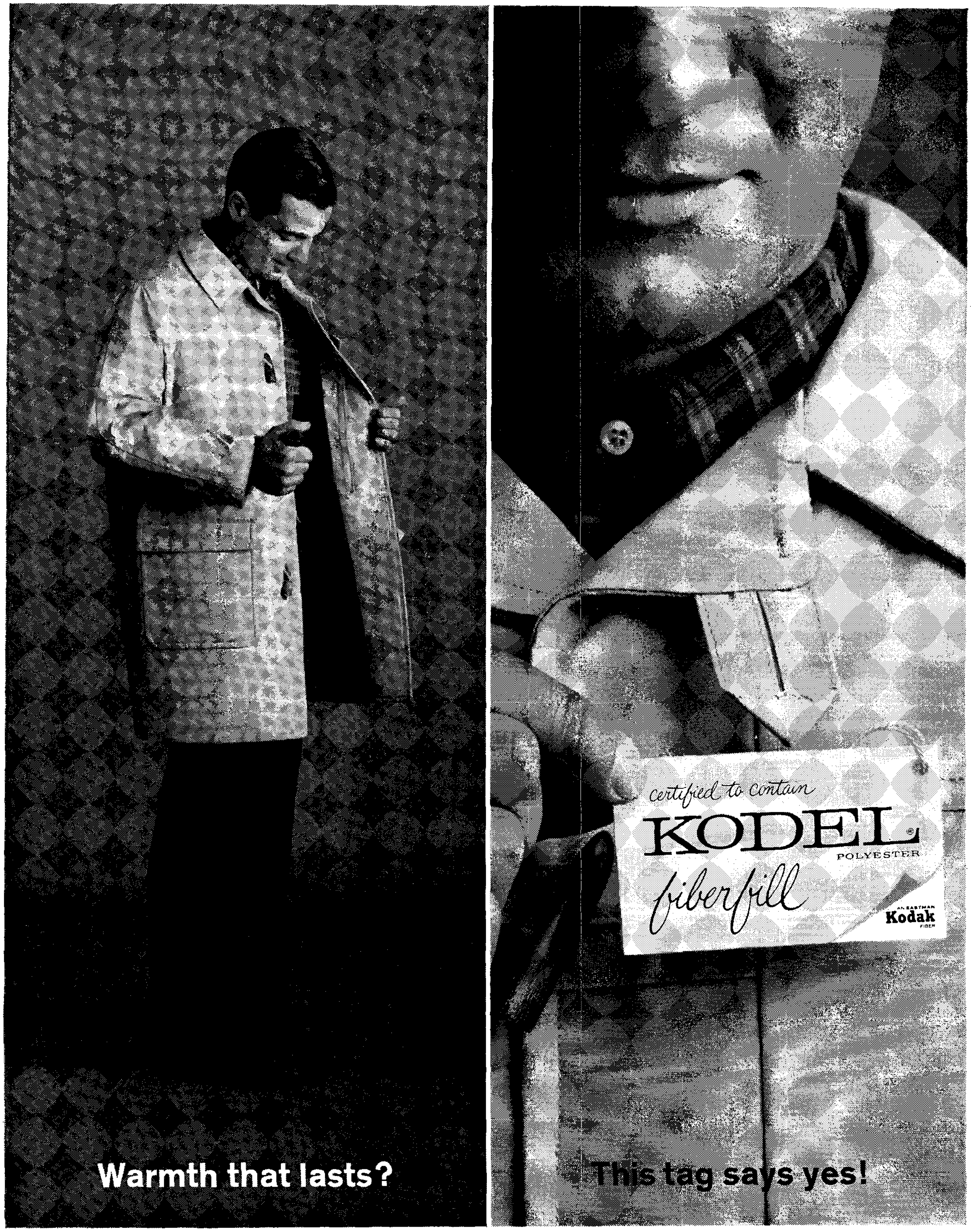
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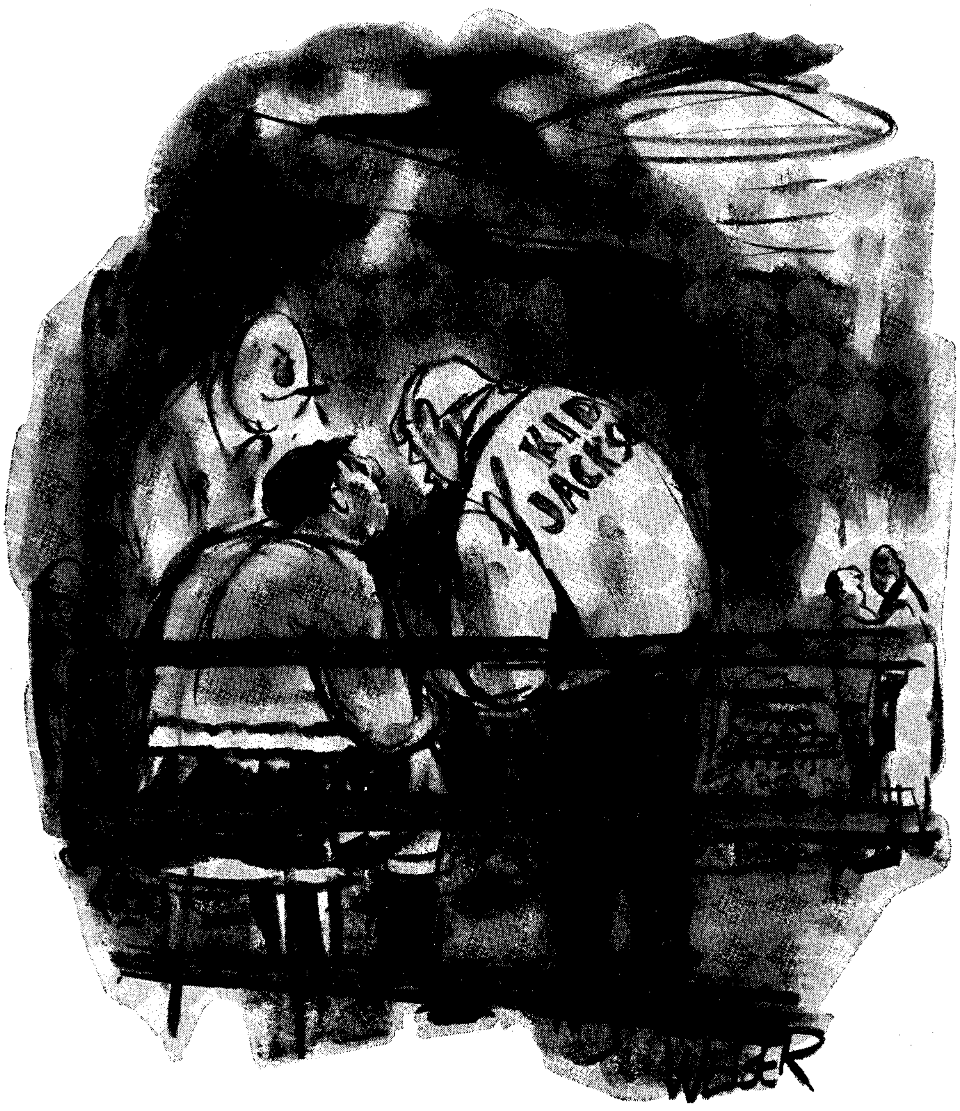
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 6

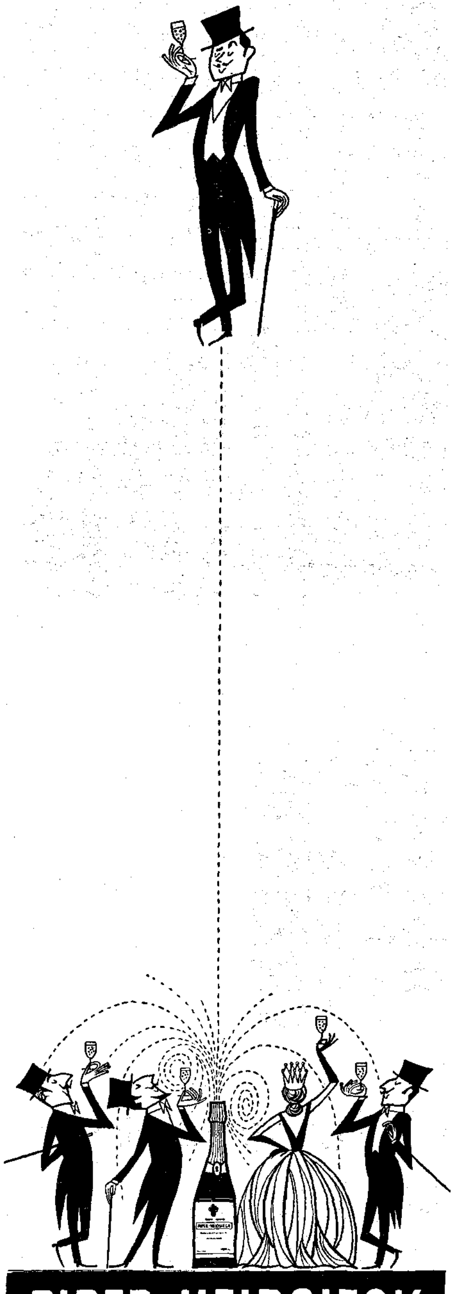
THE original aim of the organizers of the civil-rights demonstration that took place here ten days ago was to impress upon Congress the need and desire of the Negro community for legislative remedies. Other aims developed as the planning went forward, and, as things turned out, the August 28th march on Washington was not so much an exercise in lobbying as it was an appeal to American public opinion. Still, what the organizers mainly wanted was to bring pressure to bear on the legislative branch, and one early scheme was to "march" to the Capitol and exercise the Constitutional rights of assembly and petition on the spacious grounds that surround the working quarters of the legislative branch. No doubt this was an imprudent idea, deserving the early rejection it got. Seekers of redress or of privilege assemble at the Capitol all the time, but in groups of modest size, which tend to disperse rather than to mass. On the day before the march, Senator Morse, of Oregon, spoke disapprovingly of the large but physically inconspicuous gathering on Capitol Hill of men from the railroad unions. On the day of the march, Representative Fulton, of Pennsylvania, actually addressed himself from the floor of the House to the agents of railroad management he knew to be in the galleries. But the quantitative difference between, say, two hundred and two hundred thousand does somehow amount to a qualitative difference. A prearranged gathering of close to a quarter of a million is clearly a "demonstration," and there happens to be a law of Congress, dating back to 1882, forbidding petitioners to "parade, stand, or move in processions or assemblages" on the Capitol grounds. The law, which makes no mention of numbers, is frequently ignored or overlooked. Earlier in August, supporters of a bill for federal subsidies for the fine and lively arts trucked a grand piano to the Capitol steps, where it was played by Victor Borge, to the delectation of Senator Ribicoff, of Connecticut, and several other hot partisans, most of whom appeared to have come from Congressional offices. But there are distinctions of many sorts to be drawn between a couple of hundred people listening to Victor Borge and a couple of hundred thousand listening to Mahalia Jackson.

At any rate, the decision to keep the crowd away from the Capitol was made early, and was announced on July 2nd by Bayard Rustin, the deputy director of the march. It had been counselled by some of the most deeply committed of the allies of the civil-rights movement. Representative Celler, of New York, the chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, repeatedly said that he would support the legislation the President urged regardless of what form the march took, but on several occasions he prophesied that pressure would turn others against the bill. He told a reporter that a senator from the West had informed him that he proposed to vote for the bill but would vote against it if the Negroes demonstrated in its favor. Efforts to learn the identity of this tribune of the people have been unavailing, as have efforts to comprehend the processes of thought that led him to this view of his high office. The venerable Mrs. Agnes E. Meyer, who has been supporting civil-rights movements for several decades, said that "democratic government itself is imperilled when any group seeks to intimidate the members of Congress." Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., Under-Secretary of Commerce, said that Congress "should be allowed to work without being pressured."

In all likelihood, the planners would have decided to keep the march away from the Capitol grounds even if there had been no law forbidding demonstrations there, and even if they had not received so much advice from their well-meaning friends. The Potomac setting was more attractive and appropriate in almost every way. For what Martin Luther King, Jr., called an appeal to the "American conscience," the Lincoln Memorial provides a far more suitable setting than the Capitol steps. And its distance from the Capitol guaranteed that no part of the sound of the demon-



"When the bell rings, come out fighting. Land a couple of lefts to the jaw in rapid succession, back off, dance around a bit, then come in suddenly with a right hook to the ear, then a left, then a right, clinch, back off and feint with a left, feint again, then come in with a right jab to the body and then a left to the body, clinch, back off and dance around for a bit again, then suddenly come in with a long left uppercut . . ."



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stration could disturb members of the two houses of the national legislature as they went about their difficult and necessary tasks. The march leaders saw the wisdom of avoiding even the appearance of "intimidation." "We want Congress to deliberate and congressmen to act in obedience to conscience, and not intimidation," A. Philip Randolph, the director of the march, said early in July.

In the forenoon of August 28th, thirteen spokesmen for the multitude then gathering at the Washington Monument went to the Capitol and met briefly with the party leaders of both houses, and withdrew well before the opening of the day's deliberations, which were scheduled for "12 o'clock meridian," as the *Congressional Record* puts it. At that hour, the chaplains of the two chambers offered prayers. There was a note of spiritual anxiety in the entreaties of both divines. In the Senate, the Reverend Frederick Brown Harris said:

> O Thou God and Father of all mankind, under the gleaming dome of this legislative shrine of our free land we bow this day with a gratitude which a thousand tongues could not exhaust for all America means to us and to the world. . . . In these most dangerous days the Republic has ever known, subdue, we pray, all selfish clamor, that amid our national confusion the voice of Thy guidance may be heard. Thou who art the author of liberty has taught us that the essence of our freedom is not in having rights but in fulfilling them. In Thy light may there be revealed to this bewildered generation, with all its moral failures, that to insist on grasping for that which may be justly claimed and then to use such blessings for self-gratification and indulgence is but to prove that those thus oblivious to responsibility are unworthy of such inheritance.

In the House, the Reverend Bernard Braskamp found what he regarded as a relevant text in Proverbs 14:34: "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." The Chaplain prayed:

> Show us how we may awaken within ourselves and in the heart of all our citizens those inner controls, disciplines, and restraints with which we have been created.
>
> Grant that we may be so devoted and loyal to our form of government as a republic that it will become increasingly less necessary to multiply legislation and enact laws to govern our character and conduct.
>
> Fill us with a passion to live in harmony with Thy holy will and help us to see and understand clearly those limitations which we must impose upon ourselves if we are to be a law-abiding people whose god is the Lord.

The House on the day of the march had business that was as disagreeable as it was urgent—voting on the bill, passed the previous day by the Senate, to en-

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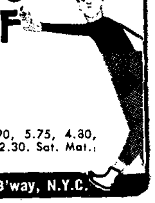

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join the railroad unions from striking that night and to compel arbitration of certain of the issues in dispute between the unions and the carriers. When a proposal for a roll-call vote was made, in midafternoon, the two hundred and eighty-six members who planned to approve the bill and the sixty-six who planned to oppose it were almost as one in shouting it down. No one wished to be set forth as favoring compulsory arbitration, and no one wished to be associated with a group that would be responsible for a paralyzing strike in the unlikely event that its views prevailed. In a way, though, the House was more fortunate than the Senate. It at least had something to do—something of obvious importance, a top-priority claim on the attention of the members, a highly acceptable excuse for the avoidance of any discussion of civil rights.

The Senate on that splendid August afternoon had nothing whatever to do that had to be done then and there. The matter that the Senate leaders had decided to take up next was the treaty on nuclear testing, but the Foreign Relations Committee had not reported on the treaty (it had heard the Secretary of State's views, in executive session, that morning), and September 9th had been tentatively set for the beginning of floor debate. If it had not been for the march, the Senate would almost certainly have voted itself a day off on August 28th. It had planned a long adjournment over the Labor Day weekend, beginning at a few minutes after nine on Friday morning and running through the following Tuesday. It did not meet at all on the day after the march, and on Friday, August 30th, it met only for the few minutes that were required to declare an immediate adjournment. Since nothing was to be done, no divine guidance was sought.

On the day of the march, the Senate did, though, find things to occupy it for three hours and one minute. There were actually two sittings. A recess was called at 1:14 P.M., and there was a reassembly at 4:59. Adjournment was at 6:46—exactly one minute before the House adjourned. The recess allowed those senators who wished to do so—as about fifteen did—to appear before the marchers at the Lincoln Memorial and to hear the speeches. The day's session, which was forty-four minutes shorter than the recess, saw the transaction of a wide variety of business. The McGee Dam and Reservoir, on the Angelina River, in Texas, became, by Senate action, the Sam Rayburn Dam and Reservoir. The Senate amended Concurrent Resolution 48, which had provided for

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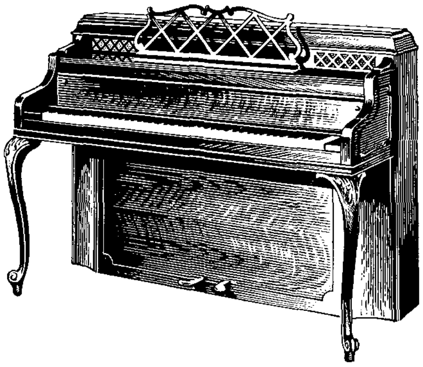

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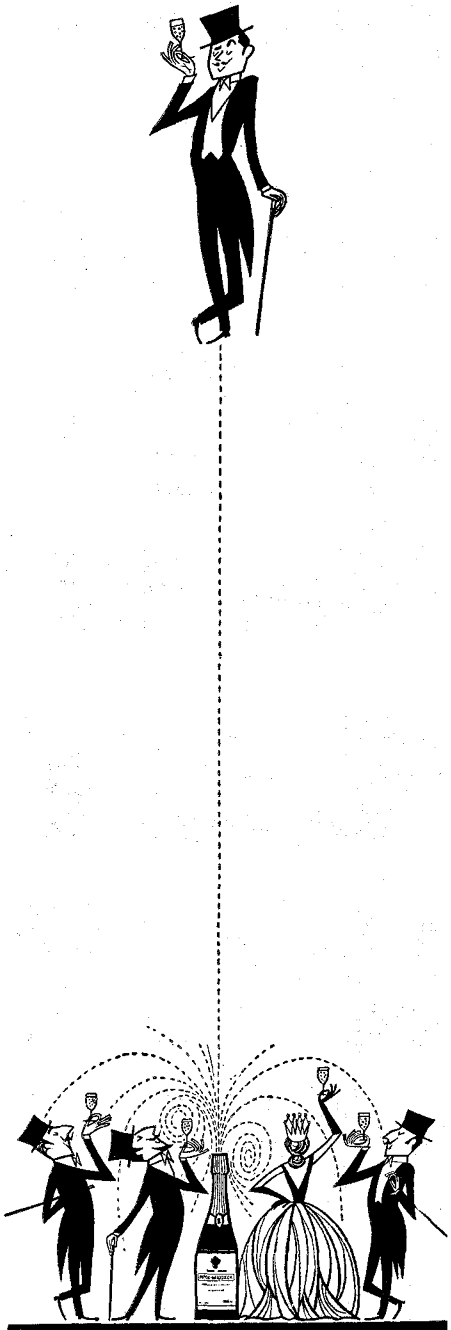

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the publication as a Senate document of "selected excerpts" from a national high-school debate on medicare, by increasing the print order from 25,665 to 51,330. It made it possible by federal statute for a practical nurse in the District of Columbia to be licensed if she had practiced her profession only part of the year preceding her application, rather than the entire year, as had previously been the case. (Senator Hayden, of Arizona, was enthusiastic about this reform, because, he explained, in 1961 his wife had had "the benefit of the services of a very competent nurse" whose application for a District license had been denied because she had worked only part time during the previous year.) It adopted House Concurrent Resolution 179, expressing the appreciation of the Congress to the American Association of State Highway Officials for its numerous contributions to American transportation over the past fifty years. According to the summary of legislative activity printed in the day's *Congressional Record*, the Senate that afternoon passed, all told, nineteen bills and resolutions, which would have been better than one every ten minutes if all the time of the session had been devoted to them, which it was not. There were a good many speeches on the floor (all rather short, since unanimous consent had been obtained at the outset to limit statements to three minutes, a limitation that in general was scrupulously observed); there was a certain amount of debate on various matters; and there was the usual quota of promotions in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Air Force, and Coast Guard, plus the introduction of six bills and two resolutions and the authorization of $5,350,820,400 for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Nor should it be supposed that all, or even most, of the bills and resolutions were as lacking in material for controversy as those honoring the late Mr. Rayburn, making the thoughts of high-school students on medicare more widely available, liberalizing the District of Columbia's licensing procedures for practical nurses, and thanking the highway officials. A bill was passed, for example, increasing by four and a half million dollars the appropriation for the vocational training of reservation Indians. It was pointed out in a report to the Senate on this measure that the American Indian is frequently a victim of advancing technology. What the country needs nowadays is skilled labor, the report said, and "the Indian represents a valuable source from which to fill that need." A hundred and thirty

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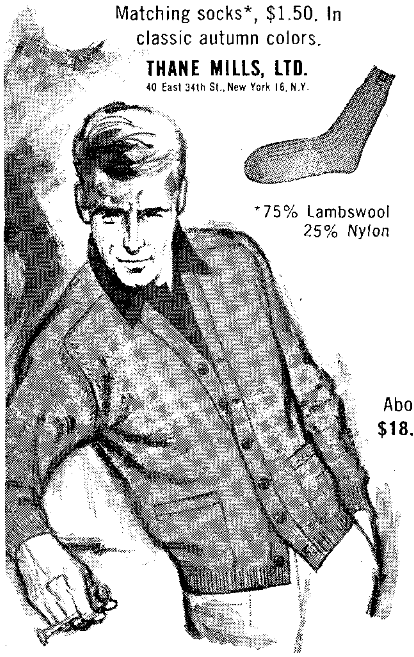

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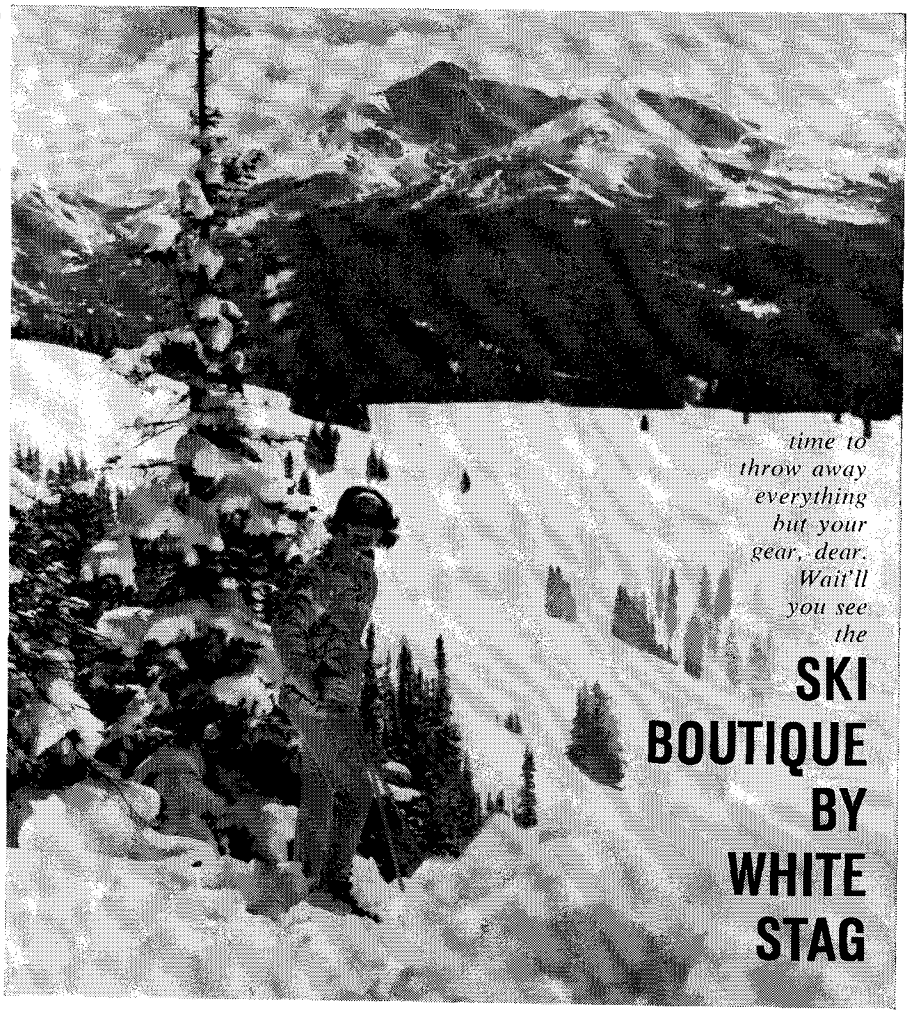
thousand acres were withdrawn from the public domain in Imperial County, California, and turned over to the Navy for its Chocolate Mountain Aerial Gunnery Range. The Senate recommended an increase of fifty per cent (from one hundred to one hundred and fifty) in the number of counties in which, in any given year, crop insurance can be offered under the terms of the Federal Crop Insurance Act.

Free from intimidation by the marchers assembled at the other end of the Mall, the Senate was also able to deliberate on a number of matters not directly connected with pending legislation. Senator Proxmire, of Wisconsin, gave a thoughtful talk on our relations with Yugoslavia, which he considered unsatisfactory. Senator Fong, of Hawaii, took the floor to report that "the turbulent events in South Vietnam have caused great concern in my state, which has a population of Buddhists larger than that of any other state." Senator Miller, of Iowa, rose to point out that while the so-called "chicken war"—brought on by an increase in the European Common Market tariffs on American poultry—"may lend itself to comical overtones, it is not a laughing matter." Senator Humphrey, of Minnesota, replied to a speech made a few days earlier by Senator Goldwater, of Arizona, who had sought to establish from the record that former Senator Kennedy, of Massachusetts, had been a quite consistent opponent of foreign aid before his elevation to the White House; Senator Humphrey said that this was a distortion of the record. Senator Magnuson, of Washington, spoke of the damage to the lumber industry of the Northwest brought about by the Jones Act, which requires many American shippers to use only American-flag vessels in intercoastal shipping.

In these far-ranging discussions, the subjects of civil rights and the march on Washington were by no means overlooked. Several viewpoints were heard. Senator Ervin, of North Carolina, was the first to express one. He was indignant over a recent Defense Department directive granting certain military commanders the right to put certain segregated public places close to integrated bases off-limits to base personnel. The directive, the Senator said, had the effect of "converting the military and naval commanders of the nation into political arms of the executive department of the federal government and putting the armed forces of the nation at economic warfare with the civilian population." He was followed, after a time, by Senator Clark, of Pennsylvania,



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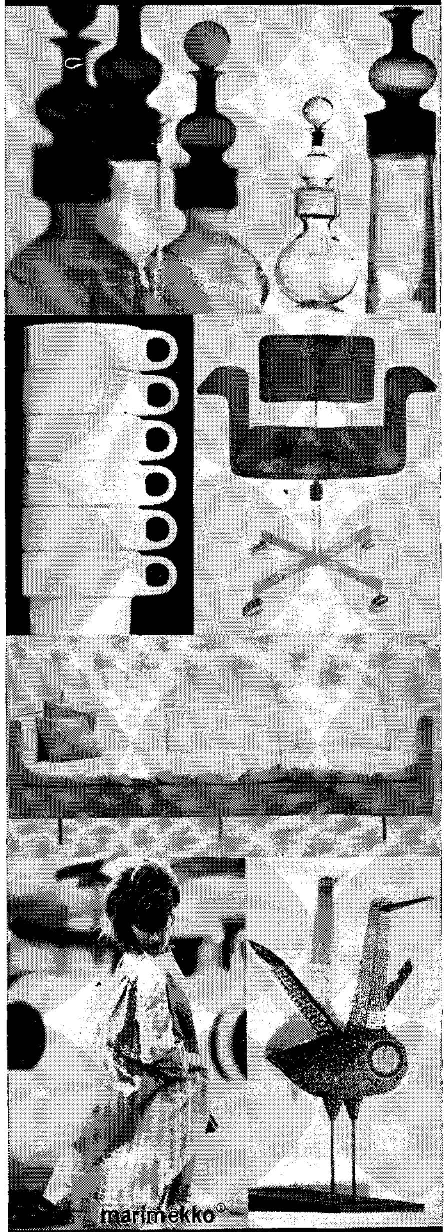

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a supporter of the march and also the Senate's leading critic of the way the Senate conducts its affairs. He spoke on the floor of "the impact of the entire civil-rights program on Congressional reorganization"—an impact that has yet to be noted by observers here—and went on to say, "It has long been my view that the most important item which should be, but is not, on the agenda of this body is how we can modernize, streamline, upgrade, and render more democratic the rules, customs, manners, and procedures under which the Senate of the United States operates." The word "manners" brought Senator Holland, of Florida, to his feet. Like every other member of Congress, he said, he had been invited to attend the goings on at the Lincoln Memorial, but he had been offended by the invitation's suggestion that senators hear "the demands of . . . constituents for jobs and freedom." A brief colloquy ensued:

MR. HOLLAND: I wonder if the Senator [from Pennsylvania] had the same reaction that the Senator from Florida had to the use of the word "demands" in connection with an invitation which should at least have been courteous. . . .

MR. CLARK: I point out that a number of eminent American citizens of both the white and Negro races are hosts, and that they "cordially request" our attendance at the mass assembly. Then the invitation refers to the "demands of your constituents." Perhaps I would have phrased it differently. Personally I take no offense at it.

MR. HOLLAND: Will the Senator yield?

MR. CLARK: I yield.

MR. HOLLAND: I ask the Senator if it is not true that the word "demands" is printed in italics, whereas the rest of the invitation is not?

MR. CLARK: No. If the Senator will look over my shoulder at the invitation, he will see that the words "cordially request the attendance of" are also in italics.

MR. HOLLAND: The words "cordially request the attendance of" are in italics. Later, the words "to hear the demands of your constituents for jobs and freedom" are also in italics. The Senator from Florida has a distinctly adverse and irritated reaction to the use of those words. He thought that very poor psychology and very poor courtesy was shown in asking Senators and Members of the House to leave their respective Chambers of Congress, where business was being transacted, to go down there to listen to the "demands" of these people.

MR. CLARK: I do not share the irritation of the Senator from Florida.

A few minutes later, the Senate took the recess that freed Senator Clark to go to the Lincoln Memorial and Senator Holland to do something else.

THE House did not recess all afternoon. Its deliberations on the railroad bill ran on until about three o'clock,

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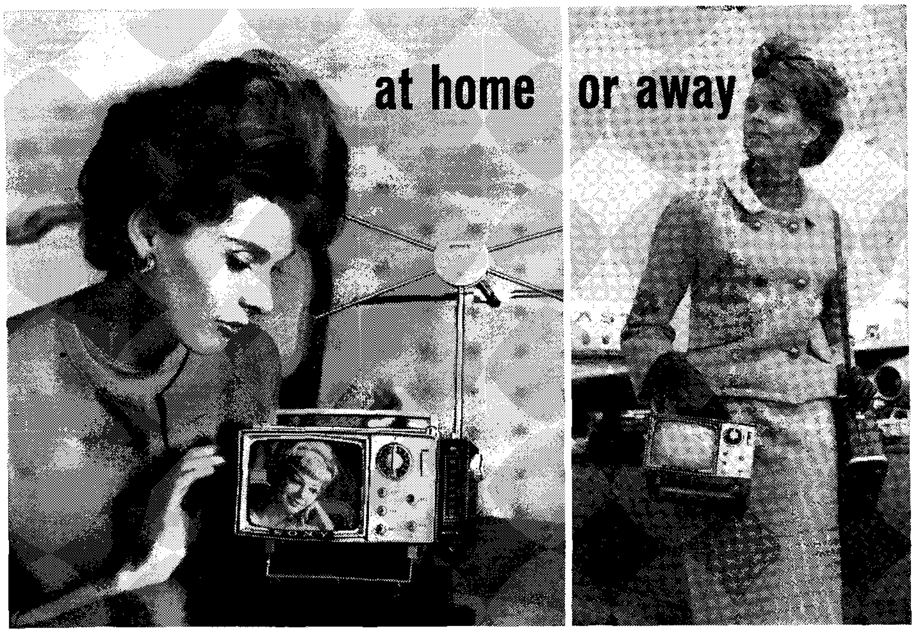
the vote being taken well before the end of the meeting at the Lincoln Memorial. At about the time that meeting began, Representative Snyder, of Kentucky, suggested the absence of a quorum. The roll was called, and, in time, all but ninety-two members responded. Representative Bass, of Tennessee, Chairman of the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, directed that the names of the absentees "be spread upon the Journal." Most of the ninety-two were, of course, at the Memorial. Once the railroad bill was on its way to the President's office, the House found busy work of much the same kind that occupied the Senate that afternoon. Representative Rogers, of Colorado, submitted a resolution requesting "the President of the United States to issue a proclamation declaring the first week in March of every year to be Save Your Vision Week." "Of all the impairments among civilized man," the Representative said, "vision tops the list." Representative Carey, of New York, announced his endorsement of a bill providing certain benefits for "our eighteen million citizens over age sixty-five," which would supplement the "Older American" bill introduced earlier by Representative Fogarty, of Rhode Island. Representative Montoya, of New Mexico, spoke most convincingly in support of a measure that would "permit a greater degree of access to and exit from any part of the Interstate Highway System which goes through any city, town, or village having a population of twenty-five thousand or less." Representative Hosmer, of California, presented "for the information of members of this body, and the other body, a current up-to-the-minute treatise on Soviet practices with respect to treaties." The treatise had been prepared by Dr. F. G. Lassner, of the Hoover Institution, Stanford University, and the only conclusion to be drawn from it was that treaties signed by the Russians weren't worth the paper they were written on. Representative Gary, of Virginia, received unanimous consent to extend his remarks in the Appendix. He introduced and discussed a letter and an editorial he had come upon in the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. The letter was from a Negro named Zeak Crumpton, of Hampton, Virginia. "I am glad," Mr. Crumpton wrote, "that my ancestors were Negro slaves. My race has made tremendous progress since they came to live in this country." He went on:

> I own my own home, which is neatly furnished and is fitted out with all modern electrical appliances. . . . After years of



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steady employment and hard work as a section hand, I shall retire next year on a good pension from the railroad. I enjoy good health and have no grievances. For Sunday dinner, we can afford such foods as: black-eyed peas, grits, cabbage, corn muffins, and fried chicken. Had my ancestors not been slaves, life for me would be different. . . . I would walk around in my bare feet with a metal ring in my nose. . . . On holidays we would feast on elephant stew, roasted grasshoppers, and the milk of a cocoanut. I get on my knees each night and thank God for permitting my ancestors to come to America as slaves.

"Here," the *Times-Dispatch* said in its editorial, "is a man who is a credit to his race. . . . We salute him as the sort of man who has made this country great."

IN January, it was hoped and generally expected that the present session of Congress would finish its work by the end of July—a date proposed as suitable in the Congressional Reorganization Act of 1946. By the first of August, neither house had taken action of any sort on thirty-eight per cent of the legislation urged upon it for consideration by the President. It was not thought at the start of the year that Congress would be spending much time on either civil rights or a treaty on nuclear testing, but neither of these additions to the calendar accounts for the delays thus far. No beginning has been made on civil rights, and the treaty until now has preoccupied only the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Most observers here believe that the treaty will be ratified this month, and that by Christmas there will have been action in both houses on civil rights and taxes. There is not much hope that the Rules Committee will report out bills for a new Congressional reorganization—drawn up in the main by Senator Clark and by Senator Case, of New Jersey—that might make it possible for Congress to go about its business not only with efficiency but with a dignity that could earn for the institution some of the respect it ought to have.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

Can any reader please give me the identity of one Kilroy and tell me if there is any literature about him. He seems to have been some sort of arch saboteur for I have seen the legend 'Kilroy was here' painted in rough characters on (*a*) demilitarised gunboats at Plymouth, (*b*) a bridge under demolition in South-East London and (*c*) wreckage raised from the bed of the Suez Canal, within the past ten years.

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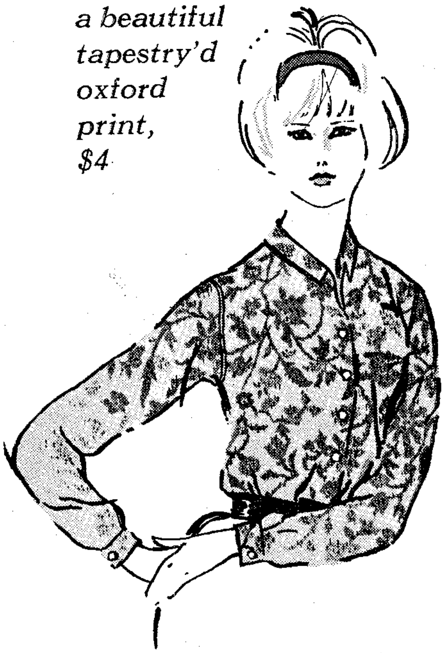
He was caught, tried, and hanged. Surely you read about it, Philpott!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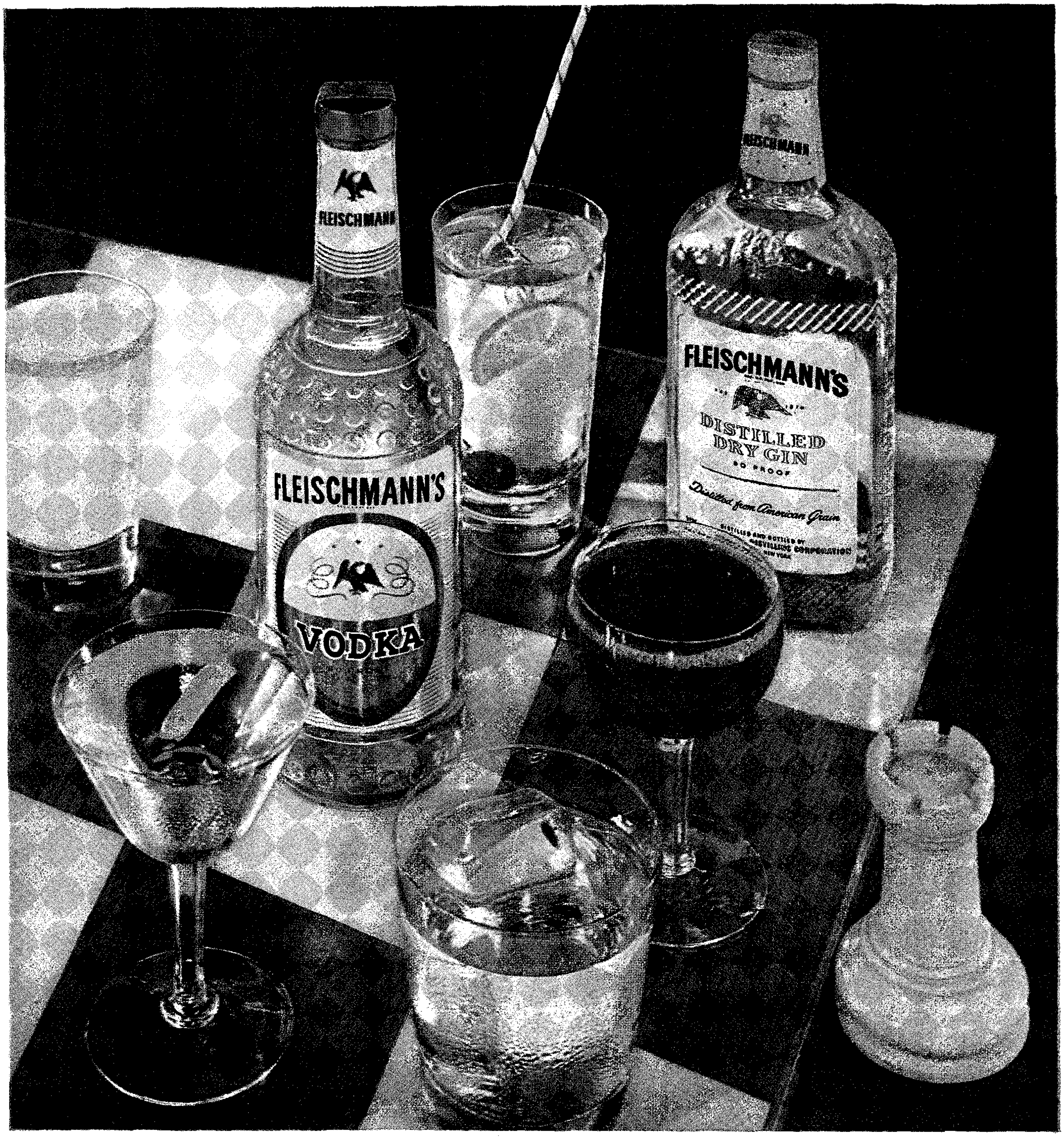
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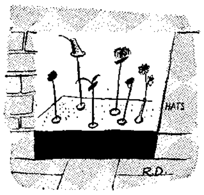
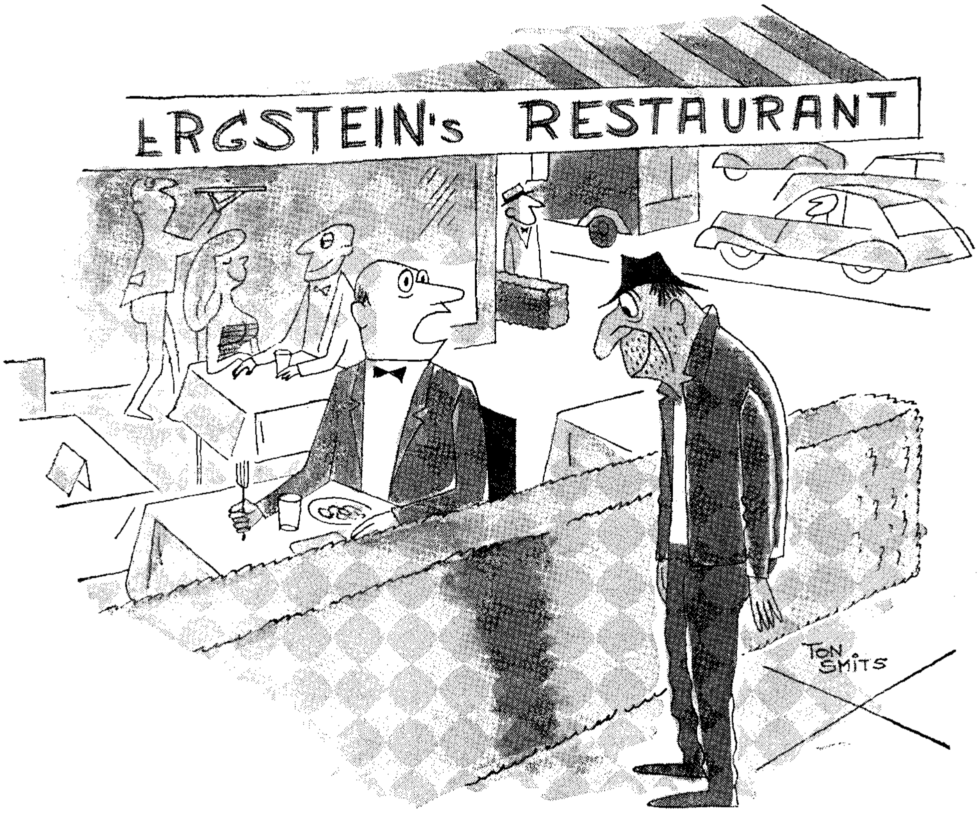
FEMININE FASHIONS



IN this allegedly democratic day and age, some people still snatch at every sort of opulent object (racing cars, racing stables, and whatnot) to serve as a status symbol. But we've forgotten that The Hat was once the perfect, and simple, means of establishing one's place in the community. We've also forgotten that hats were the status symbols of the *male* in the times before the Industrial Revolution. The helmet indicated a gentleman-at-arms, the velvet beret designated the scholar, ostrich plumes were the courtier's token, the turban proclaimed the sultan. And so on, and so on. For that matter, the pirate, the earlier form of risk-capital magnate, had a hat that proclaimed his noble profession. But women, to admit their inferior rating, had to be content with the kerchief and the snood. When they finally essayed the sunbonnet (which we evolved into the cloche after the West was won), they did it in fear and trembling, for some warrior or other, recognizing it as an underhanded adaptation of his helmet, might have drawn his sword and with one stroke removed the bonnet and the head that bore it. Then, suddenly, men put aside their plumage, went to work in business hats, and made their *wives* their status symbols. Promptly, women began to appropriate the feathers, the visors, the berets, and the rest of the ruling-class paraphernalia. Lately, they have taken, as well, the severe headgear of the businessmen—fedoras, homburgs, derbies, and the like. Some of last year's results of this move were aggressive, if not downright grim; this season, the male influence still predominates, but there are signs, for one thing, of a return to swashbuckling, such as slanting cavalier and pirate notions, with brims, four or more inches wide, that are curled back on one side and that slam down to the nape and almost to the shoulders on the down side. A pheasant feather is apt to be stuck through them at a roguish angle. How is one to wear those big muffler-stoles with *these*? Sally Victor has been to see "The Leopard;" everything Burt Lancaster and the rest of the cast wear aloft reappears at her shop in velours, with big, punched-in crowns, turned-up brims that are narrower in front than at the sides, and feathers piercing them at wild slants. John-Frederics' cavaliers are off the face and sloping (most hats tilt these days, to help women look slightly wayward, I guess), and they can arch a bit at the back of the neck, and the crowns are tall. Velvet, felt, silk, or most anything does the work. A de-luxe sample has black mink on the upper brim, pastel mink for facing, and light mink on the crown, and it can be turned back or allowed to flop all around, Garbo style. The Halston hats (Bergdorf Goodman), imperious indeed, are usually of untrimmed velours, with the slanted brim rippled on its down side and actually grazing a shoulder.

On the other hand (or head), there are lots of small hats that can snuggle down into fur collars or the prevailing high-wrapped stoles. After years of toppling, towering, or rotund turbans, there is a wish, both here and in Paris, for little things that are wrapped really close to the head and gathered only slightly toward the front. Emme has done a knockout in snakeskin, all tiny beige and brown and white splotches, gathered on a narrow band that goes straight up the front from the middle of the forehead. Emme says the snake is Indian chourie, but it looks like python to me; happily, I've never been formally introduced to either. And I saw a Halston beauty in ocelot; this, too, is snug, and it's down on the ears and long in back, with almost no crushed drapery. He says it is just as superb in Russian broadtail or even ranch mink. Sally Victor, who can drape a majestic turban with the best of them, has switched to doing at least some of moderate size that are sort of berets, for the folds turn under at the edge near one or both ears or at the nape. Most are of allover draped velvet; variations, in white kid, are flat across the front of the head, with tiara or halo detail across the crown, and folds that go down the back tuck under at the base.

Little-boy caps are still epidemic (Adolfo is one of several practitioners), and prankish ideas have been applied to headgear that was once the exclusive property of rugged malehood. Well, take John-Frederics' Sherlock Holmes hat, which he shows in parchment corduroy with ear flaps tied over the head by black grosgrain ribbon. (I hear that you can lower those flaps when you come in for a landing.) Or take Rex Harrison's trademark headpiece from "My Fair Lady"—in tweed or jersey, the crown creased front to back and the



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small, stitched brim turned up at the sides and pulled down over the eyes. But the wearer must supply her own sardonic Harrison look.

You always know where Sally Victor is going with her hats, because they indicate where she has *been*. This year, it was Sicily, and the Sicilian student and peasant and boys' caps that have resulted have what is known as piquancy. One cap is of suède or felt and is fairly tall and fairly narrow; a big, flat envelope fold runs down one side from the top to the ear, and a long tassel dangles from the base of the fold. The Victor student caps have small brims turned up in back and shooting forward sharply into a visor that's like a bird's bill. One version is shown in bright-green velours, with a bit of red fringe at the top of the brim at one side. (It suggests a padre hat from the front.) On another student cap, of white felt, the crown rises into a round point and a feather shoots up and out from the band at one side. Among a number of tall, simple, unbrimmed Victor shapes is Garibaldi, a high pillbox of white velours decorated with scrolls of black braid, and she is also contributing towering velvet tubes that are widened at the summit by one or two rolls of velvet. Another Victor fantasy is Duomo, a slightly barrel-shaped fez with a big button on top; it's in all sorts of fabrics and in jaguar, white lamb, wildcat, blond mink, and other furs, above a wide attached band that's down on the ears. Leopard makes one of her beret caps, pulled in by a black leather bow part way down the back. Victor is one for halos, which can appear in mink or sable above a broad bandeau of black satin over the forehead. For evening, the mantilla (feminine origin, for a change; I guess the halo was originally male headgear, too) is the basis of a black lace headdress that is flat across the head but ruffles out to the rear below the crown in tiers and tiers and tiers, so that you dance with tiers in your neighbors' eyes.

The snood, also of female derivation, is not exactly a new stunt when it is pulled close to the head and has a hat perched atop it, Andes Indian fashion, but Emme and her co-designer, Annello, know what to do about that. She borrows a Bolivian *chola* (that's a ranch rider's hat, so we're back in the male world already) and converts it into a medium-brimmed tilted job in tobacco felt; its black snood, snug over the hair, knots below the brim in back. Dark-green antelope

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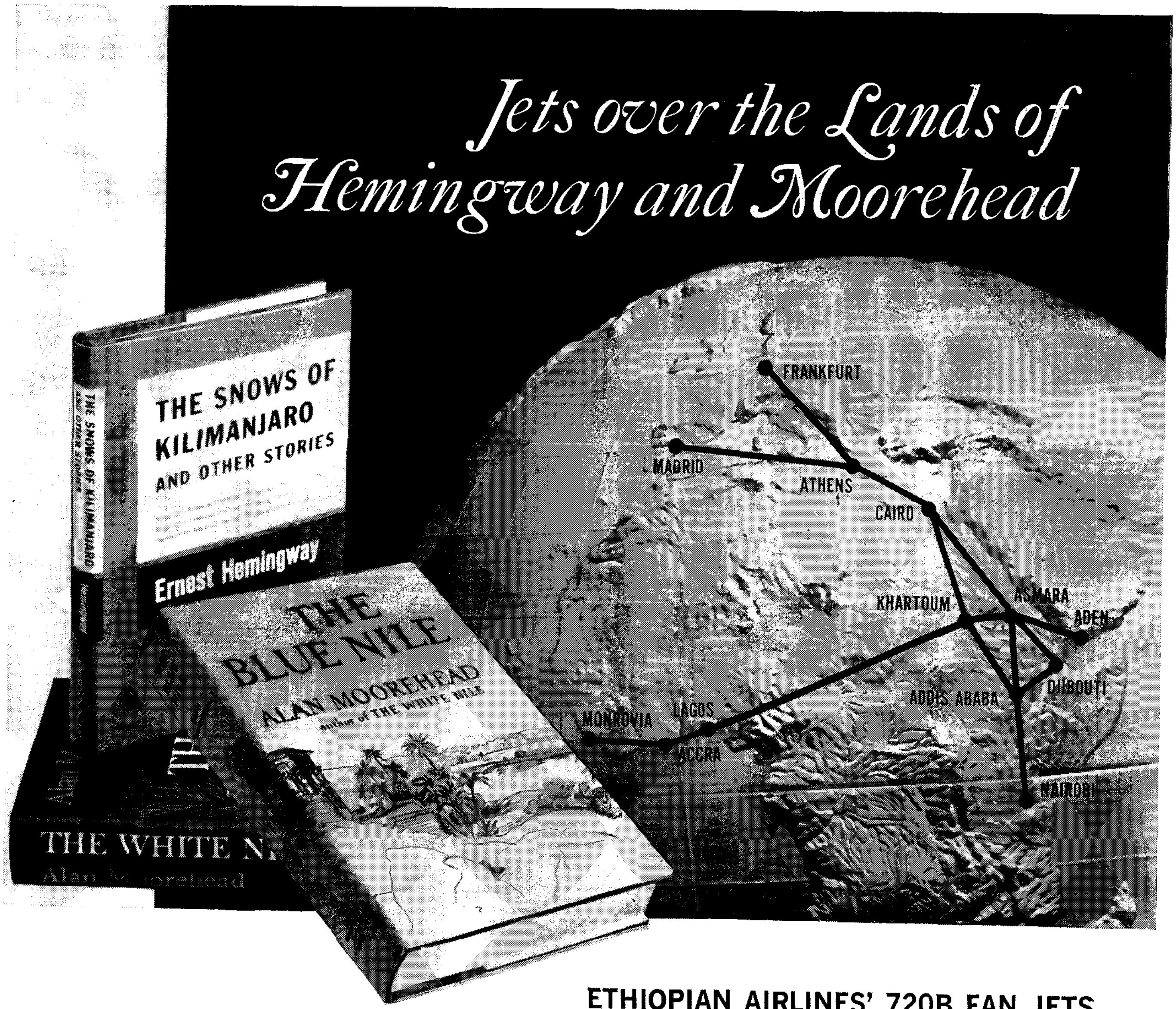
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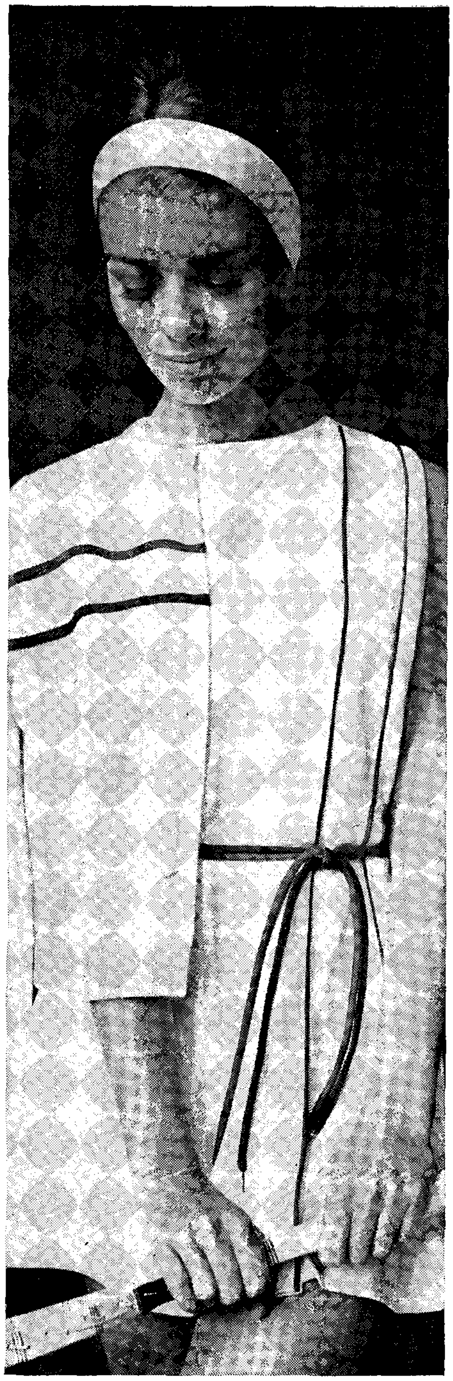

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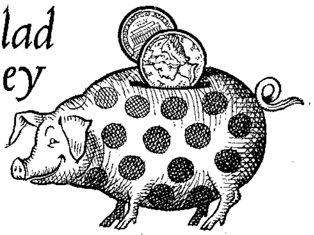
makes another superimposed Emme hat, with a tall, punched-in crown; lighter-green Alix jersey makes a soft band across the front and then ducks through the brim astern to cover the back hair. An extra-large snood (no cling and no superstructure here), likewise an Emme, is shown in antelope or patterned wools. This one is draped well down in back or to one side along the neck, sometimes almost to the shoulder blades. (That's nothing, though; some of Lilly Daché's evening snoods come nearly to the waistline, but that is a later story.) The Emme-Annello team has worked out a turban that is smooth along the hairline but juts out in back in swirls that make you think of an accordion. Black leather is used on brimmed hats to make underbrims and bands; jaguar fur supplies the pointed crowns and the casual brims, which are to be pulled sidewise and downward in front. Among the other Emme furs is a floppy hat, Dietrich type, of black mink, and plenty of merry white calf stencilled in animal-skin patterns is visible in this shop. One is zebra, for a pixy-crowned charmer with drapery across the front to give it an arched, cloche look. Dalmatian spots are the décor of another Emme, a bumper roller with a huge black leather button on top. Emme and Annello feel that jewelled caps have Had It for evening; their substitute for giddiness is mink dyed in pastel blues, pinks, lemon ice, and so forth. Usually, this fur makes minute pillboxes with velvet flowers piled on top—pink and American Beauty vegetation on pink fur, say, or nasturtium shades on lemon ice.

Bergdorf's Halston employs pelts in a smashing way. I noticed first of all his chinchilla cloche with a flat crown and a deeply dipping brim, as well as a cross between a bonnet and a sailor, done in black mink, to say nothing of a big pillbox of Somali that shoots forward over the eyes in a tiny visor. Baby-bonnet lines are inevitable when the small-head look is a consideration; his effort is a deep hood of black velvet faced with white mink, and little ties of the mink go under the chin. Another of his neat, small contributions (for evening only, this time, though the first is certainly cocktail and theatre) is a wee velours cap with a fat white ostrich plume trailing from the top down past a shoulder or else tossed across the throat. Halston (for laughs) has also dreamed up a potentate turban to end all such; this jumbo measures forty-four inches around (a potentate-sized

Glad Money



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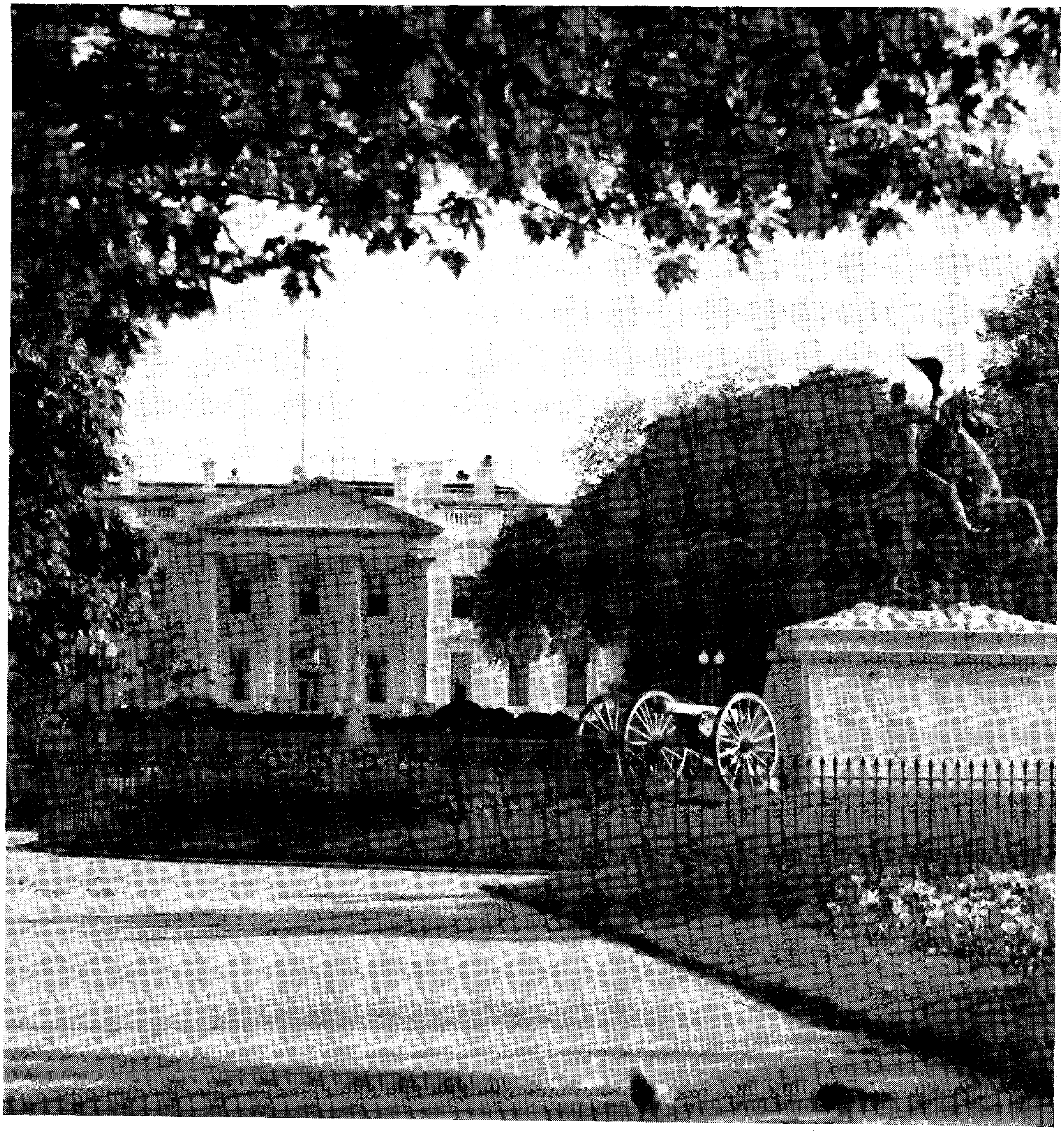

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Also open to question, seems to me, is the paternity of the many "bottled-by" bourbons on today's retail shelf.

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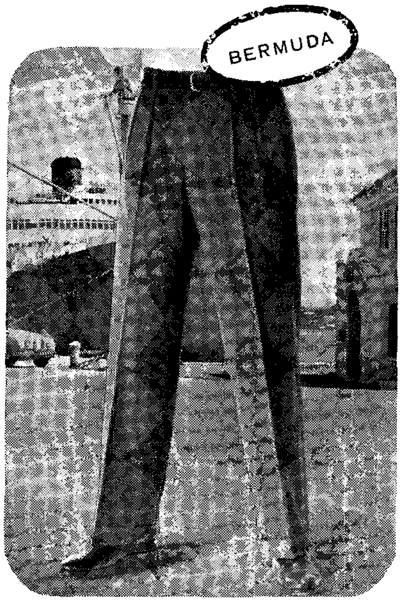
waistline, really) and it's made of ciré-dotted black tulle.

The slick baby-cap kind of of thing (I think it looks great) is likewise at John-Frederics (his present address, fairly new, is 23 West 56th Street), in black jersey dotted with blobs of mink arching around the face in bonnet fashion. The jersey makes a fur-dotted stole, too. His turbans don't simmer down. One, of bouclé matelassé wrapped upward, is made higher by a wing of the fabric shooting up and out. For evening, he uses quantities of transparent feathers, as on a Queen Mother thing with white vulture feathers slanting down over one brow, and on a hussar confection of black chenille with black and white ostrich dripping from the top all the way around and as far down as the neck.

Evening veiling for the head can, like chiffon for the body, be a suburbia horror in the wrong hands (and there are so many of them), but Maria Pia, whose tiny shop is at 327 East 55th Street, has the right hands. Let's start with her fat, draped pillbox of black tulle with a spiral of stripped, glycerined black hackle feathers (threadlike stems with bobbles at the end) across the top and slanting down practically to the other shoulder. I thought a great deal, too, of her triangle of black velvet for the top of the head, with a long plume of curly ostrich making a tail in back. When Maria Pia gets around to the wig kind of thing, she drifts gray ostrich down over the face from a hat that slants back into an oval, or else she uses coq feathers, in gunmetal or in dull greens with flashes of yellow, for hats on which the feathers jog sharply out on the cheeks and forehead. She has got those right hands of hers on some thirty-year-old wide black satin ribbon, smooth and with exceptional body, and she does puffy things with it, such as a half hat that looks like a huge single bow across the top of the head, with a spurt of grackle feathers up the front. There are other aspects to her ribbon trickery. Velvet ribbon (in every imaginable shade, this time) is worked into folds and loops down the sides of the head; a tiara wig, which descends to the tips of the ears, frames the face with shirred velvet-ribbon detail. Then, she presses ostrich fronds so that they squirm (delicately, I mean) and puts them under tulle; a miniature cone, to be worn back on the head, combines Kelly and royal fronds of this. The flecks of ostrich on the veil that surrounds the coiffure below are the perfect finishing touch. Irene of New York is opulent in



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mood; her kerchief of ranch mink goes into a V far below the nape, and there is a tie under the V to cup beneath the back hair. The kerchief makes a second appearance in one of her many metallic brocades. The Irene opulence extends to sable, for a simple, off-the-face Breton, and a beret of ranch mink can be maneuvered into a tiara effect in front. She likes knobs on the top of her fur numbers, as on a ball-shaped hat of white Bombay lamb with a flat knob on the summit, and a deep round pillbox of curly Argentine lamb (looks like chenille) in taupe with a knob on top. Another lamb, shown in gold, wears the bump at one side, for variety.

THAT, I think, is enough for now, though it is hardly all there is to say about the new season's custom hats. At any rate, it's not all there is to say about the ones I admired, and I remember having admired quite a bunch.

—LOIS LONG

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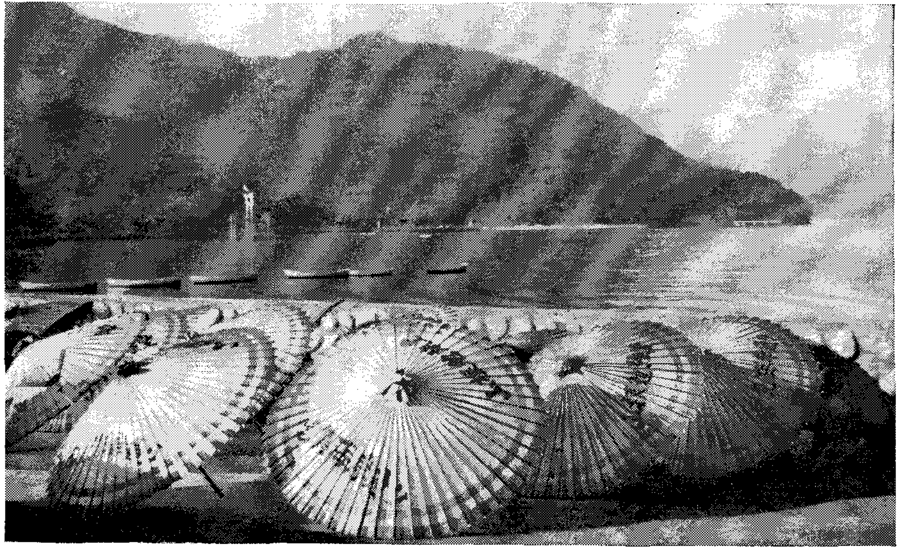

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THE BOOTLEGGER

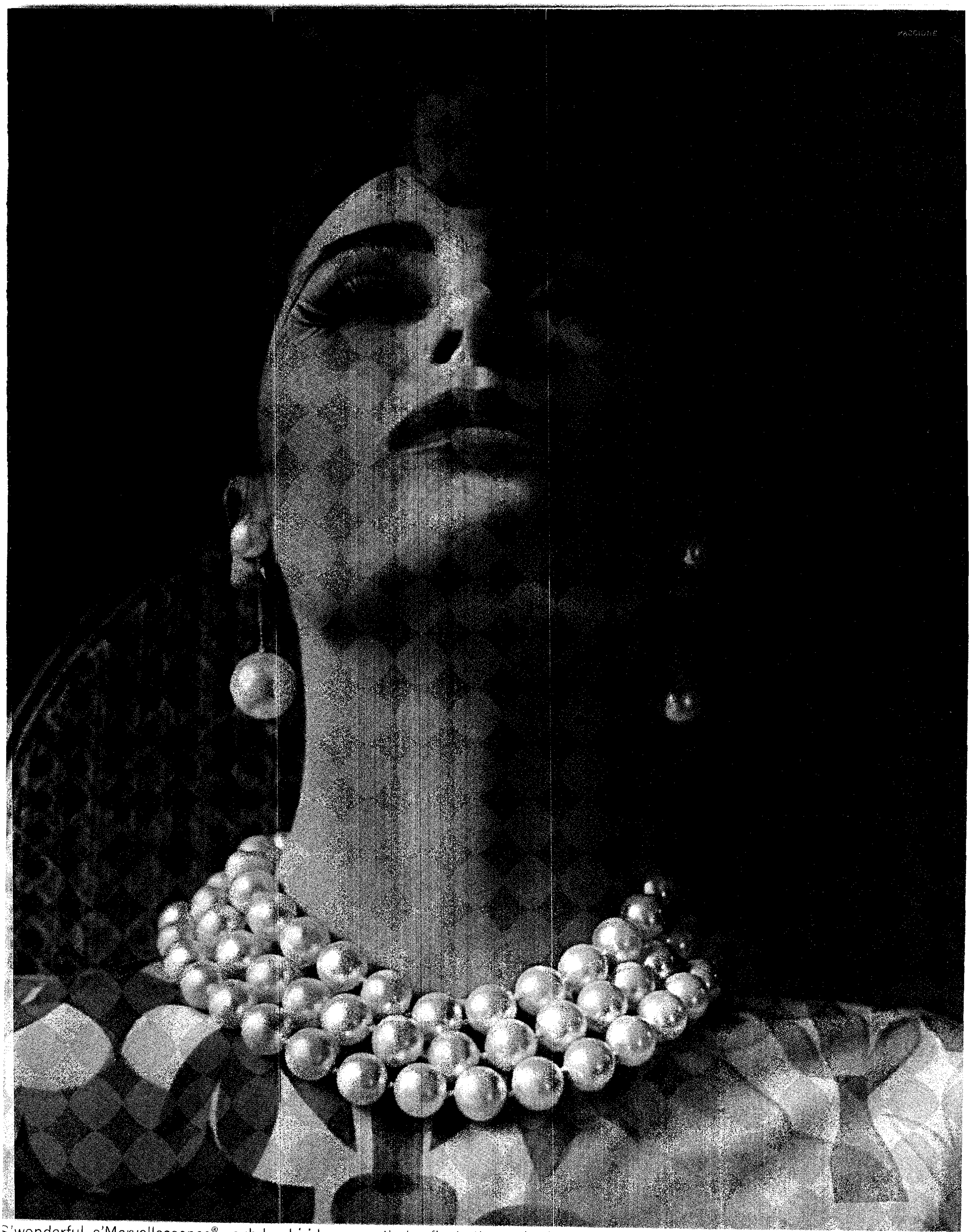
WHEN I recently launched myself on the long voyage through "Remembrance of Things Past," I was startled and pleased to find, within the first twenty pages, that one of the social relationships depicted by Proust paralleled one I remember from my own childhood. I refer to the relationship between M. Swann and Proust's narrator's family. The family welcomed M. Swann as a regular visitor and a middle-class equal, although it felt him to be imperfectly genteel. Its own ignorance of the world of fashion, together with M. Swann's reserve and discretion, kept it from knowing that he led a double life, in the other half of which he was "one of the smartest members of the Jockey Club, a particular friend of the Comte de Paris and of the Prince of Wales, and one of the men most sought after in the aristocratic world of the Faubourg Saint-Germain."

In Caldwell, Idaho, in the nineteen-twenties and early thirties, my family's relationship with our bootlegger was like that. The locale afforded no Jockey Clubs, *comtes*, princes, or *faubourgs*, but Mr. Diller, as I shall call him, led a double life, the non-bootlegging half of which long remained unknown—indeed, inconceivable—to us, though in his bootlegger role he was a welcome and regular visitor who could be treated as an equal, thus providing us with the dividend of feeling unusually and virtuously democratic. He came to the back door, to be sure, in contrast with the milkman, who left his product at our front door, but since our house was on a corner, the back door was quite as conspicuous as the front, and anyway the choice was his alone, a result of his feeling for decorum.

That feeling was strong in him. Whenever any of us encountered him in the business district or elsewhere with others present, he took care not to glance in our direction until we spoke. We always did speak. When he encountered my mother, he responded in a way that would almost have been appropriate to M. Swann, though it may have been a bit closer to the style of such other figures of French literature as d'Artagnan and de Bergerac; he removed his hat with a flourish, swept it in a wide arc out and down across his knees, and accompanied this with a deep bow. A very tall man, he had long, lank black hair, which he combed straight back, and which, when he made that deep bow, sometimes flopped forward. My earliest memory of him is of an occasion when I must have been about five years old and was walking along the street with my mother. I never before had been bowed to, and the sudden sweep in my direction of that lofty head and flying hair terrified me. I howled. Among the various hasty measures he took to quiet me was a dash into a nearby store and a return with a handful of licorice whips, which induced the first diminution in the noise I was making and gradually brought about its cessation. This success led to his forming the habit of bringing me penny candy every time he made a delivery to our house.

I looked forward to his visits. They were, I think, approximately weekly. This was not because my parents drank so very much or entertained lavishly; true, they were, for Caldwell, more or less flaming youth, but not *flambé*, in the current, expense-account-restaurant sense of that term. Although we did little formal entertaining, our kitchen was an oasis for a number of poor creatures burdened with dry wives. There were three or four husbands who placed their own orders with Mr. Diller and kept the bottles in our pantry, along with little packets of Sen-Sen. I never was permitted to intrude on the gatherings of such visitors, but I remember being in the front of the house and hearing the sounds of many a convivial late-afternoon get-together in the back, though those sounds never attained anything like the cacophony I have met at similar gatherings at the same hour in more recent times.

Mr. Diller made the conviviality possible but took no part in it. My parents used to say of him that he never touched a drop, and to the best of my knowledge this was true. When, a couple of decades later, I did some reading in the social history of that period and learned of the frequency with which consumers of bootlegged beverages suffered blindness



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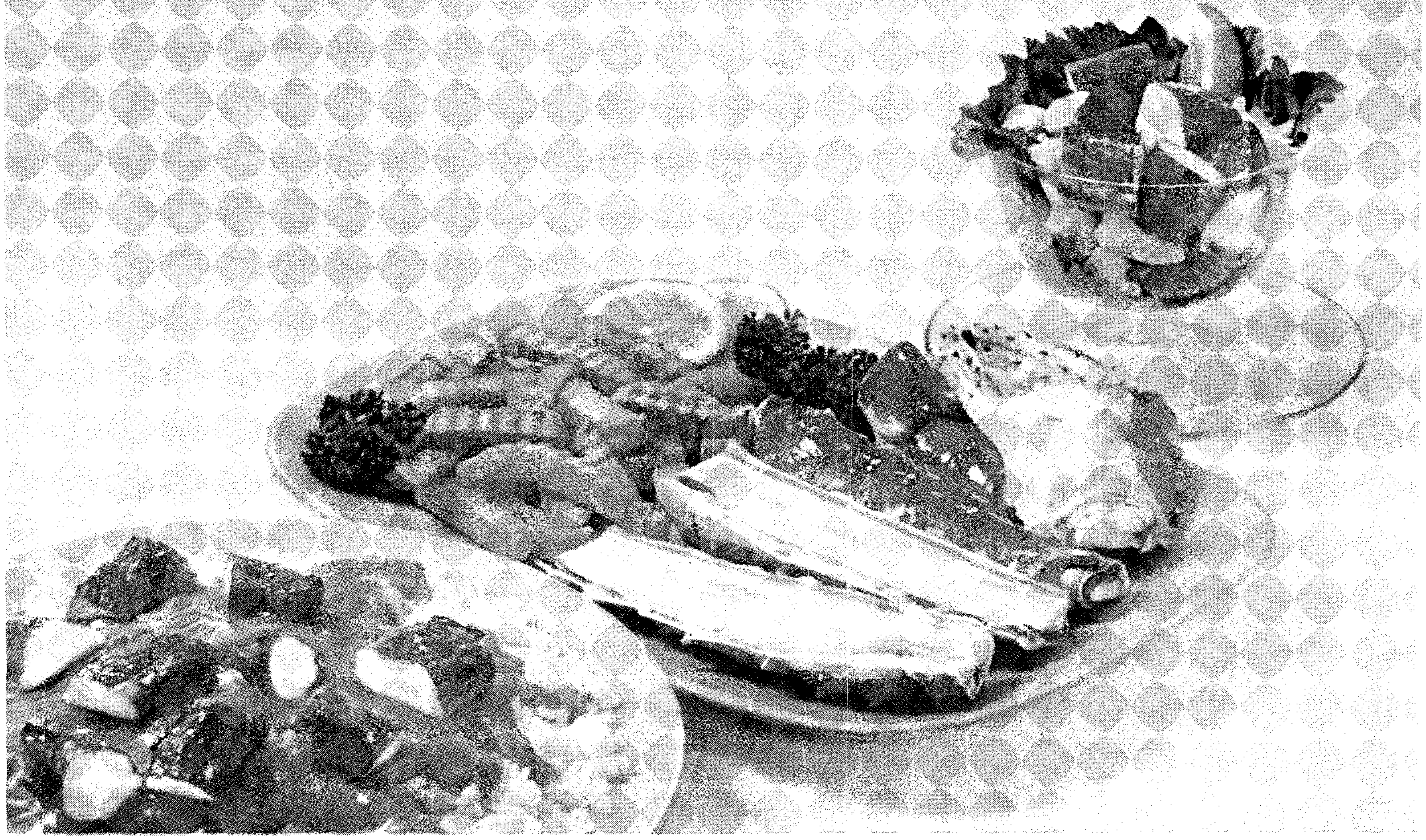

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and other undesirable consequences, it occurred to me that his abstemiousness might have been reason for a certain suspicion in his customers. I never heard anyone express doubts. He inspired only faith in his product, presumably because he never sold anything that damaged his customers to an extent greater than anticipated.

The fact that he kept secret his source of supply, his base of operations, his very place of residence did not detract from his reputation for trustworthiness. At one time or another, he had been observed arriving in Caldwell in his well-laden Model T via the roads from every direction. Everyone was curious, but no one questioned him. That would have been a breach of the code not a great deal less outrageous than informing against him to the town constable, who would have found the information most offensive. The favorite speculation was that Mr. Diller had his residence and distillery in an ideal hideaway in one of the many ghost towns scattered over both the forested mountains to our north and the high desert to our south.

IT was I who stumbled on the secret he had managed to keep—at least from my family and everyone they knew—for more than eight years. By 1930, the year I was thirteen, some of the roads in our valley had been paved and others graded and gravelled, and automobile traffic between Caldwell and Boise, thirty miles to the east, was common enough to make hitchhiking possible. I had two hospitable aunts in Boise and no difficulty in obtaining my parents' permission to hitchhike thither for such occasions as Sunday dinners. One hot Sunday evening that summer, on my way home from such a visit, a driver dropped me at the eastern edge of Nampa, a town nine miles east of Caldwell, and I took a short cut through the outskirts to the western edge, because one did not hitch rides in the middle of a town. It was the first time I ever had been afoot in Nampa, having previously ridden straight through.

From the Caldwell point of view, Nampa, with its population of eight thousand—almost twice ours—was low class. The chief reason for its greater size was that the town harbored a railroad yard, where freight cars were built and repaired; it was whispered in Caldwell, with horror and less than full belief, that there was a labor union in Nampa. Caldwell's tone was set by the College of Idaho, a private Presbyterian institution held in high esteem within our city limits. Nampa's railroad yard

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was on its western edge, a spear pointed in our direction, and our college was on our eastern edge, a rampart against the barbarian. My family did not know, in the Proustian or any other sense, anyone in Nampa.

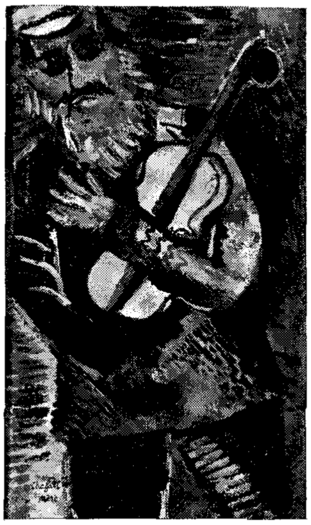
My short cut took me through one of the poorest districts, and every other block or so featured, in the form of a small frame building, a church of one of the many fundamentalist sects that proliferated in our valley in those times. One church attracted my attention, because not only had it been recently painted, an unusual circumstance in itself, but its trim was a different color from the rest of the building, and there was a small, well-tended plot of grass between the front of the church and the sidewalk. Services were in progress, and the door stood open. The preacher was in full cry. I recognized his voice. Incredulous, horrified, and fascinated, I took a few steps up the walk toward the open door to make quite sure. The preacher was Mr. Diller.

Mine was not a churchgoing family, although in my younger days I occasionally had been packed off to a Congregationalist Sunday school, so we had no particular reason to set unusually high standards for men of the cloth. Still, the preacher-bootlegger combination seemed not only wildly unlikely but also shocking. I could scarcely wait to get home and divulge what I had discovered. My father gave my news the same reception that Proust's narrator's great-aunt gave a report that M. Swann had been seen dining with a princess. ("A pretty sort of princess," the great-aunt said, with serene irony; "I know them.")

"Some preacher old Diller would make," said my father. "You've been seeing things, boy."

My mother's reaction was similar, and I was so indignant that I determined never to try to tell anyone else what I had seen. I might have come to doubt my eyes and have had to go back for another look some Sunday had I not been at home alone the next day when Mr. Diller called, ahead of schedule. When I realized that it was he at the back door and that I was alone in the house, I was suddenly afraid that he might take measures to insure my silence. I had stood for several moments quite close to the open door of the church, and felt certain that he had seen and recognized me. My fear proved groundless. For eight years, it had been his habit to offer me penny candy when he found me at home, and for several of those years I

MARC CHAGALL



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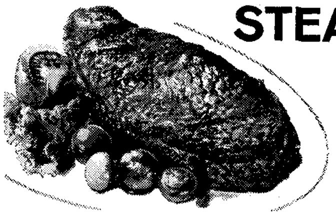

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had made it a point to be at home when he arrived. Lately, however, penny candy had become less important to me, and I had felt little regret if I missed him. This time, he offered me two whole candy bars, one of them a ten-center. I accepted them. I had lavished ten-cent bars on myself only once or twice; they were rare and splendid luxuries. I could not hope to earn the bribe, having already done my unsuccessful best to tell all, but I was too interested in those bars to give thought to the ethics of the matter.

He continued to bring me candy bars right up to the time of repeal of the prohibition amendment, whereupon he disappeared from our ken. Not until many years later, when I happened to remember him, did I realize that I had no inkling of an answer to the most interesting question about him—I would never know whether his church was the perfect blind for his bootlegging or his bootlegging a means of supporting his church. —ROBERT FROMAN

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[*From the Deerfield (Ill.) Review*]

Jeri Hoffman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ervin I. Hoffman of 1500 Hackberry Rd., was chosen "Beauty of the Day" by the Chicago Daily News last week.

Jeri is a junior at Eastern Illinois University, majoring in elementary education. She is a member of the Delta Zeta sorority and is a sister of Ron Hoffman, the judo expert now in Japan furthering his judo techniques. Her 12-year-old brother, David, recently won the Deerfield yo-yo championship and will now vie in the Chicago finals.

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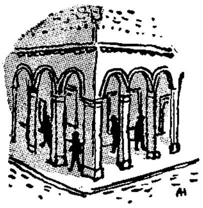
LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 4



TO hundreds of thousands of Parisians, the only disappointment with last Wednesday's Freedom March in Washington was that merely two brief patches of it came through here on television—a few minutes of parade pictures at 7 P.M. Paris time and, despite the announcement of more to come an hour later, nothing thereafter until eleven-thirty. Then Telstar II showed the last minutes of the march at the Lincoln Memorial. About eighty Americans in Paris, colored and white, had already staged a local preliminary Freedom March on August 21st, the Wednesday before, from the American Church, on the Left Bank, to the American Embassy, on the Right, so as to feel in step, if only at a distance, with those who would later be marching in Washington. The march movement here had begun the previous Saturday morning in the classified-advertisement columns of the Paris *Herald Tribune*, where an announcement stated, "If you are an American, and/or interested in the civil-rights march in Washington on August 28th, James Baldwin will be at 25 Rue du Colisée at 3 P.M. today." It was read at the breakfast table by, among others, the wife of the Reverend Martin van Buren Sargent, pastor of the interdenominational American Church, on the Quai d'Orsay. She and her husband decided that since he would be busy writing his sermon for the next day, she would represent their common interest in whatever was in mind at the Rue du Colisée address, which turned out to be the Living Room night club. There a Negro singer who appears under the name of Venus said that she had run the *Herald Tribune* ad because so many American Negroes and whites here, and even some French African Negroes, wanted to make a gesture of solidarity but did not know how to go about it, and, hearing that James Baldwin was unexpectedly in town, she had thought he might help. He turned up at the Living Room meeting with the photographer Richard Avedon, with whom he had hired a small cabin cruiser; it had sunk in a Riviera port, fortunately before putting out to sea, where Baldwin had counted on quiet to finish a play he is writing. Others at the meeting were

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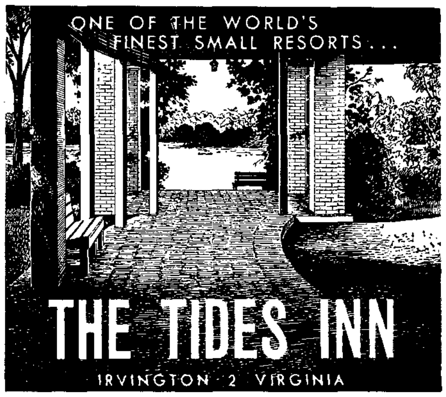

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the Negro actor William Wallace, the singer Mae Mercer, the pianist Hazel Scott, and the jazz clarinettist Mezz Mezzrow. Together they wrote a statement to be published in both the Paris *Herald Tribune* and the Paris edition of the New York *Times*, and accepted Mrs. Sargent's invitation to be present at the church next day, Sunday, where she invited Baldwin to deliver a brief address in the church's secular assembly room. The opening of the statement said, "I, the undersigned, hereby publicly express my support of the March on Washington Movement, which aspires not only to eradicate all racial barriers in American life but to liberate all Americans from the prison of their biases and fears."

Next day, Mr. Sargent urged from the pulpit that "all concerned Christians present" remain after the service to hear Mr. Baldwin. About two hundred and fifty people of both colors, including some tourists, stayed to listen. Baldwin ended his talk by saying, "No matter where America moves to correct its most terrifying problem, it will no longer be America as we know it but the free country that we always claimed it was going to be." Then Mae Mercer and Hazel Scott, inspired, sang the spiritual "Amazing Grace." Among Baldwin's listeners were the writer James Jones, who lives in Paris, and, by chance, the movie star Anthony Quinn. Along with most of the other people in the assembly room, they put their signatures on sheets of paper pasted below a copy of the statement, making almost a fourteen-foot scroll, which it was decided to send to President Kennedy. In the absence of Ambassador Bohlen, off on holiday, it was to be handed to his chargé d'affaires for transmission to the White House, and this presentation of the scroll, to be carried by William Wallace, became the goal of the march here the following Wednesday afternoon. Since an official Paris march requires police permission and red tape, the police kindly suggested that the Freedom Marchers walk two by two, as if in mere sauntering companionship, and that the pairs be spaced out. So on Wednesday eighty Freedom Marchers left the American Church in couples every half minute by the clock and, thus separated, strolled with the scroll and their purpose across the Place de la Concorde to the Embassy of the United States. The American colony in Paris numbers about thirty thousand, so this was a very small, if determined, demonstration. As *Le Monde* was to say in a sad headline over its report of

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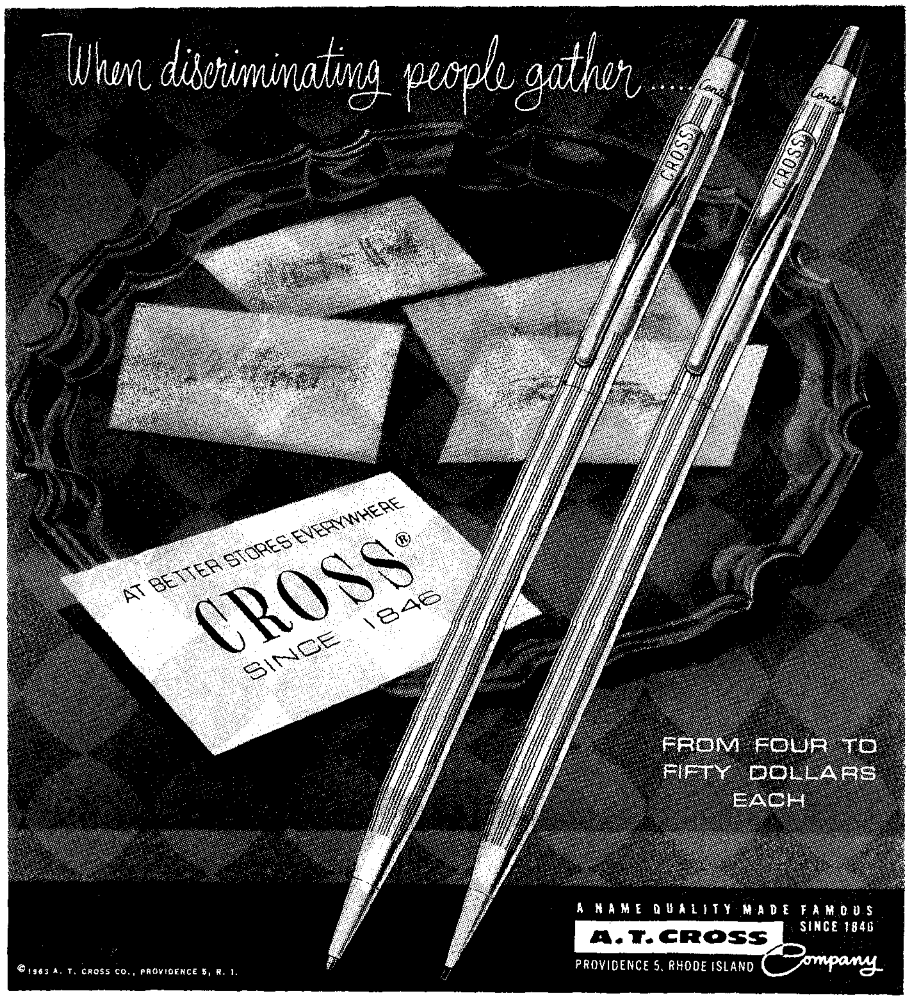
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the Washington march a week later, "The dignity and amplitude of the manifestation [did] not suffice to break down the indifference of the majority of Americans."

IT rained so much in this and the northern part of France during the month of August that Parisians who were here or there are now saying that it rained only once—solidly, from the second of August to the twenty-ninth, making three pleasant days out of thirty-one. The vacation season just finished is being called "*l'été pourri*"—the rotted summer. In twenty *départements* of France north of the Loire, the opening of the hunting season, due September 8th, has been delayed to September 22nd by the unfortunate Minister of Agriculture, hoping to give farmers a chance to dry and bring in what may remain of their spoiled grain, certainly in no shape to have sportsmen and dogs trampling over it. Barley and oats, in poor condition and meagre quantity, have already been harvested, but the damp wheat is still purpling, mildewing, and germinating on the stalk. There will be little straw for the cows and little grain for Frenchmen's bread. French millers have been warned that they and the government will have to import wheat for the winter bread, since a third, at least, of the French wheat—if, by miracle, ever harvested—will be too soft to grind.

Right now at the *rentrée*—the annual return of vacationers and schoolchildren to their cities, and of the government to Paris—families and politicians always take stock of how the year is turning out. It is turning out to be plagued by high prices. Retail prices so far this year have already gone up six per cent; bread has just gone up again, and so has beefsteak. The Fifth Republic's announced financial policy is to control the wage-price spiral—easier said than done, since labor leaders in the national industries have also announced that they will push for higher pay, if only to save face after the law against wildcat strikes passed this summer. What was truthfully called France's amazing prosperity is now being candidly termed France's danger of inflation. Even de Gaulle is rumored ready to bring his exalted attention down to earth and give another national radio-television talk at the end of September on the high cost of French living. Fortunately, the French are still so prosperous that they can almost stand the high prices in every way except in conversation. French conversation has been ruined. It is nothing but a long threnody on how

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However, there's more to life than pipe and slippers, no disloyalty to the little woman intended. When I get to New York, those Lombardy people fuss around and really make a man feel ten feet tall. And, while my wife's slip covers are satisfactory enough, the decorator styling of those air-conditioned Lombardy guest rooms is really elegant. (There's a serving pantry, with electric refrigeration; and TV, of course.) Home cookin's tolerable when you're home, but when you're in New York I recommend the Laurent Restaurant & Cocktail Lounge, right in the hotel.

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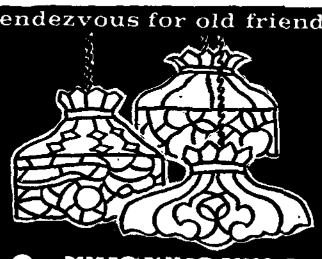

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much Madame had to pay the butcher for Sunday's large, luscious, luxurious veal roast, probably served laced with cream and fresh tarragon leaves.

MODERN French art has proved a remarkable preservative for its three original creators, that historic trio of elderly painters who, when young, fathered it in a triple paternal relationship—Matisse, who engendered the high-colored Fauves in 1905 and lived to be almost eighty-five; Braque, who created the first pure Cubist canvas, "Les Maisons à L'Estaque," in 1908 and died only last week at eighty-one; and Picasso, a few months Braque's senior, who begot proto-Cubism in "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" in 1907 and still flourishes down in the Midi with mythological protean vigor, the one who has outlived everyone and everything, including his own euphoric painting epochs. Of the three painters, Braque was regarded as the supreme master of composition. In the purely French qualities of taste, measure, and refinement in his still-lifes, so perfectly posed as if to rest in changeless balance through time, he is ranked as the most essentially Gallic artist since Chardin, who died in 1779. By a sort of mimetism, Braque grew to resemble his own pictures, with his paint-white hair and the reminiscent cubic outline in the angular pattern of his handsome face. He was the son and grandson of housepainters and paperhangers in Argenteuil, a Seine river town near Paris, and was fortunately trained in the family trade. Expert in sign painting, he introduced the alphabet into his art like an abrupt intrusion of reality—as in the word "BAL" in his famous "The Portuguese"—and made it almost as distinguishing a mark of early Cubism as the cubes themselves. Accustomed to wallpaper and paste, his artisan hands were expert in the fabricating of those astonishing, impractical Cubist collages of paper pasteups that he and Picasso delighted in.

It was in 1907 that Cézanne's didactic maxim was posthumously published in Paris: "You must see in nature the cylinder, the sphere, and the cone," without mentioning the fourth geometric shape, which led to Cubism. That year, more than half a hundred Cézannes had just been shown in the Paris memorial exhibition that had finally given that dour painter a living public reputation, like an obituary. In the spring of 1908, Braque, who by then a belated, dissatisfied Fauve, wrestling with wild, bright colors, went to the village of L'Estaque, on the Bay of Marseille, where Cézanne himself had

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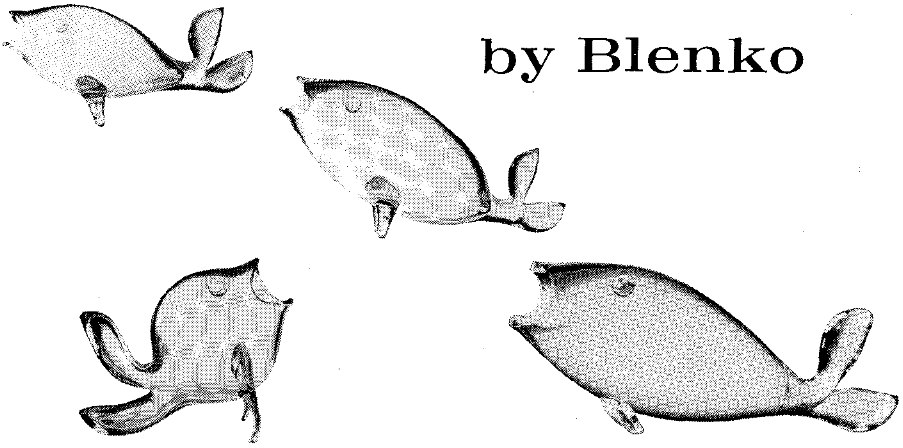

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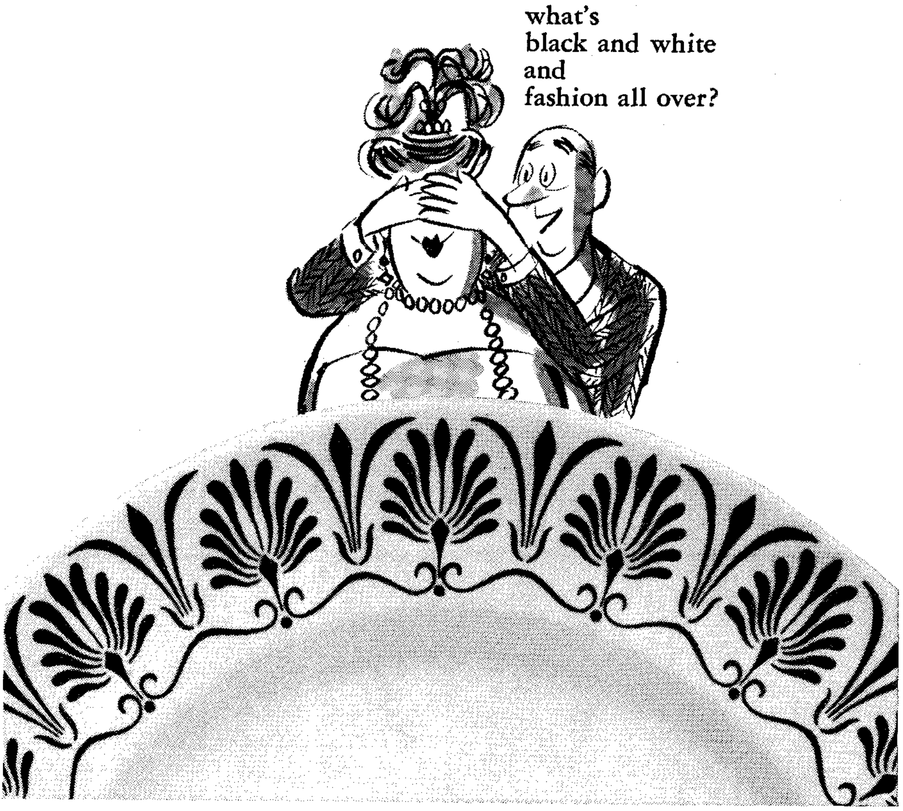

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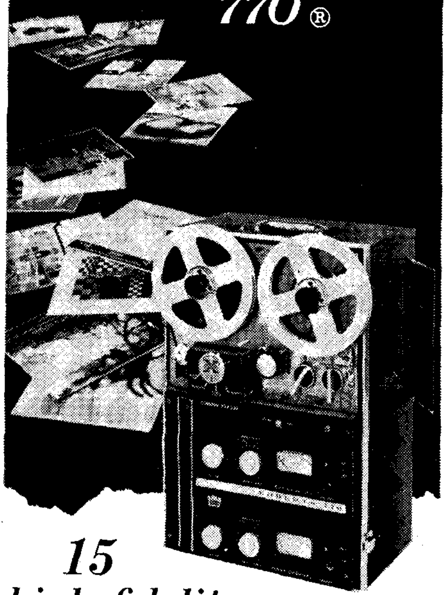

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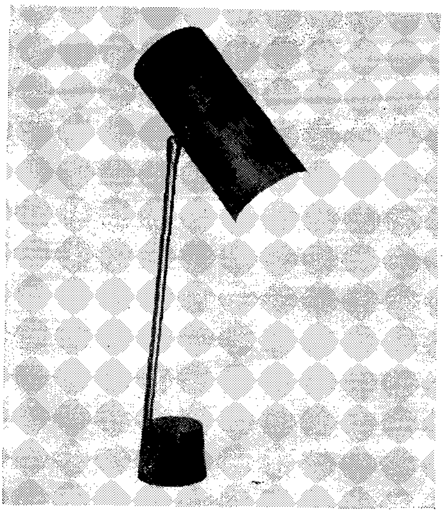
worked, and, in a burst of extended comprehension, painted the revolutionary "Houses at L'Estaque"—brownish cubes floating in levitation among conical green trees. Back in Paris, Picasso was also approaching Cézanne's geometries with "Landscape with Figures," the human beings in it belonging to a new, cylindrical race, embracing in a conical glade. Unbeknownst to each other, the two young artists, both aged twenty-six, were moving toward something that was in the air but that only they were recording. It was later defined by scientists as the "space-time continuum," of which neither of the painters had even heard, nor did they ever define it aesthetically to outsiders, at least during the six years that they subsequently worked and talked together daily in Montmartre. "We said things that nobody else would understand any more and that will end with us," Braque declared much later of their conversations while they were painting, under various titles, what looked like Euclidean cubes and sectioned spheres against a background cascade of other cubes, producing an effect of immediate distance and the surprise of space. Among the Cubist masterpieces that Braque painted in 1910—all in museums or great private collections today—were "Still-Life with Guitar," "Woman with a Mandolin," and "Still-Life with Piano" (with the keys already like nudes descending a staircase). By 1911, every avant-garde artist in Paris was a Cubist of sorts, to Braque's disgust. By 1912, Cubism had spread around Europe. Braque's works were shown in Munich with the Blue Riders. This analytical Cubism, so hermetic that it was no longer legible even to initiates, was followed by synthetic Cubism, which looked like plane geometry in bright colors—a flat, seductive, decorative patterning of commonplace objects, such as cigarette boxes or rum bottles, that even a child (an artist's child, at any rate) could have identified. Heroic, austere Cubism in space, as Braque and Picasso had practiced it, was already defunct when the war started in 1914, and their intimacy and friendship also failed to survive, perhaps because the epoch itself had perished. Doctrinarily, none of it had lived long. The Fauves—all except Matisse, who had invented them—had ceased being the Wild Beasts of bright colors. Cubism, in its inexplicable mystery and popularity, lasted in its opening unities only a few years. But it lasted long enough to start the death of representational painting, and led to the disappearance of the human being in the abstract painting that



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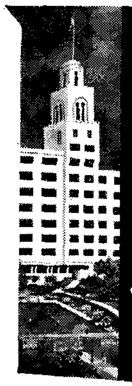

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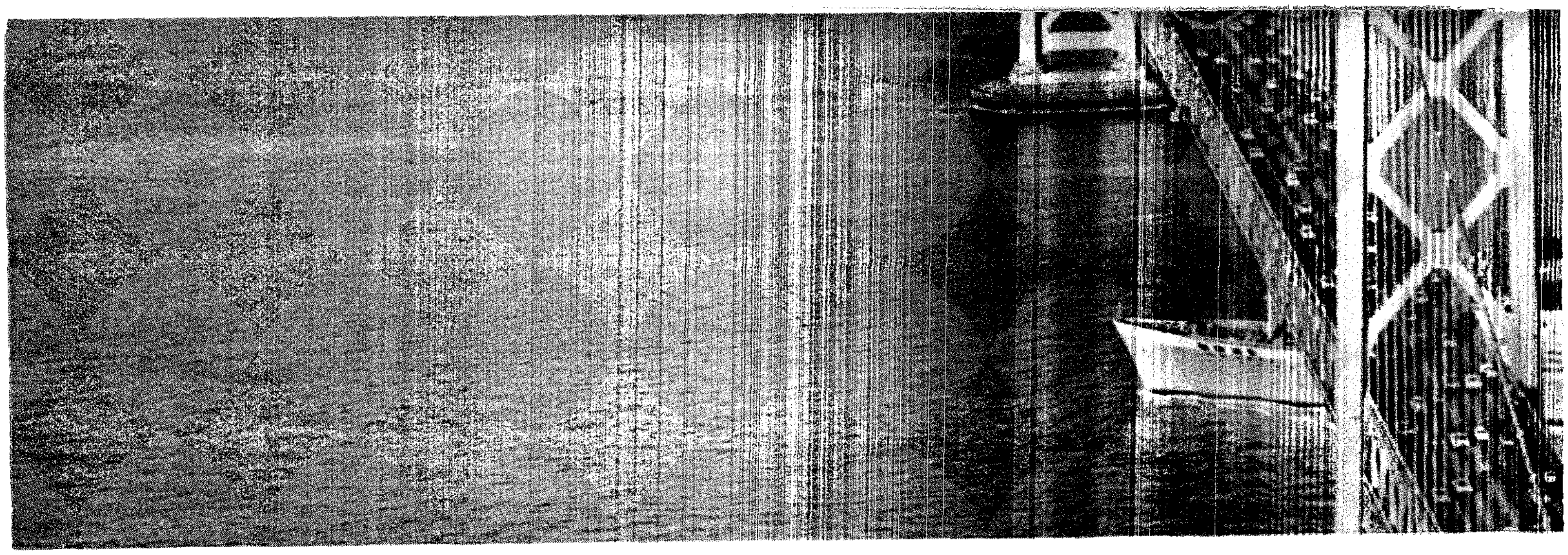

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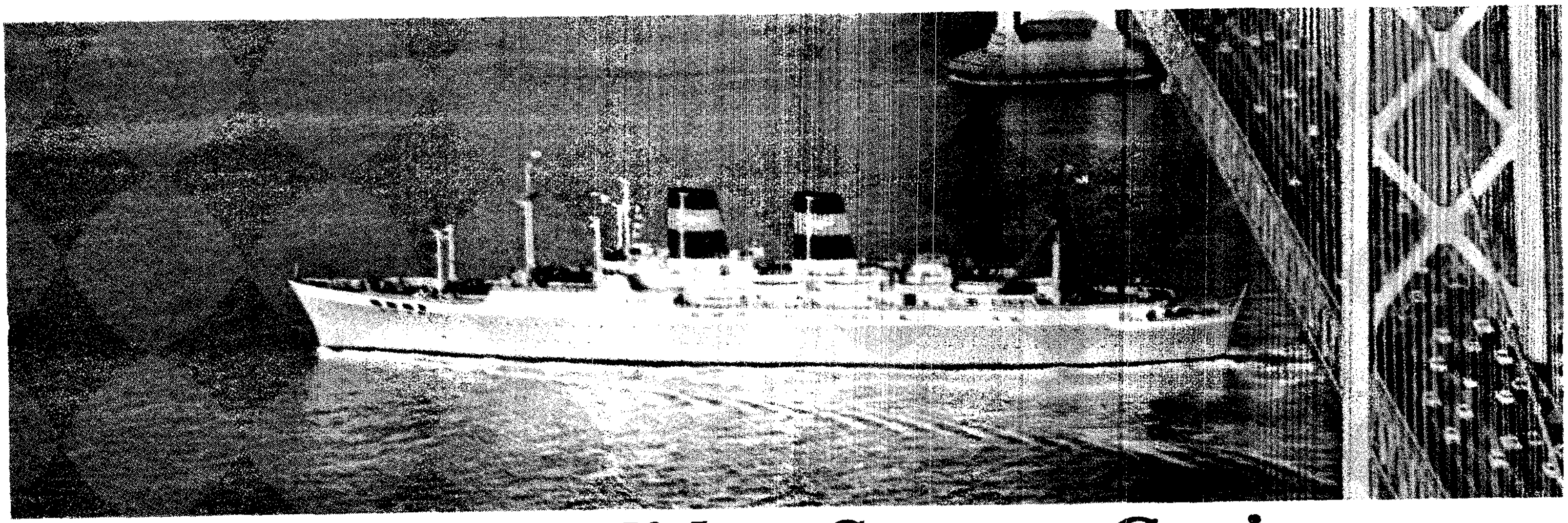

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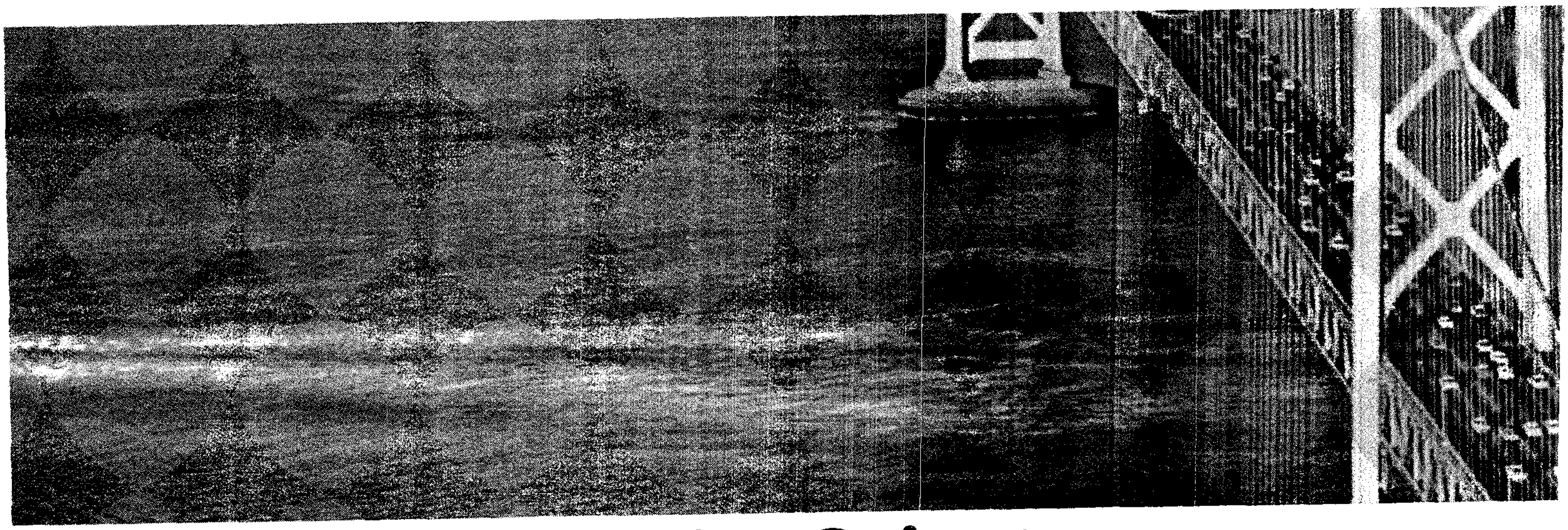

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finally followed and that both Braque and Picasso, with no notion of guilt, thought pointless as painting and not art in any way. Synthetic Cubism, however, remained in general the personal style of Braque's future art life, in which his *natures-mortes* gave him worldwide fame. Whereas Picasso grew very rich, being protean as time went on, Braque, in his fidelities, became only very well-to-do. When Picasso dies, he will leave a fortune in his enormous collections of his own works. Braque at his death owned few Braques, and not even of the best.

Tuesday night, a spectacular national honor was vouchsafed Braque before the portico in the cleaned, gleaming-white Cour Carrée of the Louvre, opposite St.-Germain l'Auxerrois, the church of the former kings, which tolled its bells as his bier was placed on a catafalque covered by the tricolor. He had been carried into the Cour Carrée by selected guards from the state museums, flanked by soldiers with torchlights. The Garde Républicaine band played Beethoven's "Funeral March." A silent crowd of many thousands stood assembled in the rain in a touching tribute of adieu. André Malraux, Minister for Cultural Affairs, had created this dramatic tableau of farewell to the painter he so greatly admired as a tribute to him and also to France. In his strange, brief eulogy, the Minister said, "Never before has a modern country rendered such an homage to one of its dead painters. The history of painting has been a long history of disdain, misery, and despair." In Braque's magisterial career and this governmental tribute to it, Malraux said, "the impoverished obsequies of Modigliani and the sinister burial of van Gogh"—one a penurious victim of tuberculosis and the other a suicide—"are revenged."

—GENÊT

•

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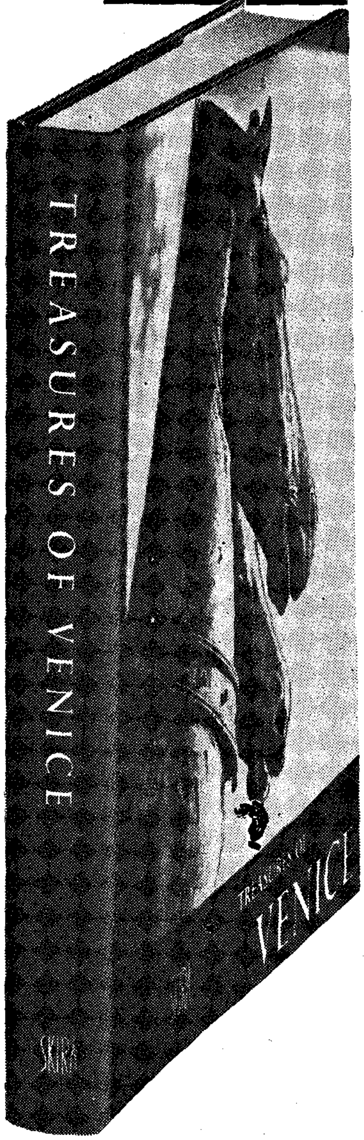

THE RACE TRACK

Who's Who

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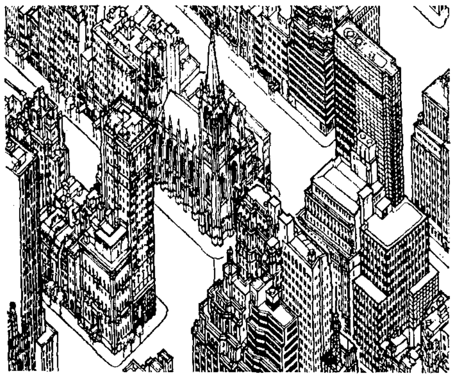
SHOW

KELSO left no room for argument in the Aqueduct Stakes at the Big A on Labor Day. Carrying 134 pounds and giving from five to eighteen to the seven other runners, he rolled home nearly half a dozen lengths ahead of Crimson Satan, winner of the recent Washington Park Handicap in Chicago. Garwol was third, a head behind Crimson Satan, and Candy Spots was fourth, inches behind Garwol. Looking as cool and unconcerned as ever, Kelso was a pleasing sight in the parade to the post. He got away well, too, just a step behind Garwol. Then Valenzuela, his rider, steadied him, and he dropped back while Candy Spots forced the pace stoutly for six furlongs. On the turn into the stretch, Valenzuela eased Kelso out from behind Candy Spots, and, given his head, Kelso swept past the leaders. It was his seventh victory in nine starts so far this season, and his most impressive performance. Which leads, quite naturally, to thoughts about the future of this perennial Horse of the Year. The way he's going, there is every hope that we may see him in action for another year. He's a gelding, and he's only six years old. (Exterminator, who was also a gelding—and one of the heroes of American racing—ran until he was ten.) Besides, I have a notion that Kelso enjoys racing more than he would enjoy being a saddle horse or learning dressage.

Candy Spots, I regret to report—for he's a nice colt—is through for the year. He came out of the race a bit lame, and X-rays showed that he had wrenched a suspensory ligament in his left foreleg. (His vet hopes the tendon isn't affected, too, but he isn't sure.) Now he's on his way to California for a long rest. Chateaugay, his old rival, returned to the races at Aqueduct the other afternoon in fine fettle. In a seven-furlong preparatory gallop for this weekend's Jerome Handicap, he ran at top speed for just the last three-sixteenths of a mile to beat four other three-year-olds, to whom he gave from fifteen to nineteen pounds. That's my boy!

THE liveliest event of the week at Aqueduct was last Saturday's Matron Stakes, for two-year-old fillies. It went to Hasty Matelda, who seemed to



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drop out of the clouds—actually, she was tenth two furlongs from home—and won going away from Baraka, the paddock tip. Beautiful Day was third. Petite Rouge, winner of the Spinaway at Saratoga, who was fourth, fought for the lead for half a mile with Little Red Belle, who isn't so little or so red, and it looked anyone's race till Hasty Matelda came up in the last hundred yards. She paid $31.10, no doubt because she'd never won prior to last Saturday. Owned by C. T. Chenery, she is a stablemate of Cicada, winner of the Matron in 1961, who was retired last week after she hurt a leg in a morning workout. Many racegoers were sorry to see her go, for she was such a gallant little runner. In forty-one starts, she was out of the money only four times.

IN Chicago last weekend, Golden Ruler won the richest race of the year—the Arlington-Washington Futurity—by less than a length, from Chieftain. Dunfee, a long shot who ran with Golden Ruler most of the way, was third. Malicious, a star from California, of whom much was expected, was last. Golden Ruler has done all his racing at Arlington Park, and he's unbeaten, just as Candy Spots was when he won the same race last year. An untoward incident marred Saturday's race, by the way; Amastar, who was fractious, as usual, slammed into the rail shortly after the break, unseating Nichols, his jockey. The boy suffered an injury to his back that will keep him out of the saddle for months.

WELL, Carry Back won on the grass at Atlantic City last weekend by six lengths from Prince o' Pilsen, and Admiral's Voyage was down the course. Now Carry Back will go for the United Nations Handicap over the same course this weekend. Among those he's expected to meet are Mongo, winner of the event last year; The Axe II, who has been practically invincible on turf this season; Crimson Satan, who is in top form; and Never Bend, who has been having a merry time working out on the grass at Belmont Park. It should be a good show.

—AUDAX MINOR

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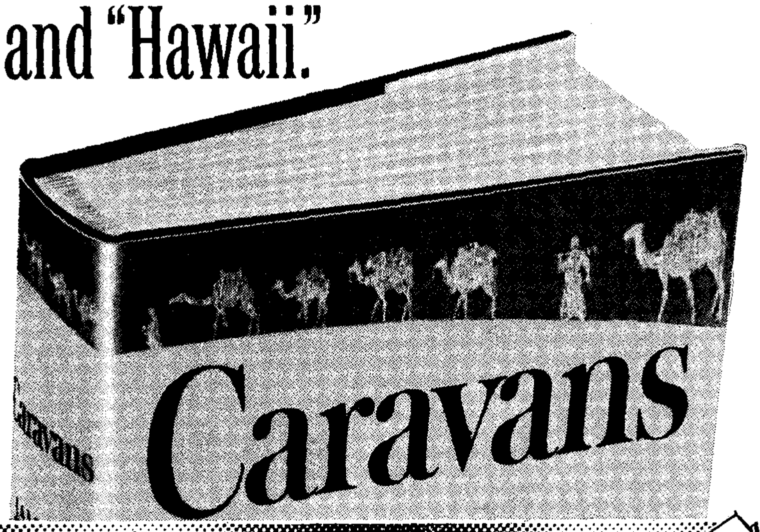

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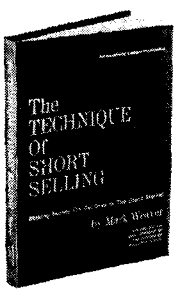

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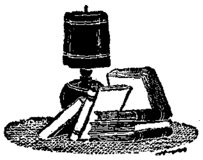


The fiction of Muriel Spark, which burst upon English literature as something supernaturally impersonal and coolly fantastic, has taken a turn toward autobiography and history. Her last novel, "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie," concerned the female students of an inwardly Fascistic Scots schoolmarm in the middle nineteen-thirties—the era when Mrs. Spark herself was a schoolgirl in Edinburgh. Her new novel, "The Girls of Slender Means" (Knopf), again concerns a group of young women, this time ten years older and resident, like the authoress herself, in London in 1945. The historical and physical context is firmly set in the first, characteristically beautiful paragraph:

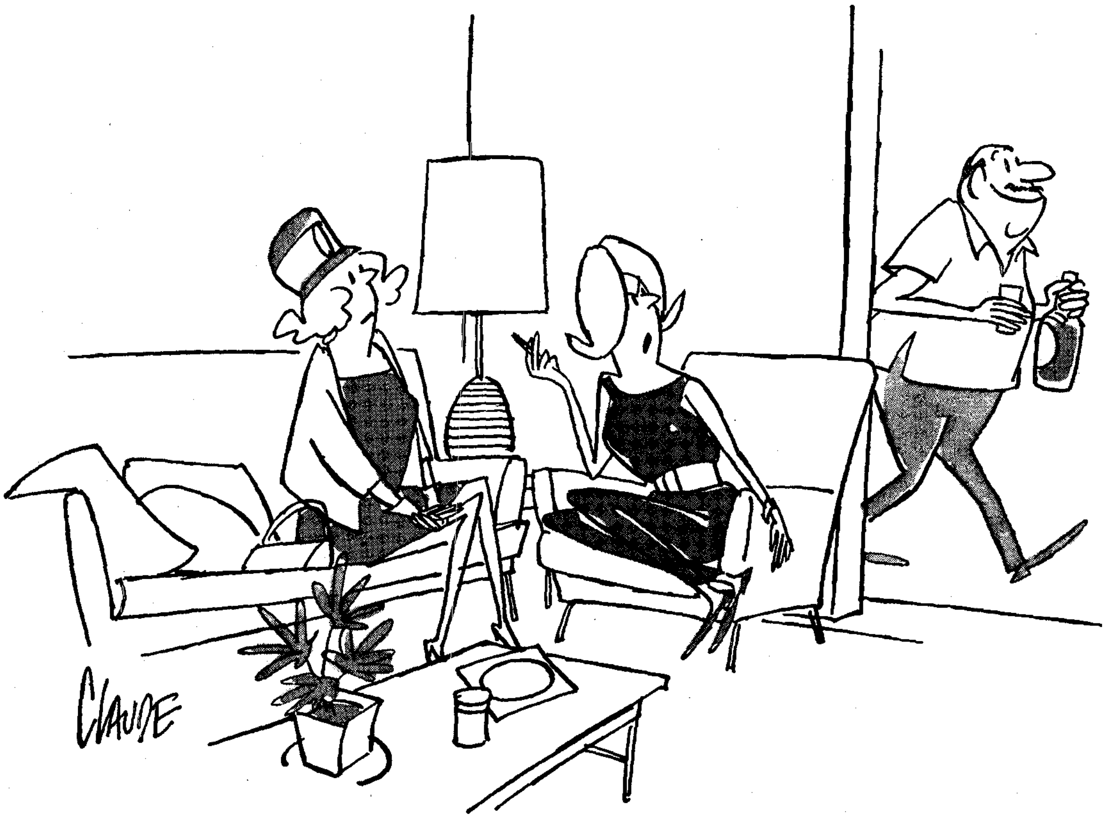
> Long ago in 1945 all the nice people in England were poor, allowing for exceptions. The streets of the cities were lined with buildings in bad repair or in no repair at all, bomb-sites piled with stony rubble, houses like giant teeth in which decay had been drilled out, leaving only the cavity. Some bomb-ripped buildings looked like the ruins of ancient castles until, at a closer view, the wallpapers of various quite normal rooms would be visible, room above room, exposed, as on a stage, with one wall missing; sometimes a lavatory chain would dangle over nothing from a fourth- or fifth-floor ceiling; most of all the staircases survived, like a new art-form, leading up and up to an unspecified destination that made unusual demands on the mind's eye.

Those familiar with Mrs. Spark's severe economy of method will not be surprised to know that, at the unspecified destination the reader reaches on page 176 of this short novel, unusual demands are made on the mind's eye, and almost every phrase in these first sentences can be seen in retrospect as an omen.

"Ominous," indeed, is the adjective at the heart of Mrs. Spark's witchcraft, though she rarely deigns to use it. The undercurrents of destruction, cruelty, madness, and—ever more insistently—sexual repression are allowed to run unspoken, welling up here and there, as they do in life, with an unexpectedness that would be comic if we could laugh. An unfettered laugh implies release, however fleeting, from reality, and Mrs. Spark, for all her surface prankishness and verbal shrugging, never quite relinquishes her claim that the farcical world of her portrayal is the *real* world, contingent on an actual doom. The catastrophe that climaxes "The Girls of Slender Means" is all the more vivid and believable for being rather casually rendered.

I will refrain from revealing the catastrophe. Though the lax manners that currently obtain in book reviews condone plot-blabbing, the discourtesy seems double in the case of a writer whose plots are so pure. There is little in Mrs. Spark's books that is *not* plot. Virtually fanatic is her adherence to Chekhov's dictum that a gun mentioned on the first page must be discharged by the last. But she is less interested in the shot than in the subtler action of the recoil. Her plots are as luxuriant and mysterious as her style is spare and clear; her deliberate clarity, like Kafka's, ironically underlines the mysteriousness of what is being said. She is mysterious as both Agatha Christie and Isak Dinesen are mysterious; as is the former, she is utterly at home in the many-roomed but cozy mansion of English society, and, like the latter, she has nourished her vision on the inhuman landscape of Africa. Her people suggest tropical flora and fauna in their grotesque specialization; like giraffes and flower-imitating insects, they have no second thoughts. The palpable darkness that lurks behind her social friezes, truncating a figure here and swallowing one whole there, is an African darkness—that is, the darkness of what is not known in the universe; this merges with the social darkness, what is not known in people, the darkness wherein murders are planned, legacies coveted, and love affairs and religious conversions hatched. Like detective stories, her novels pose puzzles temporarily; like parables, they pose puzzles finally.

In general, "The Girls of Slender Means" is about being young and female and poor in London in 1945, that supremely eventful year when the Hitlerian holocaust ended and the Balance of Terror began. In England, Churchill was defeated by Labour, and in London undetonated bombs sometimes tardily exploded in the rubble. On V-E Day,



"Come five o'clock and all's right with the world!"

and again on V-J Day, the Royal Family, "four small straight digits," appeared upon the floodlit balcony of Buckingham Palace every half hour punctually and dutifully waved to the monstrous crowd below, whose "huge organic murmur" was "different from anything like the voice of animate matter but rather more a cataract or a geological disturbance"—"something," as one character observes, "between a wedding and a funeral on a world scale." In this historical hesitation between a wedding and a funeral, amid the precarious ruins of London, live and thrive the girls of the May of Teck Club, a tall brick house in Kensington devoted, since "some remote and innocent Edwardian date," to "the Pecuniary Convenience and Social Protection of Ladies of Slender Means below the age of Thirty Years, who are obliged to reside apart from their Families in order to follow an Occupation in London."

> As they realized themselves in varying degrees, few people alive at the time were more delightful, more ingenious, more movingly lovely, and, as it might happen, more savage, than the girls of slender means.

The innocent savagery of youth would appear to be the theme: the girls "were not greatly given to scruples and consideration for others, by virtue of their unblighted spirits." The loveliest of these unblighted spirits, Selina Redwood ("Selina's long unsurpassable legs arranged themselves diagonally from the deep chair where she lolled in the distinct attitude of being the only woman present who could afford to loll"), undertakes an affair with a young anarchist, Nicholas Farringdon: "In the meantime she looked at Nicholas as he conversed in this mad sequence with the Colonel, and thought she could use him." Nicholas, who eventually will die as a Christian martyr in Haiti, delightedly agrees to be used, while keeping his spiritual eye on Joanna Childe, "large, with light shiny hair, blue eyes and deep-pink cheeks." Joanna, a minister's daughter, having loved a curate in vain, has "decided to enter maimed into the Kingdom of Heaven," and, rather than defile her first love by falling in love again, has declined to respond to another curate, a clerical gallant who loves her and who is immortalized in a sentence:

> His wide mouth suggested to Joanna generosity and humour, that type of generosity and humour special to the bishop sprouting within him.

Having denied herself this vegetable treat, Joanna diverts her sexual energy into elocution lessons, which involve

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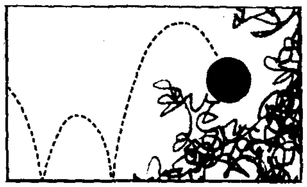
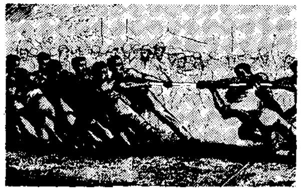
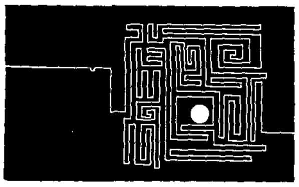


SEE—The helpless line tortured by his own insidious fantasies



SEE—The epic confrontation of lovers



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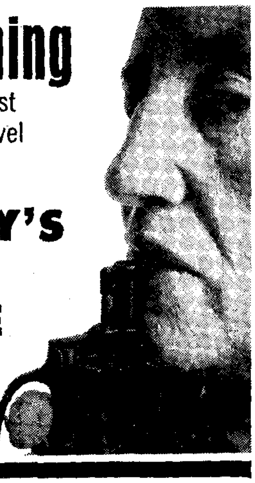

the declamation aloud of much anthology poetry, skillfully chosen by Mrs. Spark to give her dormitory halls a weird and ominous clangor.

The triangle of Selina, Nicholas, and Joanna is the book's center, around which Mrs. Spark circumscribes other designs, using as her drawing implement one Jane Wright, a plump girl of slender means connected with "the world of books" and probably, like Sandy Stranger in "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie," the writer's modestly disguised stand-in. The rest is plot. The girls—a dozen or so are named—do and say this and that, often hilariously: Dorothy Markham, who talks like a débutante, opens Jane's door and announces, "Filthy luck. I'm preggers. Come to the wedding." Naked and slippery with rationed soap, the girls test their slenderness against a tiny bathroom window, seven inches by fourteen, which leads onto a roof whose uses are various. In the end, this window becomes a vital escape hatch, and the degrees of slenderness— But here I am, at the catastrophe again. Read the book in confidence that there is one, and in confidence that Mrs. Spark's darkling imagination, playing across the concrete details of a remembered historical moment, has never glimmered better.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A PRAYER FOR MY BRETHREN, by Mladen Oljača, translated from the Serbo-Croatian by Alec Brown (Pantheon). Drashko, a young Yugoslav, is so infected by self-disgust—a disgust with his own memory, which is filled with horrified thoughts of the actions he was forced to commit when he was a boy partisan—that *he cannot find* peace of mind and cannot endure life, even though now, a civilian, he is perfectly aware that his happiness is present in the same house with him. He loves his wife and their children, and his working life is satisfactory, but he is driven to run from the person he wants in an attempt to find a person who will perhaps help him to forget his crimes. The writing is windy and roundabout, but there is an occasional brilliant line or passage that marks the increasing anguish of Drashko's increasing understanding, and the message—first, that men should not kill, and, second, that they should not be ordered to kill—is clear enough.

THE ROCK GARDEN, by Nikos Kazantzakis, translated from the French

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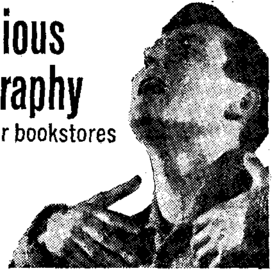

by Richard Howard (Simon & Schuster). Kazantzakis wrote this novel in 1936, after he made what must have been a completely bewildering trip to the Orient. It is polarized between East (sensuality, action, the future) and West (aridity, complacency, the vanishing present), and contains fragments of the author's earlier works, "Japan-China" and "The Saviors of God." Underlying the oversimplified philosophy of history is an absurd, abortive love story, liberally frosted with ornate, sweet aphorisms. The novel reads like a mélange of André Malraux, Pearl Buck, Kahlil Gibran, and Anne Morrow Lindbergh.

THE LAST LOVE, by Thomas B. Costain (Doubleday). This big, flowery, silly book describes Napoleon's life on St. Helena, and is centered on his dotty devotion to a very young English girl, Betsy Balcombe. The story is said to be based on fact. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONARY, 1901-41, by Victor Serge, translated from the French, and edited, by Peter Sedgwick (Oxford). Victor Serge, who died in 1947, had two careers: he was a revolutionary (his ideological antecedents were anarchist), and he was a writer of novels, history, and journalism. He was born in Belgium of Russian revolutionary parents. The Bolshevik Revolution found him in jail in France on a political charge, but as soon as he was free he made his way to Russia to serve what he hoped would be the liberation of mankind. Bolshevik reality drove him into opposition by the late nineteen-twenties; he was in jail in Russia on a political charge by the early nineteen-thirties. His friends abroad got him out just before Stalin's great purges began, and he lived in Western Europe, watching but no longer making history, until the German victories at the start of the Second World War. Then he fled to Mexico, where he died. He was an excellent writer, and he reports what he knew at first hand—the condition of the poor, the terrible workings of revolution—with a style as pithy as his veracity is irreproachable. Intending his memoirs to be testimony, Serge goes out of his way to include small portraits of obscure revolutionaries, many of whom were obscurely murdered by the Communists. His memorial piety enhances the book, broadening its

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Which group fares best? There are no statistics to give the answer. But ignorance is rarely bliss in any field and may be a great handicap to an investor who is backing his judgment with cash. He should have some reason to believe that the stock he picks will bring him a satisfactory return—some reason based on the company's earnings record, its research activities, its marketing policies, and other factors that are likely to affect its prospects.

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LIMITED WAR IN THE NUCLEAR AGE, by Morton H. Halperin (Wiley). A scholarly investigation of perhaps the most intricate and important military question on the decision-makers' desks: What keeps a limited war limited? Mr. Halperin, writing under the auspices of Harvard's Center for International Affairs, builds upon the considerable literature on this subsection of arms strategy (his bibliography refers to three hundred and forty-three books and articles), and because he advances each part of the discussion quite a little way, his book seems likely to be indispensable—at least, until it becomes someone else's footnote. His analytical prowess is a wonder, especially as he reviews what happened during such recent limited wars as Cuba in 1962, Laos and Vietnam throughout the postwar period, the Taiwan Strait in 1955 and 1958, and Korea between 1950 and 1953. Besides looking at the past, Halperin considers what future limited wars, both local and central, may be like, and offers several very thoughtful policy recommendations for the good of the United States.

AUCTION!, by James Brough (Bobbs-Merrill). An entertaining book of topical trivia and up-to-the-minute gossip (with facts, too) about art and money, especially as they flow through the establishments of Parke-Bernet, Sotheby's, and Christie's. As Mr. Brough reminds us, the art market has become more and more glamorous (and maybe higher-priced) since the end of the Second World War, when big collectors turned to buying at auction. (Nowadays millionaires want this public valuing of their purchases to satisfy tax collectors; the robber barons liked to buy in secret, perhaps hoping to conceal their wealth from muckrakers.) The publicity given the commerce in art and art objects, the author demonstrates, does not help artists and craftsmen to the same degree that it helps, among others, museums, governments, auctioneers, dealers, and forgers. Mr. Brough reports his tidbits gaily, and his only discernible message is the ancient "*Caveat emptor.*"

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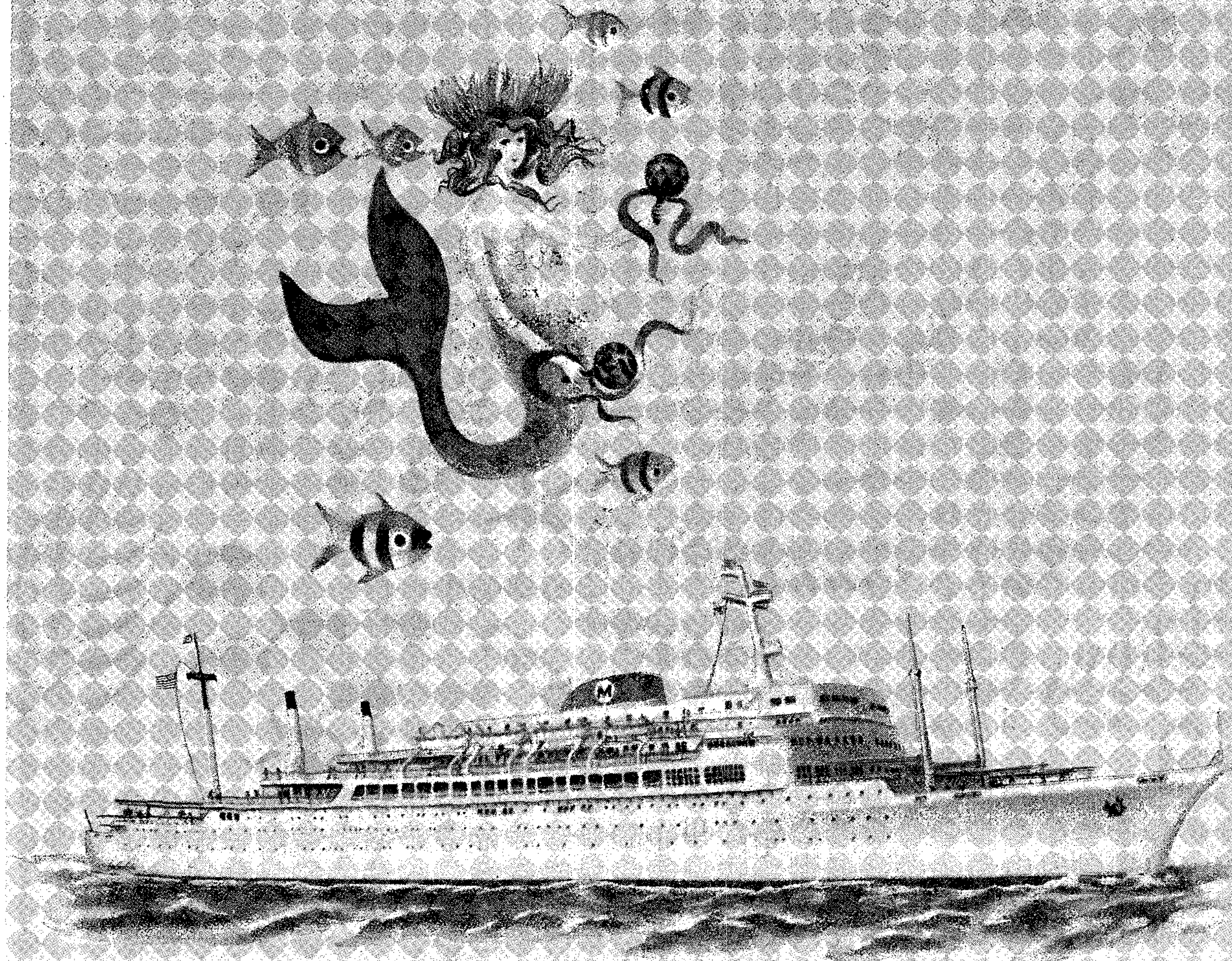

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